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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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In This Issue

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Where the Best People Advertise "View Mat."

Matrimonial Agency With Own Paper

By Air Mail from London

Do you want to marry an earl, a Russian duke, or a Turkish sultan?

If so, you might do worse than consult the 78-year-old "Matrimonial Post," most dignified of marriage advertisers, which claims to be the only marriage negotiator for the nobility in the world.

THIS unique journal is issued monthly from an office in Charing Cross Road, London.

It consists of eight pages of closely set type and is devoted exclusively to notices "view mat."

The only other reading in the paper is a column or so of editorial boosts for the journal by the Editor.

The "Matrimonial Post" was first published in 1860.

His Life's Work

THE editor-proprietor, Mr. H. Charlesworth, who must now be nearly 100 years of age, said recently that his purpose was, and still is, "to supplement the ordinary mediums of marriage negotiations by a high-class matrimonial agency."

With this worthy social idea in view, Mr. Charlesworth (gossip has it that he is really a peer) established the "Matrimonial Post" as the journal of his matrimonial agency.

He was aided by the rigid conventions of the Victorian era, which made the natural meetings of young people a most difficult business.

He amalgamated with rivals, and then he settled down to years of steady work bringing together lonely people.

HERE are some sample advertisements from a recent issue:

Bachelor, age 40, healthy, active, and still presentable personality. University and Professional education, English, fair income, seeks wife, not wearing glasses, slim, not noisy or talkative, kind, honorable and intelligent but not necessarily learned or accomplished, must have a young mind and if over 50 some income, essentially a lady, and live in country chiefly. H.106, under cover to the Editor.

From the sound of that advertisement he is likely to be one of the 21/- regular advertisers who will search a long time for the perfect woman!

This is an advertisement from the nobility:

Bachelor, crested family, R.C., not bigoted, medium height and build, age 31, fairish hair, nice appearance and position, £360 per annum, fond of garden, home and outdoor life, desires to meet a lady of birth and appearance, age up to 34, dress well, with similar tastes, and having good income for own use. S.141, under cover to the Editor.

These are the typical pleas of spinsters:

Spinster, age 31, height 5ft. 6ins., Church of England, brown hair, medium figure. Daughter of Professional Man, pleasant disposition, fond of music, dancing and sports, wishes to meet a gentleman, age up to 45, preferably living abroad, with tastes similar to above, and with an income of not less than £500 per annum. E.40.

Spinster, age 29, Daughter of a well-known Literary Man, auburn hair, slim figure, domesticated and companionable, would like to meet a cultured man, in the thirties or early forties, interested in books and good music, and with a sense of humor. C.462.

TO-DAY the "Matrimonial Post" offers a gleam of hope to people living alone, and to women who have nothing to look forward to.

Servant girls read it avidly every month; business girls and office clerks scan it in the privacy of their dingy rooms.

Further up the social scale, titled spinsters and gouty aristocrats snaffle it from the servants' quarters to peep through its columns.

Many people buy this strange little paper for fun.

Mr. Charlesworth does not mind that.

His office has worked it out that the "Let's have a laugh" sales of the "Post" are worth £50 a week, and at that price it pays to be thought funny.

Love Is Serious

BUT the joke is on the people who buy it for fun, because there is not very much in the journal that will raise a smile.

Here, in paragraphs of 50 words, people of all ages, the young and the hopeful, the old and the despairing, are pleading for that most cherished of all life's gifts—the love of another human being.

Wise old Mr. Charlesworth knows that these notices need no dressing-up.

People may buy his paper to laugh; but if they read it they are more likely to weep.

"This paper is not published for a joke," wrote the Editor in a recent issue. "Every advertisement appearing therein is absolutely bona fide and inserted by the advertiser in all seriousness.

"Ladies and gentlemen who do not see advertisements in these columns appealing to them should remember that the Editor has always a large number of clients who do not advertise, but who trust the Agency to arrange matters for them."

Among these clients, a large proportion is of the nobility.

Not only is the "Matrimonial Post" the marriage negotiator for the nobility; it caters for gentry, commercial people, and "all classes."

There is only one type of person who may not advertise: "No one under the age of 21 is accepted as a client, unless with the written consent of a parent or guardian."

This may seem a bit hard on the young and the ardent, or it may appear to be a piece of quixotic idealism on the part of the paper.

But Mr. Charlesworth is a psychologist. He knows that young love is confident love; that the people most likely to advertise in the "Matrimonial Post" will be people over 30.

He is right, as his columns prove.

FOR five shillings you can advertise once in the paper; for ten and six three times, and for twenty-one shillings you can advertise until you are suited.

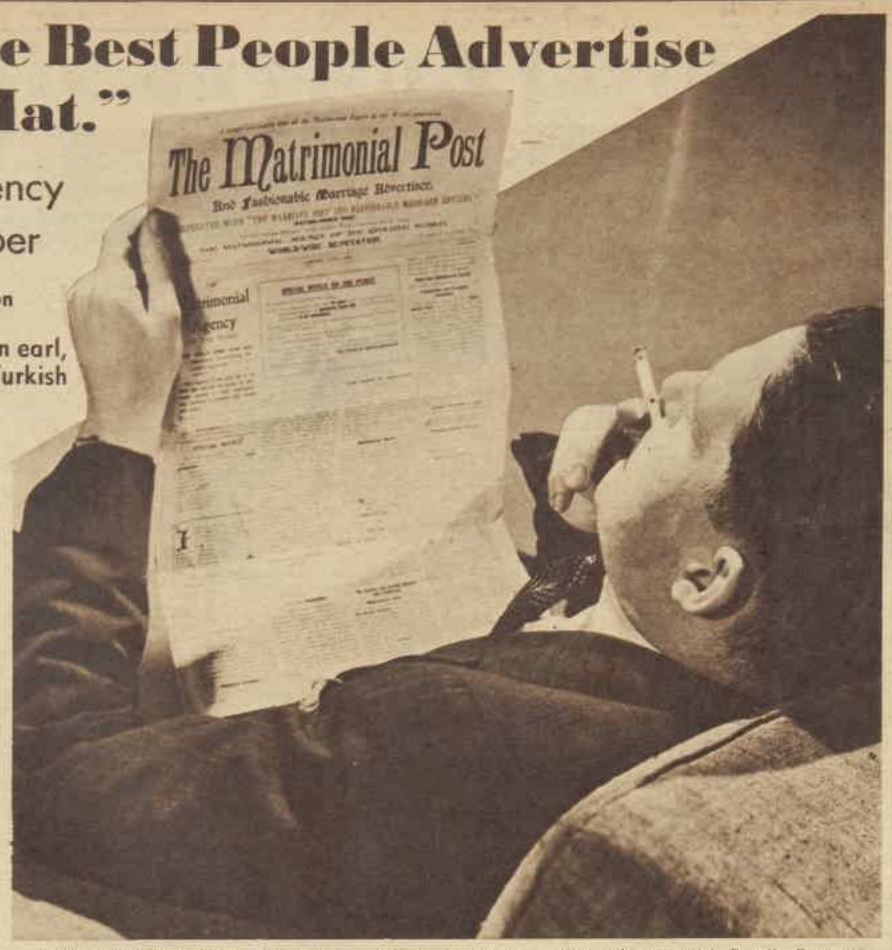
The names and addresses of advertisers are given only to what he terms "eligible clients."

Anyone wishing to answer an advertisement must first become a client and pay a registration fee.

If a match results there is another fee, so altogether the "Matrimonial Post" must be quite a paying little business.

During its 78 years of work it estimates to have negotiated 50,000 happy marriages, and therefore to be godfather to roughly 650,000 happy children and grandchildren of these successful ventures in matrimony.

It has published an average of 5000 inquiries a year which, added to private inquiries not appearing in the paper, makes a grand total of nearly half a million match-making attempts since the journal was established.



"SPINSTER, aged 35, nice appearance . . ." Now, I wonder? The "Matrimonial Post," England's 78-year-old marriage negotiator, claims to serve the nobility, the gentry, commercial people, and "all classes."

MARRIAGE ONLY

NON-ETHICAL competitors of the "Matrimonial Post" may dare to admit advertisers who want friends, not partners in marriage.

But Mr. Charlesworth, the editor-proprietor of this paper, has steadfastly refused to budge an inch on the score of this dreadful new-fangled notion of "Friendship."

To the "Matrimonial Post," Marriage and Friendship are two different things, and to-day the paper announces that the agency caters only for those desiring marriage, and will not entertain inquiries for friendship.

Let's Talk Of Interesting People

Famous Scientist

DR. SERGE VORONOFF, 68, world-famous scientist, who has worked for 20 years to perfect his discovery of thyroid gland grafting to prolong the life of man, and is shortly to publish a book summarising the entire evidence concerning his cases.

Dr. Voronoff conducts his experiments at Chateau Grimaldi, Mentone, French Riviera.

His chief collaborator is his beautiful Viennese wife, Madame Gertrude Voronoff, who is forty years his junior.

—Spettigue Studio.

Awarded Scholarship

MISS HELEN MUFFIE PAUL has been awarded the first scholarship for foreign travel founded by the Free Kindergarten Union of Victoria. The scholarship, valued at £800, is tenable for two years, and the recipient will travel abroad for further study in pre-school child development.

Miss Paul was trained at the Kindergarten Training College, Kew, Victoria.

Medal for Airship Designer

DR. HUGO ECKENER, designer of Zeppelin airships, who was recently presented with the Royal Aeronautical Society's gold medal.

Making the presentation in Berlin, the British Ambassador in Germany (Sir Nevile Henderson) said it was the first time the gold medal had been awarded outside the British Empire, and it marked British appreciation of the high place Dr. Eckener had won in the sphere of aeronautical science.

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Our First Royal Governor-General

King's Brother and Lovely Duchess Marina Will Bring Court Splendor

Appointment of the Duke of Kent as Governor-General will affect the world status of Australia to a greater extent than any event since the war.

It will give Australia a prestige in the Empire which, for diplomatic importance, will be higher than that of any of the other Dominions.

IN effect, it will establish a Royal court in this country. The extent of its direct and indirect effects on world affairs cannot be over-estimated.

Certainly, it will add to Australia's stature in the eyes of the world, when she has as Governor-General a brother of the reigning monarch, a prince in his own right, whose wife is also a princess of the blood royal.

Fresh from the atmosphere of splendor surrounding this season's Royal Courts, levees and garden parties, which were the most glittering and magnificent since the days of Queen Victoria, the Duke and Duchess will bring a wider splendor and ceremonial to our own Vice-Regal functions.

Their residence here will confer on Australia virtually the status of an independent kingdom.

For the first time in history, a Royal entourage of immense power and importance will be established outside Europe.

Pomp and Ceremony

IT will give Australia a new conception of Court procedure and bring her directly into the best cultural movements of the day.

Both are Empire-minded. The Duke has a keen, statesmanlike mentality with a well-balanced sense of his special responsibilities as brother of the King, to whom he is devoted and for whom he has often deputised.

Although both the Duke and Duchess are excellent mixers and neither cares for formality, it is certain that official entertainments will take a more formal tone, and that more impressive pomp and ceremony will attach to the Governor-General's office when the Duke is installed.

Former Governors-General selected from the English nobility have maintained a Comptroller of the Household, a Chamberlain, equerries, and other staff offices which have fallen into disuse in the past decade. These are sure to be revived on a far grander scale.

DISTINGUISHED visitors from overseas will follow in the train of the Duke and Duchess.

Entertainment of large house parties of overseas guests, which used to be a feature of the Governor-General's regime, will also be revived.

Tourists will find the presence of English Royalty a great attraction. So, too, will a considerable section of European society.

It is almost certain that Madame Lilia Raili, one of the smartest women in Paris, wife of the Greek multimillionaire, and the Duchess' lifelong friend, who grew up with her in Athens and Paris, will come to Australia shortly after the Duchess.

The stimulus to fashion and entertaining which the presence of the Duke and his lovely Duchess will provide will mean an increase in spending and a freer flow of money.

From every angle, it will be a wonderful thing for Australia to have these brilliant young people as leaders of its social life.

Of sufficiently ripe experience to be entirely dependable in their judgments on all-important issues, both are young enough to be warmly in sympathy with all the ideals, hopes and aspirations of youth.

This is of a special importance in a young country like ours.

AUSTRALIA'S sunny beaches and snow fields are likely to see plenty of the Duke and Duchess, as ski-ing, bathing and yachting are their favorite outdoor sports.

Both are fond of travelling and are looking forward to exploring Australia, while the Duchess especially is anticipating painting the bright Australian landscape.

The Duke and Duchess will be accompanied by their two charming little children. They believe that children should be brought up as closely as possible to their parents and are anxious, too, that they should have all the benefits of the healthy, open-air life of this country.

Latest From London

IN a cable sent the day the appointment was announced, Mary St. Claire, our special representative in London, gave the following pen-picture of the Duke and Duchess:

Yesterday the Duke and Duchess paid an informal visit to the special Nelson exhibition at Greenwich, where they saw Nelson's uniform which the Duke of Gloucester brought back from Australia.

With a complete absence of formality they mingled among the crowd like ordinary visitors.

Bond Street shopkeepers recite instance after instance of the Duchess' consideration for working-people.

She leaves the car at any convenient parking area, then goes wandering, window-gazing, and, instead of having the chauffeur pick her up, seeks out the car herself.

When making special appointments with the hairdresser she consults the hairdressers as to their own convenience, frequently attending on Saturdays, although this delays her week-end visit to Coppins.

She is known to all the policemen and commissionaires in the shopping area, for whom she always has a smile, while she knows personally the names and family histories of all her couturiers and fitters.

THE Duchess is a devout daughter of the Greek Orthodox Church. When in London, she attends the services of the Neo-Byzantine Cathedral of Saint Sophia, built fifty-five years ago.

This is a copy of the famous Saint Sophia Cathedral in Constantinople.

The Very Reverend Michael Constandinidis, who performed the betrothal section of the Greek marriage ceremony when the Duchess and Duke were married according to Greek Orthodox rites, was interviewed by The Australian Women's Weekly.

"The Duchess performs all duties like any other daughter of the Church, observing regulation fasts and ceremonies. She always attends special services, such as Easter.

"The Duchess sits in a pew to the left of the throne, which stands beneath the domed roof of the centre of the church to the right of the altar.

"Ours is the only Greek Orthodox church in London. We have a congregation of about 10,000. These are mostly compatriots, but naturally include most European nationalities.

"The Duke occasionally has accompanied the Duchess.

"The children are not brought to church, as they were baptised in the Church of England.

"When the Duchess' relatives are visiting her, they attend en famille."

● GRACIOUS, POPULAR PATRON of many charitable causes, especially those concerned with children, the Duchess greets organisers at a charity ball. She has introduced nearly every new fashion in clothes, hats and coiffure since she arrived in England for her marriage in 1934. ●

"We Shall Be Honored If She Attends Our Cathedral"

—Archbishop of Greek Orthodox Church

In his home at Kensington, Sydney, Archbishop Timotheos Evangelinideo, who is head of the Greek Orthodox Church of Australasia, told The Australian Women's Weekly of the pleasure of his people at the news.

"IT is indeed a notable event," said the Archbishop. "It delights our people both as Australians and Greeks.

"Her Royal Highness frequently attends the Greek Orthodox Church in London on feast days, and takes Holy Communion. We shall, indeed, be honored if she attends our Cathedral in Sydney."

Archbishop Evangelinideo remembers seeing Princess Marina as a very small child.

"It was in 1914 at the Athenian Palace," he said. "That was before the exile of the Royal Family.

"She and her two sisters, Princess Olga and Princess Elisabeth, were taken for walks in the afternoon by the Palace attendants, and the people always crowded to see the little princesses."

The daughter of Prince Nicholas of Greece, the Duchess of Kent was brought up as a member of the Greek Orthodox Church.

Although her grandfather, King George I of Greece, was Danish, and a brother of Queen Alexandra, he left the religious up-bringing of his children to his wife, Queen Olga, who was a member of the Russian Imperial family.

Princess Marina's official biographer, Baroness Helena Von-Der Hoven, tells of that decision.

"A Protestant himself, King George I upheld his wife, who belonged to the Russian Orthodox Church, and brought up all his children in the Greek Orthodox faith and rules of his country of adoption."

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ELISE BRETT was one of a hundred others who set the social ball rolling with a cocktail party at Menzies' Hotel.

Frocking is Half the Glamor of the Cup Carnival

Australia's Greatest Race Week is Dress Show As Well

By a Representative of The Australian Women's Weekly in Melbourne

Melbourne during Cup Week is a city transformed. Cup carnival means glamor and a flower in our hair.

For the women it's more than a series of race meetings. It's a preview of what's what in a glorious fashion show.

It's a chance to meet interesting people you read about but seldom see.

WEALTHY overseas visitors give a cosmopolitan touch to the scene. People from other States stage home-town reunions at hotels and boarding-houses, and long-lost locals come home for the carnival.

This year there's a Melbourne girl, Mrs. Bailey Sawyer, who sailed the seas in a schooner for 15 months to finish up in Melbourne for Cup Week.

There's a woman, Mrs. W. T. Beckton, who has driven 400 miles through the Malayan jungle to catch a boat for Melbourne.

As you hold your race-book tightly in your hand, fashion stages a little drama for you. Frocks pass you by that will be big fashion news in the morning.

That perky little hat over there was flown from Paris almost straight on to madame's beautifully coiffured head. Three weeks ago it was the darling of a Paris salon. To-morrow busy little fingers will be copying its chic.

For women, clothes and people run a dead-heat in interest during these days when the whole world seems to be "down for the carnival."

Different people, charming and individual, are here. The Russian Ballet whom you watch furtively, hoping they'll go into a dance if the favorite wins.

The voice of Irina Baronova: "I really must back Sylphide. Isn't 'Les Sylphides' my favorite ballet?"

The smart American girls in the cast of "Women," the play which is more discussed than the chances of leading racehorses.

Lady Stonehaven, wife of a former Governor-General, and other distinguished English visitors, a group of wealthy German and Austrian visitors, and homing Australian celebrities like Helene Rubinstein, famous beauty culturist, add exotic names to guest lists at social functions and the races.

What Women Wear

SHIPS, trains, aeroplanes, cars have brought thousands of visitors to swell the crowds at Flemington and tax hotel accommodation to capacity.

A passenger ship has made a special trip from Adelaide and will be a floating hotel for its passengers during the carnival.

The navy is here and tired business men hold their conferences on the lawns at Flemington, or among the lush carpetings and chromium of Menzies' Hotel.

Cup Week is to Australian women what Ascot is to England and Longchamps to Paris. What smart women wear to the Cup and the Oaks is fashion news all over Australia.

The meeting brings to Melbourne fashionable women from all over the world, and local fashion leaders and followers wait with intrigued curiosity to see how the clothes they have chosen for the carnival will compare with the creations worn by the visitors.

Has Melbourne chosen "modish colors" the same as those from Sydney? You note that English women racegoers wore the same accessories that have tempted local buyers? Was the girl who bought a doll's hat exclusively alone, or not, in her fetching model folly?

Then there is always the sinister, hysteria-provoking possibility that an "exclusive imported model" bought here may meet itself, also sold as "exclusive imported model," from another city.

New Glove Craze

TETE de negre gloves are a Cup craze, and most of the shops have sold out of them.

"Doll's" hats, the miniature millinery inspired by the hats on the dolls given to Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose by the French people during the King and Queen's visit to Paris, made their official bow to Australia this week, and have gone right to our Edwardian heads.

Among the French models present are some that have scarcely had time to lose their airmail package creases.

This week they are paraded on the Flemington lawns to the tune of "I lay six to four the field" in robust Australian voices.

Not everyone is worrying about fashion.

Hotels, restaurants, theatres, cabarets, florists stand by to rake in some of the thousands of pounds that will be in circulation, sums small and large, everything from fabulous race wins to next week's rent—all that may be left after a disastrous day.

And quite a number of people concern themselves with the allegedly most important feature of the carnival—the horses.

Which revives all the old jokes about women who choose the horse they will back because they like the jockey's soulful eyes; or merely because they stuck a pin in the programme against a horse's number.

Many women do choose their horses by signs and omens. One woman backed Buzalong in the Caulfield Cup because she had spent most of the morning chasing a blowfly out of her kitchen.

ABOVE: Lady Huntingfield, wife of the Governor of Victoria, enjoys the gaiety and thrill of Cup Week.

AT LEFT: Irene Purcell, one of the stars in the most discussed play, "Women," makes friends with Nuffield, the most discussed racehorse.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Cast Away Your Glasses and Have Good Natural Sight

Remarkable Method of Eye Training Ensures the Blessing of Perfect Vision

NO better news has ever been published for the readers of this paper than the above pronouncement, made by Mr. Graham Bennett, the eminent London eye specialist. In the course of a recent interview, he said: "If everybody's livelihood depended upon seeing correctly without the aid of glasses, the standard of eyesight in this country would quickly be raised.

For such a measure would force upon the notice of the general public what few people except eye specialists know to-day—that most eye troubles can be quite easily and safely corrected without wearing glasses at all. Indeed, if it were not so tragic, it would be laughable, to think of the thousands of men and women who resort to glasses at the first sign of strain without taking steps to correct their sight naturally. What would YOU think of a person who took to crutches at the first sign of rheumatism? I assure you that the simile is not at all absurd."

Other points made by Mr. Graham Bennett were: "People so often fail to realise that once you take to glasses you are actually teaching your eyes to depend upon them. Do I need to tell you that, except in serious cases, you should be teaching your eyes to do WITHOUT them?

Some of you, whom I am addressing, are wearing spectacles at this moment, and you know as well as I do that your eyesight has not improved as a result. In fact, I say that your eyes are probably weaker: may I suggest that some of you have even had to change to more powerful glasses since you first began to wear them. Am I not right?

OVER 50,000 SUCCESSFUL CASES

"What, then, is the remedy for this state of affairs as it affects YOU personally? 'I do not WANT to wear glasses,' you say, 'but how am I to correct my eye troubles naturally so that I can manage without them?' There is only one answer. You can learn to see clearly without glasses by following the safe, natural method of eye training that I have used with complete success in more than 50,000 cases since I embarked upon my career as an eye specialist to make the doctrine of 'natural sight' my life's work.

"Schools in America, clinics in Germany, and hospitals in this country all have practised the methods I now advocate for you, so that at least you need have no hesitation in finding out what they are and how they can benefit YOUR eyes. They are explained clearly in my new book, which tells how in the privacy of your own home, you can practise these simple methods which, while occupying only a few minutes a day, will gradually yet surely restore to you that clear vision which Nature intended you to have."

NO ONE TOO OLD NO ONE TOO YOUNG

If you are genuinely interested, this new book of Mr. Graham Bennett's will be sent free of all charge. It explains facts that every eye specialist knows, and exactly what YOU have to do. It tells how thousands of people for whom good eyesight was vital in their employment—such as railwaymen, ships' officers, pilots and others—have been enabled to pass official eye tests after following Mr. Bennett's instructions. People of every class and rank, from 15 to even 90 years of age, have been saved from the tyranny of glasses by these wonderful new methods—methods that can do the same for you.

ST. PAUL'S, as indistinctly seen by the Weak-sighted.

ST. PAUL'S, as it should be seen. Clear and Well-defined.

You have only to ask yourself how many people you know who, once having taken to glasses, are ever able to leave them off again, to realise that glasses are merely crutches for the eyes. They can never end your troubles. Mr. Graham Bennett's methods CAN.

Decide at once to apply on the form below for free copy of his book, "How to Improve Weak or Failing Eyesight." It costs you nothing, yet it can be the means of ensuring for you perfect, natural sight for the rest of your life.

IF YOUR EYES—

....water, burn or discharge.
....tire quickly when reading, sewing or working.
If you suffer from headaches or pains behind your eyes.
If the sun or bright light hurts your eyes.
If your sight is blurred or misty.
If the whites of your eyes or eyelids are inflamed.
If you are short-sighted or long-sighted.
If your eyes are failing through age.

Photographers' models, actresses, sports girls and ordinary folk by the thousand have cause to be thankful for the day they first heard of the Graham Bennett method of improving weak and failing eyesight.

FREE . . . *Eyesight is your most valuable possession*

SO POST COUPON NOW!

POST THIS FORM TO-DAY

The BENNETT EYESIGHT INSTITUTE
P.O. Box 1866, Auckland, N.Z.

Please send me, without obligation, a Free Copy of your interesting Booklet, "How to Improve Weak or Failing Eyesight."

NAME .....
(Please write clearly and say whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

ADDRESS .....

..... A.W.W.

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WHO Laughs LAST

Another Adventure of "The Little Black Bag"

Dr. Hislop matches his wits against those of a miserly old woman and gives her a taste of her own medicine

"Well, well, Doctor," said Meg, "it's good of ye to look in to see a poor auld cratur like mysel'."

Illustrated by WYNNE W. DAVIES

By A. J. CRONIN

Author of "The Citadel."

"DON'T go," pithily remarked Cameron to Finlay that April morning when the call came in for Meg Mirlees. "Take my tip and give the guid lady a get wide berth."

Finlay looked up inquiringly from his finnan haddie which he had been discussing with a healthy appetite before his partner and patron spoke these sage words of admonition and advice.

"And why?" said he.

Cameron smiled.

"In the first place, you'll never sniff your fee, and in the second, there's nothing could ever be wrong wi' Meg Mirlees. She's the healthiest, hardiest, stingiest old faggot that ever drew breath by the grace o' God and the Provost in this Royal and ancient burgh."

Finlay helped himself to more haddock, buttered another of Janet's famous home-baked bannocks, and listened interestedly while, with a wry and reminiscent smile, Cameron went on.

"Well do I mind the first time I ever waited on her. She had me in for a cough, making out that she had bronchitis, though hang the trouble I could ever discover in her tubes. I called all winter, for it was in my young days in Levenford when I was green and eager and easily led by the nose.

"Well, to cut a long story short, when I sent in my bill, I'm hanged if her ladyship didn't turn round and argue that she had only asked me to call the once, and the rest of the times had just been for my own pleasure, so to speak. She argued till all was blue, and at the end o't I lost my temper, tore up the bill, and flung it in her face."

Cameron chuckled.

"Dod, 'twas just what she wanted. When I told her I wouldn't take a penny of her rotten money she laughed like an old cuddy and showed me to the door."

"So that's her style!" exclaimed Finlay.

"Ay," Cameron answered, "it is her style. She's a miser, man; may not so much miserly as mean. Tcha! she's as mean with all her gear as a temperance hotel wi' matches. Mind you, it isn't as if she wasn't well off. She's worth any amount o' siller. She's got braw things in her house—antiques, ah, beautiful antiques."

CAMERON sighed with all the envy of a rival collector, for, besides his fiddles, the old doctor was desperately keen on curios and antique china.

"Why, she's got a plate there—a dish, to be exact, it's a genuine Ming, brought back by her great-grandmother from Canton, and worth a mint of money. Land's sake! I'd give my eye-teeth to have the like o't."

Finlay laughed outright at the sudden longing that had crept into Cameron's tone. He rolled up his napkin and thrust it in the ring. Somehow his interest had been awakened by the account of Miss Mirlees, and as he rose from the table he declared:

"I've a mind to have a look at your friend. She'll not get the better of me."

"Ye say so," Cameron cocked his head shrewdly. "Why, man, I'll wager she'd get what she wants out o' you and never pay a penny piece."

"Nonsense!" protested Finlay stoutly. "You couldn't catch me giving her advice for nothing."

Cameron hid a smile, caressing his chin with a typical reflective gesture.

"On ye go and try, then. Try hand at her, by all means. If you think you're a match for Meg Mirlees, Finlay, man, ye've no small conceit of yourself."

Placed thoroughly on his mettle by this turn of the conversation, and, by the same token, curious to match his wits with the formidable old dame, Finlay, when he had visited his more serious cases that day, dropped in on Meg Mirlees about three in the afternoon.

Meg lived in Chapel Street, a narrow thoroughfare composed mainly of old-fashioned houses, very quiet and genteel, yet opening at the far end into High Street. The window of Meg's sitting-room did, in fact, afford a splendid view of High Street, and here, ensconced strategically, Meg would sit watching the passing life of the town, craning her neck, criticising, condemning, throwing out a tasty word of scandal to such of her cronies as had come to keep her company.

Meg had no friends, but only a tiny ring of toadies, who, by obsequious flattery, hoped to "come in for something" in Meg's will.

Meg, however, was alone when Finlay entered, crouched in her customary chair—a gaunt, hard-bitten, shrunken old spinster with high cheek-bones, a healthy color, and small, beady, bright eyes.

She was dressed entirely in rusty-black, with an old, darned shawl happed about her, and a worn pair of elastic-sided boots upon her bunioned feet. A bag of small imperials—her one luxury—lay with the Bible on the fine needle-worked stool which stood beside her.

The plenishings of the room were really excellent; fine old furniture, crystal lustres on the mantelpiece, while, on a table by the window, with its back to him, was the famous Ming plate. But the place, for all the value of its contents, had a frowsy smell and a dank and chilly air.

"Well, well, doctor," whined Meg by way of welcome, "it's good of ye to look in to see a poor auld cratur like mysel'. It's no' a professional visit, of course. Ye wouldna think o' looking on it in that light. Ye see, it's just a wee bit private word I wanted with ye."

Before Finlay could protest she went on quickly.

"Ay, ay, sit down there and rest ye. It's as cheap sittin' as standin'. I had a mind to light the fire, and then I just didna. I hope you don't find it cauld."

Even as Finlay shivered in the frigid room he had to smile. He saw that it was more joy for Meg to sit without a fire to save the coal than to be warmed with the cheerful blaze she could have well afforded. He took a chair, and gazed at the bleak and cunning old face before him.

"Well," said he briskly, "why did you send for me, Miss Mirlees?"

"Tut, tut, doctor!" cried Meg in a panic, "dinna put it that downricht way. A' I said was ye might look in if you happened to be passing. I was meaning to offer you a cup of tea, but 'deed, I do declare, I've just discovered we're out o' sugar, and the kettle's this meenit gone off the boil forbye."

She broke off, shook her head sadly at the strange coincidence which prevented her offering him hospitality, helped herself with relish to a small imperial, then, as an afterthought, half-offered the bag to Finlay.

"Ye'll no' be mindin' for ane o' thae, doctor. Ye'll no' care for the peppermints."

She had no idea he would accept, but before she could withdraw the bag Finlay, suppressing a smile, reached out his hand and helped himself liberally.

"Thanks, Miss Mirlees," he cried "I've got an awfully sweet tooth. How did you know it?"

Meg's face frore at the inroads he had made on her precious imperials. She snatched back the bag and declared nippily—

"Ay, it wad seem ye do like them."

Screwing the paper poke tightly she gave him a glower and thrust the sweets safely in her pocket.

There was a short silence, broken only as they sucked their imperials at one another.

Finlay, warmed by the initial skirmish, was beginning to enjoy himself.

"And now, Miss Mirlees, that we're happy and comfortable, what is it all about?"

Meg darted a sharp glance at him, but, recovering her equanimity with an effort, she assumed a dreadful pretence of sprightliness.

"Weel, it's this way, doctor. Maybe I have something that might prove interest for ye. Oh, I ken you doctors aye lookin' for something extraordinar' in the way of complaint."

She paused, considering him shrewdly.

"It's a bit lump on top o' my head. It doesna worry me ava', mind ye. I've had it these sax years, too, but, dod, it's been getting bigger lately, so says I to myself, it might be real interestin' for young Dr. Hislop to look in and maybe, in a quiet way, to try his hand at getting quit o' it for me. It'll be grand experience for the young man, thinks I, and 'deed, I've no doubt at all, thinks I, he'd be glad enough to shift it without chairge gin I gie him the chance."

Her barefaced effrontery fairly took Finlay's breath away, but he restrained himself, and said—

"Let me look at it, then."

"Weel, there's no harm in lookin'," responded Meg with a sharp little laugh.

Finlay rose and went over to the window.

Parting Meg's hair, he examined her scalp, where, as she indicated, there was a round, pink swelling, as big as a pigeon's egg.

He recognised the condition at once. It was a simple sebaceous cyst; in plain language, an ordinary wen, a condition commonly met with, and easy to remove.

Resuming his seat, he explained to Meg in a few words what the condition was, and how, by a simple operation, he could put it right for her.

Her eye glistened. She rubbed her hands together.

"Ay, I thocht ye'd like the job, doctor. I knew frae the start it would be a grand experience for ye."

Bubbling inside with merriment, Finlay surveyed her with assumed severity.

"I'm not needing that sort of experience, Miss Mirlees. I'll do the operation for you, if you wish." He paused significantly. "But the fee will be a guinea and a half."

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SEVEN MUST DIE

Continuing this great serial of romance and adventure in the South Seas . . .

Illustrated by WEP

By James Warner Bellah

He didn't tell her what had really happened to him—didn't dare, for he had panicked half way down.

CAPTAIN MacVEY, master of the schooner Storm Child, and a party of seven tourists from Honolulu join forces on an expedition to search for "King" Bradley, a missing South Seas pearl trader, who set out months previously for an unknown destination, with a lifetime collection of pearls, accompanied by an old Chinaman.

The captain and Sherman Drumm fall in love with Connie Yates. She discourages them, and they become deadly rivals. There is a rising friction and intrigue among the passengers during the voyage, and, five days out, Bo Fanning is murdered, Sherman and the captain decide to withhold the news from the others.

During the night the schooner strikes a reef, and with extraordinary presence of mind the captain heads the ship for an island. Though three of the crew are lost overboard, the passengers are unharmed.

Captain MacVey takes control of the situation, and has the stores removed from the crippled schooner, while some of the men form a camp and provide shelter for the women members of the party.

The body of Bradley's Chinaman is discovered on the island, and MacVey is convinced they are on the "King's" island. That evening Connie and Sherman, from the highest point of the island, see a boat submerged in the lagoon. On returning to the camp the men set out to remove Bo Fanning's body for burial, and discover on boarding the schooner that it has been ransacked. A green light is also seen from a ship, and MacVey concludes they have been followed to the island. Sherman then discloses his information about the sunken vessel, and they decide to waste no time in salvaging her.

The party is about to leave the Storm Child when Dr. Mayhew draws the captain's attention to something he has found.

Characters you will meet in this story:

DAME ELLEN MELBURY, retired singer, and seasoned traveller.

CONNIE YATES, her vivacious grand-niece.

SHERMAN DRUMM, in love with her.

CAPTAIN MacVEY, master of the schooner Storm Child.

DOCTOR MAYHEW, old friend of Dame Ellen's.

IDA SEPTON, travelling to forget a recent divorce.

BO FANNING, of doubtful background.

KING BRADLEY, legendary figure of the South Seas.

NOW READ ON—

SHERMAN moved slightly as MacVey stepped in the doorway. The chair Fanning had been sitting in was tipped on its side, and empty. Sherman caught his breath. Then he saw feet on the floor and the shadow of Fanning below the beam of light. The Storm Child's going over on her side had thrown him against the berth.

Mayhew was stooped down, pointing to the chair cushion which lay on the floor, free of the chair. He stood up, still holding the light beam on the cushion as MacVey leaned over to see what it was that he was pointing to, and as he did it Mayhew struck him across the base of the skull with the light—one quick hatchet blow from the shoulder, full down. The wooden crack of it rang in the tiny space, and the light went out and the glass of it tinkled on the floor.

"I have a gun in my hand, Mr. Drumm," Mayhew said. "Stay right where you are, please, but if you have a match, light it." The doctor's voice was almost pleasant. There was no exultation in the slight ring of command it held, rather a Chesterfieldian politeness that he quite enjoyed. Sherman reached into his pocket for his cigarette lighter and snapped the wheel. He held the flame of it up. Mayhew was standing between Fanning and MacVey. The gun in his hand was pointed directly at Sherman's stomach. And in that moment Sherman knew that it was Ida Sefton's .38 police pistol that had been on the shelf over Bo Fanning's bunk.

Mayhew said, "Stay right there, Mr. Drumm, please," and he knelt down to MacVey, jerked him sideways and took the gun from him that he had strapped on his hip that morning. He pulled the skirts of MacVey's jacket free and took another gun—his own, that MacVey had filched from his cabin locker drawer—and the bolts of the three rifles from the pockets. "Now," he said, "that's better," and he slipped a gun into each pocket of his wrinkled linen coat, keeping Ida's in his hand. "Whom," he said, "do you suppose killed Mr. Fanning?"

Sherman's tongue was so thick in his mouth for the moment that it clacked when he tried to speak.

"Both the jugular and the carotid are cut," Doctor Mayhew said. "He couldn't have done both himself, I think. He would have died before he could draw the razor through. It's drawn through to the bone . . . Can you tie knots?"

"Can I do what?"

"Tie knots, Mr. Drumm. I want you to tie up MacVey for me—his hands. Behind him, please. That seems to be a piece of rope there on the floor of the passage by your right foot."

Mechanically, Sherman stooped for it.

"Hurry, Mr. Drumm."

Sherman knelt beside MacVey and reached for his left arm. The man was breathing heavily and slowly, and groaning softly with the exhalations. Sherman square-knotted the rope to MacVey's left wrist, then he remembered the old trick of taking your coat off with your hands tied behind you.

"Have you a knife, doctor?"

Mayhew handed him a small, gold-handled penknife. Sherman cut the rope and square-knotted a piece of it to MacVey's other wrist.

"Why?" Mayhew nodded.

"You can't tie anything but a slipknot with one end of rope." He knotted the two ends together, bringing MacVey's hands up under the small of his back.

"Again," Mayhew said. "Use all the rope; I don't want him to have a chance. Tie his feet as well."

"He hasn't," Sherman said. "I don't want him to, either." He lashed the last end of rope around MacVey's ankles.

Mayhew said, "Mr. Drumm, what do you think of me?"

"I don't know."

"Yes," Mayhew said, "that's quite obvious, but the point is, will you work with me?"

"What choice have I?"

"Please don't put it that way," Mayhew said. "What I want is cooperation, if you can give it. I intend to go aboard the Albatross before Linchardt has a chance to get ashore."

Sherman said, "We have three women on our hands. Don't forget that."

"No," Mayhew said, "I won't. I'll take care of them."

"Lead on," Sherman told him.

"Very well. Call the mate and Melville."

Sherman stepped back into the saloon and called to the deck. Joe Lount and Melville came down the companion slowly.

"What you want?" Joe asked.

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LYRIC OF LIFE

IN SLEEP

THERE come, through the velvet shroud of sleep,
Familiar folk grown strange across the years;
These are my unforgotten playmates,
Who shared my games, my childhood's dreams and fears
So long ago, so many miles apart,
But still they storm my sleep-remembering heart.

Not as they were, the children that I knew
In those good days that found their end too soon,
But grown at last as I had known they must,
And reached, as I, life's mellow afternoon,
And waking from my dreams of friends that used to be,
I wonder this: Do they remember me?

—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

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Illustrated By FISCHER

A Romantic Short Story

By . . .

LADY TROUBRIDGE

"Are you pleased?" he asked, coming forward and standing near the mirror.

TROUSSEAU

PEOPLE declared Steven Sandor's success had gone to his head. That he assumed the airs of a dictator. That he kept Duchesses waiting on gilt chairs in his salons, while he himself smoked a cigarette in his own luxurious office room. That, in spite of these casual ways, Sandor went in the most enormous outfit of any of the most exclusive dressmakers in London.

These things were at once true and false. It was true that Steven Sandor revenged himself on the society which had ignored his talents for years, until there were little patches of grey in the sleek, smooth darkness of his well-shaped head. True that he was as autocratic as a dictator, and as violent. But it was false that he loved money, for in his heart he scorned it bitterly, though he made the vain women who thronged his salons pay huge prices because in this way he kept up his prestige.

That he could be generous on rare occasions was proved by the matter of June Elmer's trousseau.

June Elmer was well named, for she was like a rose blooming in her name month. Rare and pale and fine, with petal-white skin and dark brows so delicately touched in with nature's pencil that it was as if a moth's wing had brushed them onto her young forehead.

On this particular day in spring, when the affair began, she followed her mother into that luxurious private office, to which they were admitted after the usual wait, with an air of detachment Steven Sandor thought admirable. He was so used to fussy, vain, egotistical women that the attitude of the beautiful Miss Elmer intrigued him from the beginning by its novelty.

Because it was part of his metier to know such things, he knew that this girl's beauty had met with its just reward, and that she was about to win the blue ribbon of society by making a sensationally-brilliant marriage. He had seen her engagement announced that morning to the Marquis of Buckersley, that supremely eligible bachelor, as he read the paper with his morning coffee.

"We shall have the trousseau, I expect," he said to his secretary.

The secretary nodded. They always did have any trousseau of note, so Sandor was probably right.

"I expect they will look in this morning," he agreed, "and want to see you."

And at a quarter to twelve Mrs. Elmer and her daughter had looked in, been duly kept waiting, and were now admitted for a private conference.

"Congratulations," Sandor began, with that air of being a gentleman, and completely at his ease, which he affected.

Perhaps he was a gentleman by birth, or perhaps that, too, was part of his stock-in-trade. Anyhow, no one questioned it, least of all Blanche Elmer, a beauty of the 'nineties, smiling at him with her mascaraed eyes, chatting of this and that, of everything except the matter in hand.

Occasionally, in the midst of her chatter, she lifted a little vinaigrette containing smelling salts to her delicate nose, and sniffed it. Steven Sandor, who noticed everything, registered the fact that Mrs. Elmer was nervous.

"Do you find the room too warm?" he asked her abruptly.

"Not at all . . . oh, not at all!"

But her hand trembled as she dropped the smelling salts back into her bag. In the silence which followed, the girl June said suddenly:

"Hadn't you better ask him, Mother?"

"Yes, yes, of course."

"Ask me what?" smiled Steven Sandor, ready for a suave discussion as to terms. But he received a slight shock at Mrs. Elmer's next words.

Put bluntly, she wanted a thousand pounds' worth of trousseau for the girl, for which they were quite unable to pay until, as the Marchioness of Buckersley, June would make every effort to settle the bill.

"She will undertake to do this with her first quarter's allowance . . . sign anything you please," finished Mrs. Elmer eagerly.

Steven Sandor could not help smiling at the audacity of the woman. Such things were done, he knew, for the sake of advertisement, but not by him. Even Lady Buckersley's trousseau could not add a jot or a tittle to his reclame.

In his best public school manner, he put up his hand and fingered his tie, while he wondered what to say, and how to let her down lightly. Because, of course, he didn't do business that way.

BUT while he wondered, his eyes met June's. They were green eyes and they looked hard and proud and brilliant and ashamed, all at once.

"Of course he can't do it," she said hurriedly. "I told you that, Mother, before we started. She would come," she explained, turning to Sandor, while two shamed red roses burnt in her cheeks. "You see, we haven't a bean, and the Buckersleys . . . Mother doesn't want me to be let down before Ivor's people. I don't care a bit, myself. They can say what they like."

It was then Sandor made up his mind with the swiftness and suddenness with which he took all decisions. He would break the rule of his business life and risk a thousand pounds because a girl who looked like a white rose, and whose green eyes had a bitterly-humiliated expression, had told him she didn't care whether she was let down before the powerful Buckersley clan or not.

"That is settled, then," he remarked coolly, as if such extraordinary arrangements were part of his everyday work. "I will make your trousseau, Miss Elmer."

"You consent?" gasped Blanche Elmer, hardly realising the extent of her good fortune. This demand had been what her daughter had bluntly called a "try on," and incredibly it had succeeded.

"I am doing it," smiled Steven Sandor, showing a gleam of very white teeth in his tanned face.

How did a man who never left his salons get tanned? That, perhaps, was another of Steven Sandor's secrets. He had drawn a notebook towards him, and with quick, certain movements of his gold pencil was sketching a wedding dress.

"I shall create something for you, Miss Elmer," he announced, "which has not been worn before at any wedding. You shall be a village maiden, dressed by Sandor. White muslin, and a wreath of white roses."

Mrs. Elmer's disappointment was writ large in her face, but June's green eyes glowed.

"Nice and simple."

"Very, very simple," he answered, "and very costly. But we have not to think of that," he added with a reassuring smile.

Certainly, thought Blanche Elmer, the man had charm. If she had been twenty years younger, she would not have been above investigating that charm of Sandor's. As it was . . . well, she had put these follies aside some years ago after her unsatisfactory affair with an attache from the Brazilian Legation, who had soon left her for a younger woman. Her role now was the gratifying one of the mother of a Marchioness-to-be.

Mrs. Elmer didn't like to think of those anxious moments before Ivor Buckersley had spoken, and of the even more anxious moments when he had spoken, and June had delayed her answer till she nearly lost the wilful young peer. These anxieties were over now, and June had settled down into the ordinary engaged young lady, and was writing, "I do not deserve to be so happy," to all her friends!

"Come and see the models," Sandor suggested now, rising with easy grace, with which he did everything, "or, better still, come back this afternoon and see the show. It's at three o'clock every day."

"WHAT a charming man," Blanche Elmer sighed, as they drove away, "and how kind he was about everything."

"I thought he was terribly patronising," said June bitterly. "He just thinks us a couple of adventuresses, and that, I suppose," added Miss Elmer, "is what we are."

"June, how can you say such a thing? You're as well born as any girl Ivor Buckersley could have chosen, and Sandor clothes are only your right now."

Turning the enormous sapphire on her finger, "I suppose so," June agreed, with what her mother considered a maddening lack of enthusiasm.

Just as they reached the block of flats which Mrs. Elmer was able to call Mayfair, though it had unaccountably strayed very near the Edgware Road, June spoke again.

"I don't believe that tie was really his school colors," she said, and her voice showed unaccountable annoyance. "I think he just invented it."

"What does it matter?" said Mrs. Elmer reasonably. "He'll invent you some lovely clothes, and that is important, if you like."

And June agreed that was all that did matter.

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The NEST EGG

Complete Short Story

By E. CARNE

Fortunes are made and lost at the Melbourne Cup, but for two of the spectators in this story it meant something more than money . . .

TWO girls stood face to face in the dim late afternoon light of an hotel bedroom. The silence was tense with emotion, while in the distance, like surf far-off, the traffic of the city roared. June's blue and golden loveliness was piteous in her fear, and Sally, despite the nature of the argument, felt one stab of sympathy before her anger returned. Sally's sun-kissed face was also pale—with a mixture of emotions chiefly rage and annoyance.

It was useless to feel annoyed by June, or disgusted by her craven pleading, and that eternal reminder of obligation. Sally shrugged suddenly and broke the electrical tension between them, moving to a table and taking up a cigarette.

While lighting it she watched her friend sceptically. "You'd better have one, too. You seem to need it."

June disregarded the offer, if she heard the other at all. The fair girl's eyes were desperate, full of heavy tears, but Sally knew June's dramatic ability, and refused to be melted by child-like stares of beseeching helplessness, and swimming blue eyes round with terror.

"Sally! Listen—you must." June had found her voice again, though it quavered as she pleaded. "Can't you help me, somehow . . . think of something? I . . . I just can't, any more. Sally, I'm desperate. You must help me. There's nobody else to go to. And . . . Sally . . . I know it sounds dramatic, but I did save your life that time, didn't I? Can't you do something? I've told you the whole story and you don't know what courage . . ." She faltered as Sally's grey glance pierced her through, then went on defiantly: "Well, I did. And I did save your life. Oh, Sally, you know what Bolt is. He wouldn't mind so much if I gambled, but I've lied about it. He gambles himself. But you know how down he is on lies. I had to lie."

"Did you? Why?" She answered herself: "Because you're congenitally incapable of speaking the truth about anything. And if you have told the truth this time, don't be upset because I don't quite believe you. That's the trap that liars fall into; nobody recognises the truth on their lips. Yes . . . look indignant! Fact, all the same. And I suppose, all my life, I have to accept that obligation you persist in remembering every time it's convenient to do so. Very well—I do owe my life to you, though the price seems scarcely worth it. You make me sick."

"Bolt——"

"Bolt! You come to me to help you keep his regard, when . . ." An exclamation of disgust broke Sally's cry to nothing. Strong, tall, broad, and plain, she stood with feet apart, like an accusing justice, unable, for the life of her, to make a speech that June could understand—or would understand. Her stupidity was false as the rest of her, including the gilded sleekness of her heavy hair. "Bolt!" Sally shrugged, waving her cigarette with sudden abandonment. "Bolt, you talk of, to me. You stole him from me just as though . . ." She laughed without amusement and twisted her mouth to a bitter smile. Her eyes were flint.

"You never really loved Bolt," the other girl muttered. "You were only good friends with common interests. You both are horse-mad and you both gamble . . ."

"Just a moment! We both love horses, and we both like sportsmanship, and neither of us minds betting a little when we have the money to spare—and we don't only gamble with what spare cash we might have, but know the zest and decency of taking other chances and not whining when we lose. And because we know what sportsmanship is, you trade on that also, as you do on that rescue, as you call it, from the river . . . And I mightn't have drowned, if you think it out, for I'd recovered before I reached the bank. However . . . Oh, I know you, June, inside out."

Sally had moved a pace nearer, the fair girl shrinking back. Sally laughed under her breath: "Good heavens, do you think I'd strike you—A little plain speaking seems better. Yes—just as subtly as your other manoeuvres, you trade on whatever will gain you advantage. Just as subtly and cheaply as you traded on Bolt's simplicity and protectiveness and chivalry, when you flattered and admired him and sought his advice and grieved to him about your pitiful loneliness and delicacy—you treacherous little beast! And you got him. Good for you."

"It's all very well . . ."

"IS it? For whom? For me, or you, or Bolt? You said I didn't really love Bolt—" For one moment a shaft of agony struck through Sally, but she hurried on, before her normal calm returned: "Imagine me loving a man. Imagine a hard-riding, hard-working, horse-breeding girl on a rough farm, loving any man. That's too much to expect—the softness and helplessness of loving, in an unwomanly creature always in shirts and breeches, with a plain sun-burned face and scrubby hands. I'm one of those unnatural, unemotional, matter-of-fact creatures doomed to become 'just like a sister' to their male and married friends . . . Has it ever occurred to you that behind a plain face is the same power to think of love and loving as behind a pretty one . . .? And perhaps ten times the willingness to give something back for being loved, not take and take as you do. Don't do that," cried Sally abruptly.

June wiped her eyes and dabbed her cheeks, as tears seemed less able to affect Sally than they did the man they were discussing. After another hideous silence, June timidly introduced the subject uppermost in mind. "What am I to do, Sally? What can I do—? It's seven hundred pounds." The blue eyes were genuinely terrified. "I honestly thought I'd make enough, each time, to pay off what I owed . . ."

"Yes, I've heard of other people equally optimistic. Gambling is a fool's game without the pocket and mentality to stand it. You're a fool in some ways, and that's one of them. Sorry, it's my day for plain speaking. Perhaps you're finding out now that there's no easy money, and that lies get you nowhere. Nothing rotten or false can last, and a plot built up on fibs and trickeries . . . Seven hundred! And did you really imagine I had that much to lend you? Seven hundred pounds."

June slithered an eager glance from the other's face, it was so incredulously inquiring. "I . . . I thought . . . you and your father can always bet when you want to . . . I mean, betting people, racehorse owners, always seem . . ."

"Seem! Just as you always seem so well supplied with means, the way you turn yourself out . . . but appearances are sometimes deceptive. And just imagine I had the money to lend you, and the gullibility to do so, how did you contemplate repaying it? I'm rather interested to know."

"Oh, Sally . . ." June collapsed into a huddle of sobbing misery while her last hope crashed round her. Sally stared at the forlorn little figure for a moment, then walked to the window and threw her cigarette-end out to somebody's roof below. She was now annoyed with herself, for feeling the helpless appeal of the little person crying her heart out, hands over her face. For once, June was not acting, but scared to death.

Sally stood tapping the window pane with one finger. After all, if Bolt did love June—and June's sort were takers, from the cradle, just as others, from the cradle, were givers, and doomed through life to be either.

How easy, thought Sally, to go to Bolt and use June's wily tactics, and turn the tables utterly. A nice story; reckless extravagance while in a mannequin's job that could not last, then fear of a threat from a modiste perfectly justified in her alarm and desire for her own money. Then panic, inspiration, a visit to a bookmaker, a plunge and debt, and then the inevitable desperate throwing more money after lost sums, and panic——

Even if Bolt's love was great enough to forgive all that, he would never forgive Ken Weston. Not only Ken, but many, in a succession of adventures about which Sally had learned, but Bolt, never. Bolt himself was far too guiltless of deception and duplicity to suspect it in others, and would knock the man down who boasted of his overtures to June. How easy to tell Bolt! No, how impossibly hard, for, to sneak, even in that cause, was unforgiveable and despicable.

June was quiet now, huddled in a heap of organdie on a low stool with feet stretched out on to another. Sally glanced back at the window, seeing a picture of the past and wincing. Such a small incident, really, yet how it had affected her morale and character! Her father had told her later about it. They were at the farm, Windyways, the Townsends' home; she, her father, Bolt Renfrew, and his father, a military-looking, horse-loving, dignified man of sixty odd, and a close friend of Samuel Townsend. It was misty early in the morning, the river track ghostly and cold. Sally had just ridden back a yearling from its gallop round the paddock, against whose railings the other three leaned . . .

Thunder of hoofs on damp earth; the sting of the wet wind in her face; exhilaration and gladness for the sheer joy of living, and riding Golden Boy through the mist—and knowing him performing handsomely. Then, warm and glowing, going on Golden Boy to the three men by the rails, to hear their comments on the horse and his future. Sally had soon ridden off, to return the horse to his warm stable, and in her heart was the dawning of both pain and happiness, the wild, silent song of loving someone whom she knew loved her. She could have ridden a whirlwind with Bolt looking on, with that look on his strongly rugged face. Some men looked moulded; Bolt looked carved. His deep-set eyes held the dawn of some puzzling discovery, also, and her father said later that Bolt was "all eyes and restlessness" while watching her.

Being Sally, brisk and not easily influenced into exhibiting her secret feelings, she went on playing the part of just a good friend, and perhaps she discouraged him a little through overdoing her friendly comradeship. . . .

BY the rails that misty morning Bolt had said slowly: "Jove, sir"—watching Sally ride Golden Boy away—"you've got a thoroughbred there." Sally's father had agreed heartily, but spoke of the horse, and Bolt, laughing to himself, corrected him: "Oh, I was referring to Sally . . ."

She remembered that now, and the way her father had related the incident. And Sally, turning almost impatiently to stare with a frown at the other girl on the stool, knew herself trapped. Not by obligation, but the strange, compelling inner force which cannot be denied or altered—the force that obeys the rule of "What one can't do," more than of "What one can do." She couldn't—not knowing why—turn June down in her agonised desperation.

Walking to the table, Sally lifted a newspaper and sat down scrutinising it thoughtfully. Still frowning, she took a cigarette and eyed the other girl while lighting it.

"I've thought of something," she curtly announced, in the half-shamed way of bigness serving smallness.

June raised herself, to show an anxious face, still tear-wet. "Thought of . . . something?"

"Yes." With an obvious effort Sally added: "My . . . nest-egg."

Illustrated by CARL SHREVE

June raised herself to show an anxious face, still tear-wet.

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Holiday Cruise

A white ship
A receding shore
Lip press'd to lip
The love lore.
A white ship
Meeting the shore
Lip press'd to lip
No more.
—"Berri Coates."

Sally was rigid, sitting alone some distance back from where Bolt and his father watched the race against the rails.

The girls had been friends since childhood, and their youthful secrets were confided in each other. After the death of June's parents she visited Sally's home each time jobs failed her, which was very frequently. The "nest-egg," an important sum in adolescence, had been added to in pounds, shillings, and pennies, the additions being more frequent and much larger when Sally commenced to dream of herself and Bolt married. Until June engaged his mesmerised attentions, his farm being quite near Windyways and the meetings and visits continuous, Sally had mentally visualised her nest-egg as a potential trousseau. June knew this, and even in her misery and terror let her mouth fall open.

"Your . . . nest-egg," stammered June, partly uncomprehending. Realisation jerked her upright. "But—Sally——" Sally composed herself to finish the offer, and thought, "At least she's got some feeling," which thought was immediately scattered by June's next comment: "But, Sally, it isn't nearly seven hundred pounds."

Sally almost laughed aloud, then shrugged her impotence to answer competently. "No, it's far from seven hundred. It's only a hundred and fifty." Dismissing a momentary pang, she pointed to the newspaper. "Read this"—and June unfolded herself to cross the room, wondering, with hope re-born.

The news item was in the sporting section of the "Clarion." June read obediently:

"Garryowen has not appeared in public since his last disastrous run on this course last April. He was privately trained at Windyways, and promised well for a time, but his antics take too much out of him, and it is not likely that he will stay the course from start to finish in the Melbourne Cup on Tuesday."

"What does it mean?" June wanted to know, blankly, unable to follow the other's reasoning.

Sally, for a moment riding an old grievance, said hard things about those who criticised the horse she loved: "—antics, antics, they say, and so, his reputation!" Her eyes looked suddenly shrewd; with Jimmy riding Garryowen . . .? June was still blank. To her, horses were animals born either to haul vehicles or be ridden for convenience or profit.

Horse-racing was, to June, a complicated plot whose suspicious mysteries were shared by everyone excepting the public betting on the races. She was obsessed by the notion that Sally, her father, Bolt's father, who also owned and ran horses, knew precisely which horse would win any given race before it was started, and nourished an eternal grievance because owners were so close-mouthed over their tips. Now she looked at Sally with cunning expectation of being invited to share such a mystery.

"Oh, Sally——" Mercurial, June sensed assistance, and responded accordingly. "Is the race going to be pulled?"

"Pulled!" Sally stared, then shrugged hopelessly. "Don't be an idiot. It means . . . Oh, Heavens! What does it mean? It means that Garryowen is a 'dark horse'—not only his coat."

"I see."—not seeing at all.

"You don't see, or why that look? Garryowen," Sally said as to a child, "has proved his ability to win that race, as none of the other horses is capable of beating him—on performance. His reputation is bad. He's temperamental, and something always happens. Now we've found someone who can ride him, control him, and get the best out of him. Jimmy, an apprentice, who loves him. Garryowen has few 'antics' when Jimmy is in the saddle. Jimmy is all for winning this race, too; it will mean a lot to him in several ways. But nobody apart from Jimmy, Dad, and myself realise or suspect that. Now do you see?"

"You mean, the horse is an outsider."

"Yes, our money is already on—distributed carefully. There's a chance, of course, that even the . . . But, barring accidents, and the usual considerations of any race, he ought to win. Garryowen can't be beaten by the others. But if this got about . . . One whisper, and the papers would start gossiping. Racing men know he's got the right stuff in him, but they don't know about Jimmy. As an outsider, Garryowen ought to pay more than thirty to one. If . . . if you borrow my nest-egg would Jem wait until Monday for his money?"

JUNE realised the chance she was offered, but did not realise the irony of Sally's gesture, lending Bolt's fiancee the nest-egg once saved for a trousseau that Bolt would see!

"Sally!" June's relief was so overwhelming that she took it to be gratitude. "How can I thank you, and what can I do to repay you—not the money, of course, but the gesture. What can I ever do to repay you?"

Sally spoke dryly: "You might forget that you saved my life, as you call it. To be rid of any such obligation is cheap for a hundred and fifty pounds . . . and don't boast about the tip you've got, or it won't be much good to you."

The warning, Sally knew, was unnecessary; June knew that much about racing.

. . . . . .

"They're off . . .!"

A confused roar of voices flung the sound round the course. Rain during the previous night had given to the heat of the day a brooding steaminess which melted complexions and set perspiration trickling, but the lawns and gardens were fresh and lovely in the sunshine. A tense silence now held the crowd, piled high in the stands, packed round the rails, collected in solid groups on the flat.

Sally was rigid, sitting alone some distance back from where Bolt and his father watched the race against the rails. A faint thunder sounded as the horses in the race poured forward . . . very slowly, it seemed to Sally, for galloping horses, but it was always like that with so much resting on the result.

Her binoculars were hot against her face, her hands shaking. Her mind was a rush of wild speculation and anxiety as she tried to follow the red and orange of Jimmy's colors. Garryowen had shot from the post without any temperamental display, and now . . . There he was, in the solid bunch of muddled coloring pouring round the curve. Would he ever get out? Hemmed in that position it looked almost hopeless. But no . . . Jimmy had seen his chance and taken it . . . out of the ruck shot the red and orange, to the outside of the mass . . . Sally felt her whole body cold as ice in the dazzling hot day, and while her mind crackled with conjecture her lips moved in wordless orders to the jockey and the horse. Hopeless . . . no . . . yes, hopeless. Garryowen still going round on the outside of the field, into the straight . . . covering far more ground than the inside of the . . . Her heart leaped. "Go on . . . go on, Jimmy . . .!"

"By Jove, eh . . ." said Bolt, watching through his field glasses with a frown puckering his brow. In pale clothing, a gesture to the incredible heat, he and his father were now all anxiety and excitement for Sally's sake. "He's doing it . . ."

A slow roar commenced in the Leger, like distant snoring, and then the leaders, bunched in front, began to fight out the last furlong amidst the roars from the paddock.

"Black Boy . . . Black Boy . . . Limpit . . . Limpit . . . Carlotta . . . Black Boy . . . Garryowen . . . Garryowen . . . Garryowen. . . ."

Was it Sally's brain making that cry . . . Garryowen . . . or the uproar of voices round her? "Garryowen," she heard herself squeak out. . . . Then she felt sick, for Black Boy's name was sounding again in rising excitement. But Jimmy had drawn his whip and Garryowen had much in reserve; he was pounding as though he himself knew the importance of victory. Black Boy . . . Garryowen . . . Which, oh which?

The finish, to Sally, was so shattering that she almost collapsed to the ground. Neck to neck the two horses had flashed past the post . . . Voices crackled round her again. Dully she wondered and listened as she moved blindly away. "Wait till the number goes up." "What won?" "Garryowen . . . Black Boy." "Garryowen . . . never heard of it." Sally whispered: "Garryowen, it must be," and one minute seemed like a hundred hours.

"THERE she is," Bolt was saying, holding his father's arm. "There's Sally, going up to the gate . . ." Bolt tugged his pale felt hat down over one eye and pressed forward, his father in tow. They caught up to her, and she stopped, dazed, to stare at them challengingly, as if they might deny Garryowen's win. "Oh—you—I must go and congratulate Jimmy."

Her brain cleared; of course, Garryowen had won, or why that smiling satisfaction on Bolt's face, and the pleased twirling of his father's greyish moustache. "What a race," she gasped. "What a race that boy rode. Dear old Garryowen. Oh, Bolt! I'll . . . how can you reward a horse? Funny how he collects only a drink and a roll in the sand for his winnings. . . ." She talked on excitedly as they made their eager way through the sunlight. "Oh, where's June?"

Bolt was very non-committal. "Somewhere about," he said, without expression. One sharp stare and Sally said no more. She could think of June later.

Garryowen paid forty to one. That night Mr. Townsend telephoned the hotel where Bolt and his father were staying, and had the older man over to "celebrate." Bolt was out, he told Sally's father. Sally, in her only evening frock, a black lace with a shining sash the color of dull gold, helped with the celebrating, but the flatness following excitement had set in, and she could have wept. June and Bolt, of course, were out dancing somewhere. . . .

Then the telephone rang; she answered it, and Bolt's voice sounded. He was below, he said, in the first-floor writing-room, and wanted to see her. Sally descended in the lift feeling very puzzled, for June had said she was seeing Bolt that night, possibly dining with him after the races and going straight out to something festive.

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Trousseau

Continued from Page 7

AT three o'clock they sat on two gilt chairs and watched Tanis, the sinuous dark mannequin with the petunia-red mouth, and Margot, the piquant blonde, and Simone, the French girl, and Hetty, the little roguish one, passing before them in all the creations Steven Sandor had designed in that magical notebook of his.

He stood between the Elmers for a moment or two, one hand on the back of Mrs. Elmer's chair, the other gesturing towards any particularly attractive model.

"'Chinoise' might do for Miss Elmer to go away in," he suggested, with an affability which made the mannequins stare in surprise at such condescension, then swiftly turn their eyes away.

"Put on 'Chinoise' again, Tanis," ordered the vendeuse quickly.

Staring at the lacquer-red dress and coat with its huge sleeves of sable, and the one cunning touch of gold at the throat, June shook her head.

"Horrid!" she said briefly.

"Oh, mademoiselle, but it is one of our loveliest models," the vendeuse cried, horrified.

Customers who received the rare honor of Mr. Sandor's personal interest never criticised in this blunt way.

Steven Sandor's dark eyebrows went up a fraction. Then he smiled unconcernedly above June's head.

"You will see something simpler soon," he said.

"But June, that dress was lovely. I feel sure Ivor would admire it." Mrs. Elmer's eyes were following the subtle sophistication which made Tanis in that oriental red splendor.

"But I," said June, "would hate myself in it."

Mrs. Elmer and the vendeuse were equally disappointed when at last June made her choice of a going-away dress. A fawn tweed sports suit of almost exaggerated simplicity, the waist clasped by a belt which was palpably made from a horse's girth.

But Steven Sandor nodded to himself. He was getting sidelights on the character of this girl, who looked like a dewy white hothouse rose, and yet refused to adorn herself. Sandor knew very well that a woman's choice of her outward covering reflected the very essence of herself. Now he knew exactly the kind of dresses she would select for her trousseau. He could have chosen them all for her.

The other women on the long rows of gilt chairs looked at him with as much eager interest as they looked at the dresses parading before them, watching his dark face for any sign of satisfaction, guiding their choice by what they imagined to be his approval. He was Steven Sandor, and if he had decreed they were to dress as South Sea Islanders they would, whatever their figures, undoubtedly have made the attempt.

Several looked enviously at June Elmer, whom they knew by sight. You had to look like that, and to be going to marry the Marquis of Buckersley, to keep Sandor lingering by your side, stooping his dark head occasionally, smiling with a flash of white teeth. He was courteous enough to any customer who could get a word with him, but that was the difficulty. He was usually as much surrounded as Royalty, and far more inaccessible.

"Now there," said Mrs. Elmer, pointing to Tanis a moment later, "is the evening dress for you!"

Tanis, the beautiful, seemed at first sight to be clothed in a cloud of gold froth, which resolved itself on nearer view into the winking blaze of hundreds of tiny sequins.

"With the Buckersley emeralds, June, that would be simply divine," sighed Mrs. Elmer, on a longing breath.

Oh, to have twenty or thirty years glide off her back, and to wear that gold beauty of a dress herself, even if the emeralds she wore with it were nothing but pieces of glass instead of historic jewels!

That was impossible, but daughters can give their mothers much vicarious pleasure. What was the use of having a thousand pounds' worth of credit if June was going to choose silly little dresses which, except for the suave Sandor line, could almost have been made at home?

"Please, darling," she begged.

June smiled at her mother. Sandor could not see that smile, but he saw her shake her head, and heard what she said.

"I should feel like something on a Christmas tree."

"But surely you should consult Ivor's taste a little. I know he will wish you to look like . . . like . . ."

"A marchioness" trembled on the tip of her tongue, but she did not say it. "Help me to persuade her, Mr. Sandor."

"But Miss Elmer knows best," said the great man. "That is not her dress at all. The right one will come presently."

It did. Palest pink chiffon, with a narrow green belt the color of her eyes, and a cape which hid the shoulders and tied in a demure bow at the back.

June turned her head, and lifted her green eyes to Sandor.

Please turn to Page 14

Gay Beach Wear

RED-and-white houred cretonne fashions this snappy beach cap and bag. A plain red band of stitched linen adorns the hat.

The Nest Egg

Continued from Page 9

WITH a sense of recovered excitement she saw Bolt waiting, impatiently she thought, in the writing-room, and went forward to take both his extended hands and hang on to them, laughing: "I was in the dumps . . . despite our restored financial status, thanks to Garryowen . . . but what on earth are you doing here, and where's June?"

"Listen, Sally, it's no use beating round the bush, and no use trying to deceive myself any longer . . . Sit down here. Cigarette . . . ? That's better. June?—On the course today I had rather a shock. Jem delivered it," he added curtly, and Sally felt concerned. She did not interrupt, and the young man went on: "And you know something about it, for apparently June told the fellow you were behind her . . . in some mysterious way. Look here, Sally, I've known for a long time that June was weak-willed, unscrupulous, and a confounded little liar, but as none of us is perfect I tried to keep on deceiving myself into not minding . . . I did mind, though. She's such a pitiful little devil . . . helpless . . . Anyhow, Jem told me the yarn and threatened to make a fuss."

"He said he'd wait until Monday for his money."

Bolt frowned, with a crooked smile on his mouth. "Hmn, perhaps, but a bird in the hand—I made a bit to-day, and Jem is an opportunist. He collared me and suggested I might like to settle June's debts . . . the little fool . . . rather than cause a nasty upset . . . Seven hundred isn't a fortune, Sally, and I'll not go into the workhouse, but, by Jove! that finished me with June."

"Did you pay it?" Sally gasped, her brain spinning.

"I did. A fool, you think, but it was worth it. Gave him a cheque and told him to keep his mouth shut. It was infinitely worth it, Sally . . . for several reasons."

"But June . . ." Sally stopped dead; June had won a huge sum of money that afternoon. She had been ashen with excitement when meeting Sally later, and whispering her joy piercingly, aside from the others. She had won all that money . . .

"Wait a moment, Bolt, and tell me ——Does June know you've paid Jem for her?"

"Of course she does. We had it out at dinner time."

"But—didn't she offer? What did she say?"

"What she said," jerked the young man grimly, "isn't a patch on what I said, and I'm not sorry. We've shaken hands, old thing—more or less—and parted. I gave her the ring as a farewell gift, and may it compensate her for the doubtful loss of myself. She didn't care for me, and never has. She's going, she says, to stay away somewhere quiet, to get over it——" And he laughed. There was bitterness in the sound, but not any on his face, as he looked down at Sally's staggered expression and smiled gently.

June had . . . Suddenly Sally laughed, helplessly, chokingly, until tears ran down her face. The man was puzzled, then annoyed, as she could not explain. "What the devil . . . ? What on earth is amusing you?" And Sally lifted her wet and laughing eyes to look hard at Bolt, as she choked out: "Amusing me . . . amusing me . . . I'm not amused. I'm hysterical. I'm thinking of nest-eggs."

Her laughter faded away. For a long time the couple sat with fixed stares on each other's face, and at last the man sighed: "Gosh, what a blind fool I've been . . . what a crass, unmitigated fool. Nest-egg! I remember, June told me . . . as a sort of joke."

"She said you had a nest-egg fund for a trousseau or something, and . . . well . . . you were fretting a bit over some fellow who had turned you down. Lord in heaven! That beats cockfighting. I thought . . . I consoled myself with June . . . and I thought . . . Look here, was I that fellow?"

"You," nodded Sally crisply, all amusement now dead. "Were that fellow . . . you idiot, Bolton Renfrew, and now my nest-egg's stolen . . ." But that was something that need not be explained.

"Well, I'll be . . ." He was kissed because he kissed Sally hastily, without intending it, and the contact proved so exhilarating and so novel and stirring that without meaning to she kissed him in return, and somehow they were both talking at once and both trying to cover years of blundering in a few minutes of incoherent explaining.

THE result, an hour later, was vastly to their satisfaction. Naturally, after wasting so much time, they were eager to be married. Partnership of several kinds could thus be established at Bolt's farm, and it was planned and arranged for, and the others were told—to their intense satisfaction, which called for more celebration.

Weeks later, Sally received a brief note from June, who was, it appeared, getting married. She ended her letter with: "—I just had to write and explain, Sally, for fear you would think me ungrateful. Sally, could you wait a while for the nest-egg money I borrowed? It isn't as though you need it. I simply haven't got it at the moment, because of getting married, and I have to get a proper outfit, as Fred is rich and I'm staying with his people. After all, Sally, it's just between us two, about the nest-egg, and I can't help remembering I saved your life, and it seems to make a bond somehow——"

Bolt came in to find Sally laughing softly, as if in irony, and burning a letter. "Well, madame, what are you up to so soon after becoming my wife—burning incriminating letters, are you? From which cast-off lover?" He frowned and twinkled together as she nodded, then shook her head. "What the dickens were you burning, anyway?"

"I was burning a hundred and fifty pounds, darling."

"What?"

"An obligation . . . a nest-egg . . . a hundred and fifty pounds which I shall never see, and don't want to see. I've been burning an obligation."

Bolt applied a match to his pipe. "Oh, June," he said, "I see."

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"That flavour of CORN FLAKES is a knockout!"

— say all the Hughes family after making Kellogg's* Blindfold Test!

395 Australians have now made Kellogg's Blindfold Test. These include such famous taste authorities as Wine Judges, Tea Experts, Champion Cooks, highly-paid Chefs and scores of Australian families. All taste four popular breakfast cereals whilst blindfolded. (Each cereal is referred to by number only.) Then they are asked to vote for the one that tastes best. It's amazing, but true! — 395 out of 395 votes have gone to Kellogg's Corn Flakes.

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Some NEW LAUGHS

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen,
When we are old and mellow they'll still be evergreen."

MOPSY — The Cheery Redhead

"Why are you using that heavy roller on your potato patch?"
"Because I want to grow mashed potatoes."

YOUNG WIFE: John, will you bring a mousetrap home with you?
HUSBAND: But I brought one home with me last week.
YOUNG WIFE: Yes, but there's a mouse in that.

WIFE: How can we make them think we're not a honeymoon couple?
HUBBY: You carry the luggage in.

"I say, old chap, is your wife as pretty as ever?"
"Yes, but it takes her longer to fix it."

LUNG TROUBLE

DEFINITE HOPE OF RECOVERY

No matter how long you have suffered—no matter how old you are—new hope is offered to you by MEMBROSUS DRY INHALATION.
This wonderful treatment is different . . . patients report that it has freed them of those distressing symptoms that made their life miserable . . . and restored the peaceful nights they once enjoyed—FREE FROM COUGHING SPASMS, NIGHT SWEATS, HAEMMORHAGES, etc.
MEMBROSUS has proved remarkably successful in hundreds of cases—it can do the same for you.
After using MEMBROSUS DRY INHALATION, patients have reported . . . "APPETITE IMPROVES" . . . "STRENGTH REGAINED" . . . "ABLE TO WALK UP A HILL, PLAY GAMES, and LIVE A NORMAL LIFE ONCE AGAIN" and "A NEW OUTLOOK ON LIFE OBTAINED."
MEMBROSUS gives lasting relief from

CATARRH, HAY FEVER, ANTRUM TROUBLE (Without Operation)

The searching, health-bringing fumes of MEMBROSUS reach every part of the respiratory system, dislodging and removing mucus . . . and clear away the toxins and germs from the blood stream. You sleep peacefully through the night, and wake up in the morning with clear nostrils and throat.
This is what former sufferers say after using MEMBROSUS DRY INHALATION . . . "HEAD NOISES DISAPPEAR—HEARING AND SENSE OF SMELL PERMANENTLY RESTORED; CONSTANT SNEEZING FITS, RUNNING EYES AND NOSE AND DISGUSTING HAWKING ARE SOON THINGS OF THE PAST" . . . "THERE IS NO DOUBT THAT MEMBROSUS IS THE 'GOODS' FOR THESE TROUBLES, CATARRH, etc. WISH I'D KNOWN ABOUT IT SOONER."

ASTHMA BRONCHITIS

MEMBROSUS—A Different Inhalation Treatment.

At last a definitely successful treatment for these two complaints has been found . . . MEMBROSUS DRY INHALATION. No longer need Asthma sufferers lead lives of misery and torture, or endure sleepless, pain-racked nights with choking terror. After using MEMBROSUS DRY INHALATION patients can lie down and sleep at night without fear of an attack . . . without dreading that wheezing and tight, bound-up feeling. MEMBROSUS loosens all the mucus and brings it away easily. You breathe freely once more . . . climb upstairs . . . play games, without any discomfort.

A REPORT FROM A BRONCHITIS SUFFERER:

"I wish to thank you for the good I have derived from the treatments. I feel certain it will cure the most stubborn cases of Bronchitis and Catarrh. I think it a wonderful relief and treatment. I desire it as a standby, so that is the high opinion I have of it."

MEMBROSUS (Regd.)

DRY INHALATION REMEDY

MAIL THIS COUPON TO-DAY

MEMBROSUS PTY., LTD.,
No. 2 Pendennis Chambers,
175 George Street, Sydney.
Please send me particulars of your treatment, for which I enclose 2d stamped addressed envelope.

My Complaint is .....
NAME .....
ADDRESS .....

PERSONAL CALLS CORDIALLY INVITED

Brainwaves

A Prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

WIFE (having first driving lesson): Now, what do I do here, dear?
Husband: Oh, just imagine I'm driving, and do what you'd say I should do.

"MABEL likes the tone of Percy's voice."
"Yes, she thinks there's a ring in it."

"WHY did the Johnsons part?"
"Nobody knows."
"How dreadful!"

A BUSINESS man went into the hairdressers and, seating himself in the chair, said: "Cut the whole three short."
"What do you mean?" asked the barber.
"Hair, whiskers, and chatter."

FIRST CAR-OWNER: Does your wife drive this car?
Second Ditto: Oh, no. I bought it like this.

POLICEMAN: Show me your licence, Miss.
Sweet Young Thing: Oh, but the magistrate told me I could never have a licence again!

BOSS: Did you take any orders while I was out?
Clerk: Only from a chap who made me put up my hands while he took the till, sir.

PERSPIRATION ODOUR

can mar your Romance

KEEP YOUR UNDERARM DRY

There's only one way to be absolutely *sure* that your daintiness is not marred by perspiration odour. Keep the underarm *dry!* Many deodorants merely take the odour out of perspiration. Odorono checks underarm perspiration . . . diverting it to other more exposed parts of the body where it may evaporate freely. This is a practice used and recommended by physicians. Odorono gives you *complete* protection by preventing musty odours and ugly stains in clothing.

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The Charming Duke and Duchess of Kent

The Duke with his son, Prince Edward, who is very like his father.

The Duchess, beautiful in Court dress, wears magnificent jewellery.

AUSTRALIA'S Royal Governor-General and his Greek Princess wife are a strikingly handsome couple, whether in brilliant gatherings of kings, queens, and diplomats, or at dance restaurants, art shows, concerts, and theatres where they like to go informally, buying their own tickets at the box office, and usually travelling in the Duke's rakish black sports car.

Both are art critics; the Duchess is a portrait painter. Both are interested in music, though at one concert the Duke dozed and had to be awakened by the Duchess.

They are good dancers, and like the Lambeth Walk. The Duchess often designs her own clothes and dresses her own hair.

Australia's new "first lady" is the fourth lady of the Empire and the second best-dressed woman in the world (French couturiers place the Duchess of Windsor first).

Witty, gracious, the Duchess has gathered round her interesting people from diplomatic, artistic, and professional worlds in England and Europe.

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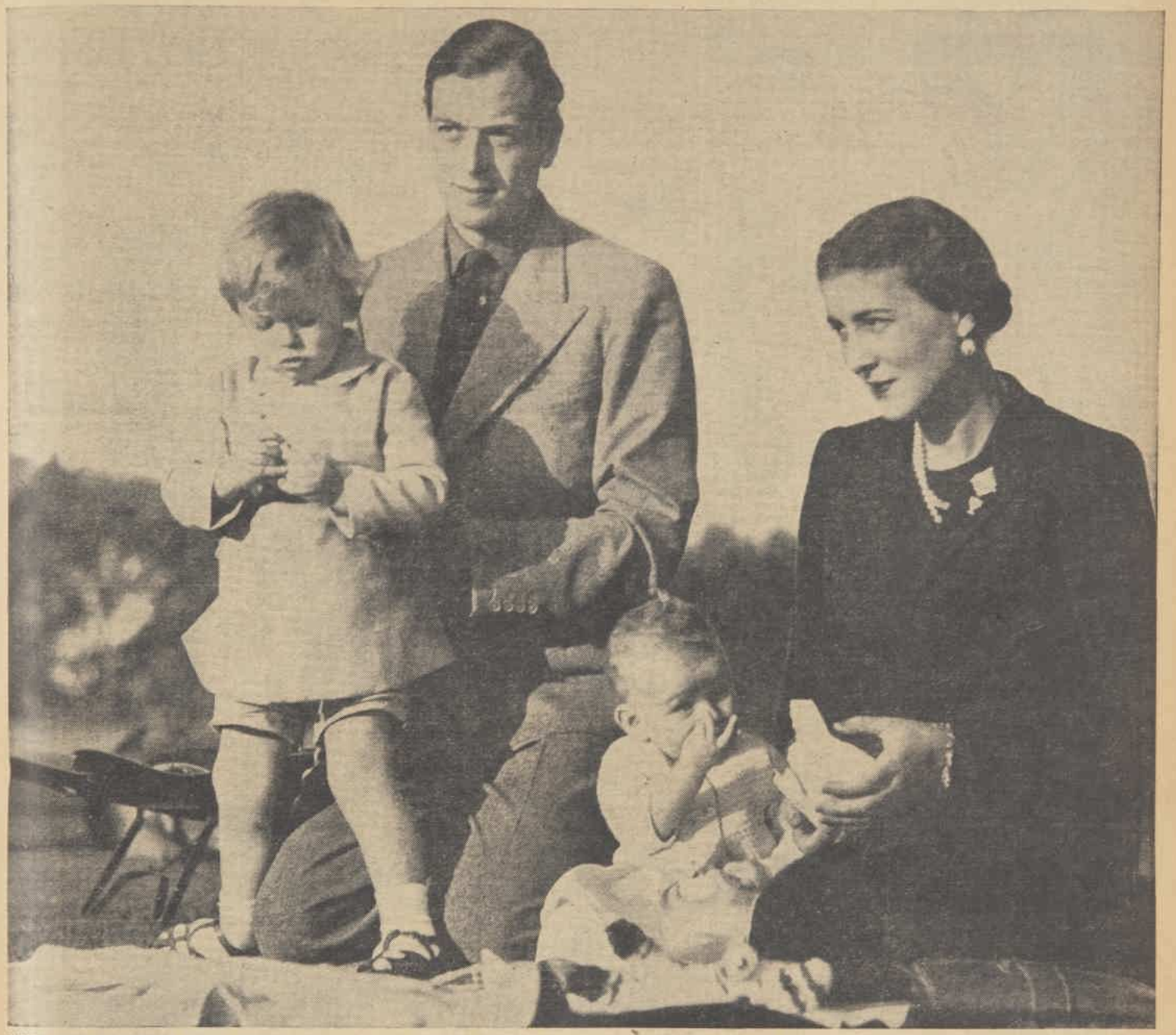
A ROYAL FAMILY FOR AUSTRALIA



THEIR TWO CHILDREN, Prince Edward, just three, and Princess Alexandra, two on Christmas Day, are brought up on the Truby King system. Their parents spend as much time as possible with them. The Duke and Duchess, ardent travellers, spend at least one holiday together every year, travelling by air wherever possible. This will be the Duchess' first trip away from Europe. Both democratic, they often dine out alone in small restaurants.

UNCONVENTIONAL, the Duke likes informal out-of-doors holidays. Swims in trunks. He drives, usually hatless, a rakish black car at high speed.

BESIDES HER HOME and children, the Duchess is intensely interested in foreign affairs. She speaks six languages, and during the recent crisis acted as translator for the King, giving him a resume of foreign newspaper opinion. She was an interested listener to debates on foreign policy in the House of Commons.

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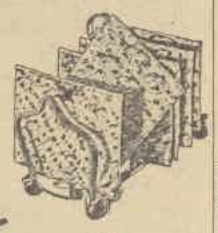
Vita-Weat—*the Modern Bread—ends* "STARCH-HEAVINESS"!

Those unpleasant feelings of stuffiness and lassitude . . . called "Starch-Heaviness" . . . are Nature's warning that constipation, indigestion and a bad complexion will be your next trouble, so change to Vita-Weat, the sensible, modern Crispbread, which is made from the same good wheat as ordinary bread.

A ½ lb. carton of Vita-Weat costs only a few pence.



PEEK FREAN'S

Vita-Weat

CRISPBREAD

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"10 Years of Ill-Health Ended"

Doctor's Prescriptions save sufferers from

Kidney Weakness and Liver Ailments

"After suffering 16 years with my liver, your U.B.O. tablets have worked wonders for me. They have also given my son and daughter wonderful relief." This report is typical of many that tell how effectively Dr. Carroll's U.B.O. treatments are bringing speedy relief and freedom from the many ailments due to toxins and poisonous acids which permeate the system as a result of incorrect functioning of either the Liver or the Kidneys.

To flush out those poisons will give only temporary relief. To obtain lasting recovery it is necessary to go further and get at the root cause of the trouble. This is exactly what these scientific treatments of Dr. Carroll's do. They act in two ways. First, by eliminating toxins and acids, they give relief; but, above all, they soothe and heal the respective organs and gradually build them up, stimulate them, and bring them back to their normal functions.

Backache, Bladder Trouble, Acid Blood, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Burning and Itching Sensation, are generally due to Kidney disorders. Take a course of **Dr. Carroll's U.B.O. Kidney Treatment.**

Frequent headaches, Dizziness, Sallow Skin, Bilious attacks, Indigestion, Constipation and Nausea, and loss of appetite, are Liver symptoms—Take **Dr. Carroll's U.B.O. Liver Treatment.**

Morning Tiredness, Loss of Energy, Puffiness under Eyes, and general depression, usually indicate that both Liver and Kidneys are out of order. Both are closely associated and one affects the other. It is wise in many cases to take a course of both tablets. The dual treatment will work wonders, the system will be thoroughly cleansed of toxins, rich blood will flow freely, the complexion will become smooth and rosy—in fact, you'll enjoy the feeling of a new lease of life.

DR. CARROLL'S

U.B.O. KIDNEY TREATMENT, 3/6

U.B.O. LIVER TREATMENT, 2/6

At all Chemists or the U.B.O. Dispensary, 75 Liverpool St. Sydney.

Trousseau

Continued from Page 10

"How did you know?" she said, surprised.

"It is my metier to know," he replied.

. . .

The next day Lord Buckersley came with her. In his honor a special show took place, late in the afternoon, when all the other customers had drifted off to their bridge parties, or were mysteriously fitting in hidden cubicles.

It was at once apparent, as Mrs. Elmer had prophesied, that the taste of Lord Buckersley ran to the showy, the ornate, the sophisticated. When Tanis, in the Chinese dress, the gold evening dress, the dress with cock's feathers undulated her incredibly slender body past them, his expressions of approval were unmistakable.

"That's the goods," he said, his bold blue eyes resting a moment on the petunia-lipped mannequin in the gold froth, out of which her white shoulders emerged with daringly nude effect. "That," added his lordship to the quiet girl at his side, "is the best effort in the way of a dress I've ever seen."

"But, Ivor . . ." June's voice was gentle. In speaking to him the abruptness had gone out of it. "It may be lovely on her, but it wouldn't suit me."

He turned and surveyed the white rose of a girl who was to be Lady Buckersley.

"You'd have to slap it on a bit," he admitted, "to make it go. The make-up, I mean."

He was knowing about clothes, this one, thought the French vendeuse, nodding approvingly.

"And that," said June coldly "is what I should not do."

"Extraordinary stuff," said Ivor Buckersley next. "What's it made of?"

At once Tanis stopped in front of him; wordlessly she held out a fold for him to examine. He just touched it with an air of wonder at the millions of tiny sequins.

"I bet you wouldn't like to have the job of sewing these on," he suggested affably.

A tiny dimple showed high up in dark peach skin of Tanis' oval face. Her petunia lips parted in an enigmatic smile.

"I should hate it," she agreed, in her faintly nasal yet attractive voice.

At this moment Steven Sandor walked in, acknowledging Lord Buckersley's splendid young presence with just the right nod of greeting. To his surprise, gratification and pleasure, June made a formal introduction.

"This is Mr. Sandor, Ivor," and to Sandor she added, "my fiance, Lord Buckersley."

Lord Buckersley reluctantly removed his eyes from Tanis in the gold dress.

"How do you do?" he said affably. "I'm having a grand time inspecting all your latest models. That's what you call them, isn't it?" and he laughed good-humoredly.

"Mother was right," June said; "he," she jerked her head towards her fiance, "likes the gold dress, and the others she showed us," her look indicated Tanis.

"Oh yes! June must have those." Lord Buckersley was determined now. "I like a woman to look a bit dazzling in the evening. I'm sure you agree with me, Sandor."

Before Sandor could answer, an awkward little incident occurred. Tanis, turning to trail her way back to the silver curtains from which she had emerged, caught the high heel of her tiny shoe in the end of Lord Buckersley's malacca cane, and tripped. It was all over in a minute, but certainly, if the Marquis had not been pretty quick on his feet, she might have measured her graceful length on the ground.

"Sorry," said Lord Buckersley, setting her on her feet again, and "Sorry," said the beautiful Tanis, very demure under Sandor's eyes.

"One has to be careful in a place like this," said her rescuer, sitting down again. "I apologise to everybody for my awkwardness."

An extremely pleasant young man, Sandor registered. Easy with the certain knowledge of what to say, and do, on every possible occasion. In his heart, the great Sandor envied him that effortless ease of manner. His own social technique was just as good, but it had to be carefully acquired. Yes, he envied Lord Buckersley: watched him with interest, this young man who had everything, and a girl who was like a white rose, into the bargain.

Curious, thought Sandor, chatting easily with these two, how this class of person hid their feelings. They were going to be married in a few weeks, yet not a flicker of June's eyelashes, not a sidelong look from her lover's bold blue eyes, gave the slightest indication that there were any feelings to hide. Was that the correct attitude, when you were deeply in love?

Exactly three minutes later he found the answer.

They were neither of them in love. They thought they were, of course, but they were mistaken. Sandor knew a good deal about love in all its manifestations, as he knew many things about life, and not for a moment was he in any doubt.

CERTAINLY Lord Buckersley, as the weeks of the engagement went by, took an immense interest in the magnificent trousseau Sandors were making for his future wife. Almost daily he escorted his fiancee to that gleaming white facade with the gay window boxes, and the name of Sandor discreetly above the elegant doorway. Then he would park his big car and wait with exemplary patience in the beige and silver salons while June was fitting in one of those charming cubicles upstairs.

Sometimes the vendeuse would offer him a periodical or a newspaper to while away the time, but over the top of the paper his bold blue eyes would watch the mannequins sweeping about. Dark Tanis, and blonde Margot, and the rest of the exotic bunch.

Sometimes Steven Sandor, walking quickly through on his way to his own office, would catch a glimpse of that well-knit figure lounging in one of his gilt chairs, and at such times Lord Buckersley would become very intent on some group in the society papers, instead of letting his eyes roam over the showroom and its occupants.

Sandor could not quite make him out. Either this young man had a lot of time to spare, or he was more in love than had appeared, to spend so many hours of each day in this shrine of women's beauty for the sake of June's company on that short drive.

"I was wrong," thought Sandor. "He must be very much in love."

Yet he was seldom wrong, and Buckersley's attitude had him puzzled.

But next day he understood. This was the manner of it.

Please turn to Page 49

PETER PIPER

YOU'LL find yourself in difficulties early with this one of Peter Piper's oral oddities.

Francis Fribble is tricky.

f F f

FRANCIS FRIBBLE

Francis Fribble figured on a Frenchman's filly:
Did Francis Fribble figure on a Frenchman's filly?
If Francis Fribble figured on a Frenchman's filly,
Where's the Frenchman's filly Francis Fribble figured on?

(Next week the g G g tongue-twister.)

THE BRIDES COLUMN

By Mary Sheraton

It has often been said that "Love is Blind," and the very best advice I can possibly give any girl who is lucky enough to be engaged is this: Keep your eyes open before marriage and, as the cynic said, half shut afterwards!

The engaged girl who is out to make the most of her future should have a copy of my new book, "THE BRIDE'S BOOK."

This book will assure you social correctness to the last meticulous details of your approaching wedding.

Before you enter into this new life . . . Marriage . . . there are points of etiquette you should be acquainted with—trousseau planning, home planning and hundreds of other things that is the Bride's duty to attend to. Take my advice, Bride-to-be, if you want the celebrations to be a success (and I know you do), secure a copy of the Bride's Book.

Free to Engaged Girls

Present this coupon—it will entitle any engaged girl to a free copy! If you cannot call, write.

To Miss Mary Sheraton,
Home Planning Bureau, Third Floor,
BEHARFALDS LIMITED,
Opp. Town Hall, Sydney.

Please send me a copy of the Bride's Book, without charge, without obligation.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

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Your Eyes will **THRILL MEN**

PINAUD'S IMPROVED SIX-TWELVE CREAMY MASCARA

Make your eyelashes a natural-looking fringe of dark, long, silky beauty with this extra-creamy mascara. Smudgeproof. Permanent. Non-smarting. Apply with or without water. Black, brown, blue, green. Complete with special brush, 1/6 everywhere.

. . . *and for that extra touch*

Pinaud's Six-Twelve Eyeshadow

Pinaud's Six-Twelve Eyebrow Pencil

THE HOUSE OF **PINAUD** PARIS NEW YORK

ADENOIDS AND TONSILS

Mouth breathing, stubborn coughs and colds, weak chest, anaemia, loss of appetite, underweight, irritability are caused by adenoids and infected tonsils. Get Kanatox to avoid painful operations. KANATOX kills disease germs and adenoids disappear gradually and naturally — swollen tonsils subside.

Get a 60-dose 2/6 flask (or 300-dose treatment flask 10/-), complete with special heavy dropper, from your nearest chemist.

Dr. BRODIE'S **KANATOX**

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Meteorological Miracles While You Wait

L. W. LOWER takes his portable Weather Bureau about with him in a wheelbarrow.

L. W. Lower Gets Hot Under the Collar About the Weather

Up till quite recently I thought that a meteorologist was a man attached to the gas company and an isobar was a sort of milk bar where they sold ice-cream.

Now, of course, I know all there is to be known about it.

By . . .
L. W. Lower
Australia's Foremost Humorist

Illustrated By WEP

IT'S wonderful how quickly I pick things up. And never been "pinched" yet.

It's quite simple once you get the hang of it.

Study the ordinary weather chart. On it you will find potato-shaped figures marked "High" or "Low." This refers to the degree of culture in the particular district.

"High" areas indicate a lot of wind. "Low" areas are the centre of a depression.

I shall refer to this later, if I feel like it.

The instruments needed by a meteorologist are many and varied.

One needs a barometer (used for testing the speed of wheelbarrows), a velocipede (for testing the velocity of the wind)—these are very handy at political conventions—and a thermometer.

The last is usually worn in the mouth or under the armpit.

Of course this is not all, but the amateur should take things easy over the first couple of furlongs before he works up to seismographs.

The seismograph is an instrument for registering earthquakes. The only trouble about the seismograph is that it doesn't go off until the earthquake is actually happening, and if you are in the middle of an earthquake it is hardly necessary to look at the instrument.

The thermometer is familiar to all. It regulates the temperature of the weather. When the mercury rises in the thermometer the weather becomes hotter.

Heat waves and drought conditions can be brought about by holding a lighted match beneath the bulb of the instrument.

The science of weather forecasting has made great strides, although it is still in short pants (work that one out) so to speak, and there is much to be learnt.

All real meteorologists carry a pink umbrella. If the day turns out fine you remark to the general public, "I knew it beforehand. That's why I brought my sunshade."

If it pours you say, "I was aware it was going to rain, that's why I brought my umbrella."

In this way a reputation for sagacity can be gained and maintained.

I have not sufficient space to go into the matter of barometers in hotels at holiday resorts. You may have noticed that they remain Set Fair when it's raining in torrents outside.

This is a major meteorological miracle which would take a long time to explain.

Handy in the Home

COMING to wind-gauges: these are small metal cups connected to horizontal arms which revolve at various speeds according to the force of the wind, and are very handy to have in the home.

Children love them. With a decent pair of bellows you can have your own private gale.

Weather, after all, is a social necessity.

What, I ask you, could we do without, "Delightful weather we're having these past few days!"

"Yes, isn't it? A bit different from last week."

"My word, yes! Didn't it pour!"

"Yes, I was caught out in it. Drenched to the skin, I was."

"Still, I suppose it did a lot of good in the country districts."

"Yes, I suppose we mustn't complain!"

Thus is laid the foundation of a friendship which may ripen to the "Come up and see me some time" stage.

And in writing letters you must have a bit of weather.

"Dear Edna,

"How is the weather up your way? It has been raining all day here, and I have just remembered to bring in the front doormat. It is absolutely soaked. Pardon my handwriting, but this is the only pen I could find——"

You know the rest.

To get back to our instruments. Many of us, I know, cannot afford to buy expensive meteorological equipment. Rough calculations and prognostications (you little beauty!) may be made without instruments.

Corns and bunions are said to be infallible indications of wet weather when they ache. Rheumatism is another good thing to have.

Lumbago is rather unreliable, but will serve at a pinch.

All these complaints may be had at practically no cost. All except gout. But, after all, look at all the fun you have acquiring gout.

It must be left to your own discretion which weather-prognosticating (Hooray!) complaint you adopt.

I find that my asthma serves me pretty well.

The trouble is that when you've studied your barometer, thermometer, anemometer, and depression area chart and remark to a friend, "All the indications point to rain!" he says, "Well, what about it?"

You say, "Well, I'm just telling you. It's going to rain."

"Well, let it," he replies.

You can't do anything with people like that.

Why ever look or feel your Age

PROBABLY not one in ten could guess her real age. Her complexion is flawless — her figure still neat and trim—and she's as active and happy as when she was a girl.

You, too, can look years younger than you really are and enjoy the blessing of perfect health by taking Bile Beans at bedtime each night.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable. They tone up the system, eliminate daily all harmful waste, and counteract any tendency to put on weight.

So, start taking Bile Beans to-night if you would be really youthful and healthy.

"I thank Bile Beans for the good they have done me. I used to feel awfully tired and low-spirited. But Bile Beans made me bright and cheerful again, and so improved my general health that I feel years younger. I also find that Bile Beans nightly prevent excess fat forming and keep my figure normal."—Mrs. M. E. Sims.

• • •

"For my attractive figure, clear complexion and bright spirits I give all credit to Bile Beans. Nobody takes me for a day older than twenty-one and even my doctor is surprised at my youthful appearance."—Miss I. Lockie.

BILE BEANS

KEEP YOU HEALTHY & YOUTHFUL

A wise husband becomes a member of the A.M.P. so that his wife may be protected should he die before her; or to provide for his and her old age.

THIRTY years ago a young married man of 24, in rude health and with the promise of a full life ahead of him, took out an A.M.P. policy for £1000, to be paid to him and his wife, with bonuses, when he reached 55. He and his wife had the idea that he might retire at 55, and that the amount of the policy, with bonuses added, would help them sweeten their old age. That is actually what has happened. When he reached 55 recently he drew a cheque for £1703.

For thirty years this member has had the comforting knowledge that there would be money for his wife should he die before her, and old-age comfort for both of them after reaching 55; all this by investing £31/13/4 a year, a matter of 12/2 a week.

Get in touch with the nearest A.M.P. office and ask that a representative be sent to talk over a similar investment for yourself. Don't delay. Don't leave the risk to your wife to carry.

A.M.P. SOCIETY

THE LARGEST MUTUAL LIFE OFFICE IN THE EMPIRE

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An Editorial

NOVEMBER 5, 1938

SHOULD WOMEN ENTER POLITICS?

"MANY of my friends," writes one of our readers, "believe that women are very badly needed in parliament. What does The Australian Women's Weekly think?"

In one form or another, this question crops up almost every week in our mailbag.

The Australian Women's Weekly has no political bias. We believe in the greatest possible measure of freedom for individuals consistent with the good of the community.

And quite frankly we believe that the true sphere of the average Australian woman is the home; that the direct and indirect influence exerted by woman through her work in the home is of incalculable value to the nation.

From good homes come good citizens. No one can estimate how great has been the influence of woman in shaping the public lives of men of affairs.

By all means let women have full freedom of opportunity to develop their talents.

If these talents lie in the political field, there is no valid reason why a woman should not be elected to parliament.

But it does not seem a matter of regret to us that Australian women do not take to the oratorical stump in great numbers, as do the militant feminists of England and America. We do not want to see them bearing arms as do the politically-minded amazons of parts of Europe.

More and more the world needs homes presided over by humane, well-informed women with an intelligent grasp of the great social movements of the day. Such women are the very props of civilisation.

Any need for woman as politician comes, we believe, a very long way after the ever-present and world-wide need of woman as mother, wife, homemaker.

The Australian Women's Weekly avoids partisan politics, but tries to be a friendly, helpful, informative companion in the daily lives of our hundreds of thousands of readers.

—THE EDITOR.

Great Nations May Break Up Into Small Tribes

POET LAUREATE'S STRANGE VISION OF WORLD OF THE FUTURE

By WILLIAM HILLMAN, in an interview

World Copyright. Exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly.

JOHN MASEFIELD, Poet Laureate of England, said to me:

"If wars go on we shall go back to the Dark Ages. If we are to have big wars, colossal wars, every twenty years, people will decide that to live any longer in big communities subject to such disasters is not worth while.

"Great nations will break up into tiny tribes and small communities in which they will be spared the appalling disasters of war.

"People will run away from communities and nations as organised to-day, forming small groups where quarrels as they arise can be dealt with without savagery and organised hate and destruction.

"Big communities and nations in the past have collapsed—after which have followed the Dark Ages. I foresee a return to the Dark Ages unless recurrent wars cease.

"It may well be that the big community or nation is to-day killing itself.

"The time will come when men everywhere will tire of quarrels which destroy all things worth having and all man's tollfully won masteries.

"If nations can't solve these quarrels in other ways than by slaughter, the nations will cease to be.

"Who will bring children into the world to be blown to pieces? What nations can continue with their young men killed and the rest maimed or maddened?

"Aggressive war is always murder. How long will man tolerate from a nation what he stamps out in an individual?

No Profit in War

"AT the end of the last war we thought mankind would be wise enough to establish some effective means of suppressing war.

"We believed that everyone realised that wars cannot be profitable; and that even a short war will lower all the worth-while standards of civilisation.

"The only thing that will stop war will be a change of heart, the realisation that war is damnable.

"Wars will cease when the spirit of goodwill towards our fellows prevails. But to-day we see another spirit abroad, the spirit of badwill towards our fellows, a spirit which is widespread, studied, and deliberate, a spirit of hate.

"We have learned since the last war that hatred can be organised and stimulated. That is the terrifying power for evil which is harrying mankind to-day.

"And unfortunately, although war is disastrous to nations and to peoples, war is profitable to some individuals, and pleasant to those who love power.

"Power of a sort very dear to some people is given into their hands in war. Such people are prepared to provoke wars for the enormous power which war will put into their wicked hands.

MR. JOHN MASEFIELD. A study by Esther Patterson of the Poet Laureate specialy drawn for The Australian Women's Weekly when Mr. Masefield was in Australia.

"I know there is a philosophy of war which says that the battlefield brings out many admirable qualities. It is quite true. Dangers and emergencies do.

"But wars may bring out the worst also. Certainly war provides opportunity for devotion, comradeship, self-sacrifice and co-operation. No one can deny that. But at the same time consider what war entails.

"It is a violent killing of millions of young men, most of whom have already suffered enough from the misfortunes of life without having the misfortune of war to suffer.

FROM "AUGUST, 1914"

By JOHN MASEFIELD

THESE homes, this valley spread below me here,
The rooks, the tilted stacks, the beasts in pen,
Have been the heartfelt things, past-speaking dear
To unknown generations of dead men.
Who, century after century, held these farms,
And looking out to watch the changing sky
Heard, as we heard, the rumors and alarms,
Of war at hand and danger pressing nigh.

"There is a greater comradeship of sacrifice which can be experienced than the comradeship of war. Who has not seen men rushing to help their fellows in emergencies, entering burning buildings, manning lifeboats, going out to wrecks, plunging in to save the drowning?

"I have not any feeling of hopelessness. To be hopeless is the last resource of mankind. If one way of life fails, mankind will try another.

"After trying a great many ways mankind will find the right one.

"Fourteen million lost their lives in the last war, fourteen million known dead. The fruits of war are tombstones.

Omniscient Power

"PEOPLE once believed in an omniscient power. They believed that this power created this universe, and created each individual man in the divine image.

"They believed that by banding with each other they could seek and find this spirit and bring more of it into the lives about them.

"That is roughly how Christianity worked. Men did believe and feel that they were brothers and that it behoved them to comport themselves according to the known behests of their Creator, and to be very wary how they disobeyed those behests.

"They believed in a dualism, that there was good and evil, and that if they did not serve the good they served the evil, which was the enemy of the Creator.

"They knew that if they served evil they tended to bring powers of darkness into human life, and if they served the good things they brought powers of light into human life.

"Sooner or later people will return to this. They will sicken of slaughter and destruction.

"Sooner or later someone will preach the bright and the beautiful way with a persuasion which will be listened to.

"There may be frightful convulsions before us, but there is also the knowledge that man, being a spirit, will turn to things of the spirit when he has made himself too wretched."

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . . *By WEP*

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"Lest We Forget" • WILL LONGSTAFF'S SPLENDID PAINTING of the Australian War Memorial at Villers-Bretonneux to the memory of the Australian Imperial Force in France and Flanders. To a world which this month commemorates Armistice Day, the monument symbolises a hope of a Peace that may be everlasting. The painting, purchased by Mr. George Nicholas, of Melbourne, will be hung at Canberra.

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Books in Brief

WHEN **Theodora Benson** travels she travels lightheartedly. Her latest book, **"In the East My Pleasure Lies,"** is the informal record of what she describes as "a perfectly elastic and unplanned tour" of Sumatra, Java, Bali and Celebes. Through much of it gleams her slightly cynical humor, and there is a pleasant feeling of meeting the people she meets. In fact, she is better at people than at places, and that is rather a disadvantage in a travel book. **(Heinemann.)**

"DEVOTION," by **Mollie Seymour**, is one of those books all about love. As you might expect, there are two young men in the picture, and Happy Penistone, the beauteous heroine, doesn't know right up till the very last pages which one she really loves. **(Mills and Boon.)**

HOW a very woolly-minded old gentleman can also be a cunning crime detector is one of the mysteries not quite tidied up in **"Mr. Pendlebury's Hat Trick,"** by **Anthony Webb**. Mr. Pendlebury fidgets around, telling little stories, and overwhelming the Scotland Yard people with his gratitude at being allowed to play in their yard. **(Harrap.)**

A CITY dweller longs for a spell in the bush; a sick child needs some months inland; a station hostess advertises for an assistant housekeeper with small daughter preferred. This is the basis of **"A Mock Widow,"** by **M. E. Lloyd**, a tale of the Australian outback. City dweller borrows child and finds love among the gum-trees. **(Robertson and Mullens).**

Books

Reviewed by ESME FENSTON

The disgrace that may come to a ship and the loyalty its company gives it provide the salty theme of Humfrey Jordan's new novel, "Ship By Herself."

HUMFREY JORDAN, who writes grand books about ships, and whose latest is "Ship by Herself"

YOU begin the story of "Ship by Herself" right on the first page. That's a rare treat! No tedious introduction to the scene, no opening gambits, no preliminary background sketches, just the story.

And it's a grand story!

This is a book about the men and the women who serve ships.

It is not a book about the sea, if by that is meant a book flavored with the salty mysticism that endows the sea with purpose and consciousness, making it a live thing or some strange hostile god.

It is a book about the people to whom a ship is like a landlubber's home—his castle.

For them a ship (like a house to a landlubber) has character, reputation. It can be disgraced, and every member of the ship's company will feel that disgrace.

But there is no mysticism about all this; it is compact of superstition, pride and common sense.

The ship is their home, their livelihood, and, for want of a better word, their religion. Its honor is their honor.

Humfrey Jordan has taken decorations in the writing field already, and with his latest novel wins bars to his medals.

He can get inside people's minds without dissecting the minutiae of impulse and inhibition, and his direct story-telling reveals character by action, not by introspection.

Thus his tale is refreshingly easy to read, and only as an afterthought you realise the extraordinary knowledge of ship's routine he has revealed.

He has never digressed to display it; it is simply part of a story that could not have been written without it.

Ocean Ordeal

THE Pacific Queen, an English mail ship on her way home from Auckland, met two kinds of trouble in the Pacific—cyclone and murder.

Commander Hogg, grand youngish man of the sea, was quite capable of taking care of both.

His enemies said Peter Hogg was the most barefaced showman on the seven seas. Certainly for passengers he gave a continuous exhibition of gold-laced omnipotence.

Even his friends believed him to be a super actor in the role of Commander, for he was certainly a different man when he talked privately to his officers.

Yet only one in a thousand who sailed with Hogg ever glimpsed the truth that he didn't have to act.

He simply behaved the only way he thought the all-powerful Commander could behave; he was living up to his own conception of his role and responsibility.

The fear of a Jonah aboard was a very real one in the Pacific Queen on this trip.

There was trouble at sailing, a time-bomb was found; the most distinguished passenger, Lord Carp, then warned the Commander that an effort might be made to prevent him reaching London by a certain date.

And, with cyclone ahead, the surgeon reported the imminent birth of a child to a mother in the tourist class.

For the benefit of the mother, Commander Hogg decided to run from the trouble, when suddenly the wireless brought news of a disabled Greek tramp steamer fighting for its life in the cyclone's path.

To save the 43 lives aboard that ship he must risk one, perhaps two, in his own. Making grave decisions was one of the things the Commander did best.

When news came at last of a successful birth it "spread to the remote parts of the ship with the speed of a jungle message. Men tending oil furnaces and lubricating engines, men and women laying out passengers' clothes, men preparing food, men securing and making fast what the sea's violence might seek to remove, received it and discussed it thankfully.

"But . . . of all the people who had paid fares there was scarcely half a dozen who could understand why the ship's company so obviously attached to the birth of a child such great importance.

"There was a Greek cargo tramp, her steering gear out of action, battered by a cyclone, with two-score men aboard her facing a desperate slender chance, yet stewards and seamen and even officers had nothing to say about it.

"Instead, with smiles upon their faces, they talked of a mother and her infant child. Their values seemed all awry."

Sailor Superstition

THE passengers couldn't understand how highly valued are omens on the sea. The difficult and exacting task ahead would have "shaped as a menace wrapped round with great uncertainty" had mother or child died.

Instead, the legend of the Jonah was kept in check. Confidence replaced doubt.

The cyclone scenes are very good. Screaming-point tension is maintained without any break into hysteria.

Both ships survived the cyclone and met in calm waters.

Tourist passengers, crew and officers sent luxuries from the Pacific Queen to the battered tramp.

"The first-class passengers had not thought of doing anything, most of them not even turning out to look. To the officers and crew of the liner those omissions seemed something of a disgrace."

With these normal troubles made by the sea behind them, the Pacific Queen and her commander and crew had only one worry left—to repair the damage of the storm.

Then came the pencilled message from the officer of the watch to his Commander that Lord Carp's body was lying on the starboard side of C deck, shot or stabbed through the heart.

Peter Hogg dealt with this as resolutely as he dealt with the cyclone. The second half of the book covers his investigation, and it continues to reveal the ideals and the outlook of the people who serve ships.

In fact, it might be said that Lord Carp's wife and daughter, his two secretaries, the distinguished Bishop and the ebullient American who are most prominent among the passengers are never half as real as the ship's officers.

They're only there to provide the complications in a first-class yarn about a ship by herself.

"Ship by Herself." By Humfrey Jordan. Hodder & Stoughton. Our copy from Dymock's.

* * *

Come Skating!

YOU can be fairly sure when reading Denis Mackail that you won't be harrowed by the grim realities of life.

In his latest novel, "Morning, Noon and Night," poverty does not once raise its ugly head.

His characters, almost all of whom live in Basildon Gardens, London (a good address), are well fed and successful.

Anyone who is broke is broke in the grand manner, waiting for a rich uncle to die or recovering from a Stock Exchange disaster.

Mr. Mackail's method is well known. As author, he is frankly addressing the reader throughout, and if at times that reader longs for a speeding up of the action the technique is the cause.

He takes the reader gently by the hand to peep with him through some of the windows of the Basildon Gardens houses.

In the first, we pry into the matter of a heart crossed in love, a very young heart with a corresponding intensity.

Next we investigate across the road a less intense affair of the married couple past the first blush of youth, with their two children and too efficient trained nurse.

The last house provides a link with the first, for here dwells the octogenarian General whose puppy of a nephew dares to trifle with the affections of the debutante in the first.

We must admit that when Mr. Mackail peeps he peeps to good purpose. His observations are shrewd, and if he chooses to ignore the heights and depths of human emotions the surface over which he skates is a very familiar one to most of us.

"Morning, Noon and Night," by Denis Mackail. Hodder & Stoughton. Our copy from Dymock's.

THE WORD THAT CAROL NEVER HEARS IS . . "DARLING"

No woman who offends with underarm odour can ever win out with men

SHE MEETS NICE MEN—plenty of them. And she still dreams that some day one of them will fall in love with *her*. For she's a charming girl—Carol!

She does worry, though. It seems odd that men so seldom ask her for a *second* date. It isn't as if she weren't pretty enough—or easy to talk to. And she *thinks* she's careful about her *person*. After all, doesn't she bathe each day?

Foolish Carol! Like so many girls, she trusts her bath alone to keep her sweet. She fails to realize that baths take care only of *past* perspiration... that they can't prevent odour *to come*... that underarms must have *special* care.

Smart girls, *popular* girls, use Mum. Mum is a gentle, pleasant cream that prevents underarm odour before it ever starts. With Mum you never, never risk offending those you want for friends.

Mum is Quick! A half minute is enough to smooth Mum into each underarm.

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Mum is Sure! Without stopping perspiration, Mum banishes every trace of odour for a full day or a full evening. To be a girl men like, a girl who wins and holds romance, always use Mum!

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A TIP TO GIRLS WITH A DATE TO-NIGHT

MUM TAKES THE ODOUR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

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CASH PRIZES AWARDED

Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published here.

Pen names are not permitted. This is in accordance with the decision of readers in a poll taken on this page.

So they Say

WRITE NOW

All readers are welcome to try they hand at writing to this page on any topic that interests them. Letters should be short and concise. Address will be found at top of page 3 of this issue.

PERSONAL CONTACT

GAINING a definite position in life is something which calls for determination and sacrifice. Because of this, it is the easiest thing to become oblivious to the ordinary, everyday things which are part of our lives—above all, personal contact.

Thus inevitably is lost one of the essential and most natural things given to human beings — constant friendship. The worth-while enjoyment of life rests in companionship—not a thing to be put into the future along with one's dreams, but something to be nurtured and recognised every minute of the day.

Do not readers agree?

£1 for this letter to Miss M. Skinner, Room 5, Gas Co. Chbrs., Collins St., Hobart.

❖ ❖ ❖

PARENTS' RIGHTS

LAW and tradition of countless centuries have given parents certain rights over their children, and it is absurd that one generation should put those rights calmly aside.

Parents, if endowed with ordinary intelligence, have a greater and more valuable experience of life than their children. Why, then, should they permit those children to ignore it, to laugh at it? It is upsetting to established order.

Mrs. Enid J. Tucker, Miva St., Coorsy, Qld.

❖ ❖ ❖

NO FRESH AIR

WE read a deal about "sunny Australia" and the health derived from living in such a land, but how much sun does the office-worker see? Away early in the morning, home late at night, and hardly any sun except during the week-end.

Let us begin the "daylight saving" plan, which would give so many people a chance to lead healthier lives.

Miss E. Cameron, 7 McIntosh St., Chatswood, N.S.W.

Healthy Legs For All!

Elasto, the Wonder Tablet Take It! and Stop Limping

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Women's Right to Propose Marriage?

MRS. GAUNSON wonders why women should not propose these days (15/10/'38). Yes, why? I have often thought it silly that, when a girl loves a man, she cannot ask him to marry her.

Such an idea may not have occurred to the man, and there is no reason why he should think any the less of her for asking.

A man has the privilege of asking for his happiness. Why should it be considered undignified for a woman to do likewise?

It seems so foolish if you really care for a man to miss happiness because it isn't usual for a woman to propose.

Joyce Wiseman, Angus St., Adelaide.

Against Human Nature

HAVE you ever been to a leap-year dance—where the girls are supposed to ask the men to dance?

Only engaged and definitely "attached" girls do the asking—the others are wary lest they be thought to be "chasing" a man.

It is an instinct implanted deeply in the human make-up for men to pursue, women to be pursued.

Even though we have emancipation and equality to a certain extent with men in the business field, we are on equal terms in matters of the heart. No matter how we encroach on men's prerogatives, we can never be truly their equals, unless there is a radical change in the basic nature of men and women.

Mrs. Murdock, Braende St., Mt. Lawley, W.A.

Woman's Way

I AM surprised that a woman should be asking such a question. Every woman knows that she has ways and means of "proposing" to the man of her choice, while allowing the latter to retain, through life, the impression that it was he who took the initiative.

It has always been so, even in grandmama's day. It is so unnecessary for us to do the actual proposing when we get what we want by more subtle means.

Mrs. M. Wallis, 120 Brook St., Coogee, N.S.W.

Her Right, Too

MRS. GAUNSON has brought up a question which is being frequently discussed nowadays.

Yes, now a woman has equal rights with a man, she should also be allowed to propose.

Frequently she retains her job after she is married and shares the upkeep of the home, so she should certainly be permitted to make her own choice of a partner.

Mrs. Henry, Pearce Ave., Belmont, N.S.W.

Will this ever come to pass?

Loss of Romance

DO you, Mrs. Dorothy Gaunson, really believe that your suggestion would be at all practicable? Would any woman really feel happy about proposing to a man? All the romance would go out of life!

Further, unless a woman has sufficient means to support both herself and the man of her choice, or is prepared to be the breadwinner, she has no right to make a proposal of marriage! If she did, she would be saying, in effect, "Will you support me for the rest of my life?"

Miss R. Gammon, 96 Pitt St., Redfern, N.S.W.

Should Trades Be Taught in Schools?

I AGREE with V. A. Neville (15/10/'38) that unemployment would be reduced if useful trades were taught in schools, say, from the age of 13 to 15 years; the previous years to be spent in general education, cutting out, if necessary, the kindergarten period.

Education authorities know well which trades are most necessary to our country and school examinations prove which are the child's best subjects. Maybe the child is clever, but quite unsuited to the work found by the parent, and sometimes the child is left without employment for a year or so.

But if they were taught the fundamentals of a trade which coincides with those subjects they excel in, it would be to the advantage of the country.

J. Pratt, Bedford Rd., Ringwood, Vic.

Cause of Unemployment

LACK of training for some specific work is one of the causes of present unemployment. Competent tradesmen are seldom out of jobs, but there are few openings for untrained labor.

So until our education system is adapted to cope with this problem, unemployment will always be with us.

Mrs. W. S. Arthur, 4 Maitland Ave., Kew E4, Vic.

Word for Large Families

WITH so much in the papers about the declining birth-rate, let me say a few words in favor of large families.

Having a large family means that the children will not be brought up with every comfort, and receive the best education; but it also means that they will be unselfish, considerate, and happy citizens, and will possess that happy art of "mixing" which the only child so often lacks.

Dame Enid Lyons, wife of our Prime Minister, once remarked that a large family receives an education which no college can give them.

Miss F. Hewston, Walla Wallah, Forbes, N.S.W.

Value of Knowledge

V. A. NEVILLE evidently does not understand the principles of education.

In learning one's mind is trained to think logically, to assemble knowledge.

Such education as is provided in primary and super-primary schools to-day gives an understanding of elementary principles, and makes the child grasp more easily the trade or profession he studies later.

It seems to be much the better plan to allow children to imbibe general knowledge which will also help them to know for which trade they are suited, rather than to be thrust into learning a trade for which they may have no aptitude.

Sue Wright, North Terrace, Adelaide.

Too Young to Know

I DO not think it a good idea for elementary and super-primary schools to teach trades.

There are technical schools that specialise in certain trades, as part of one's general education, and if a child is planning such a career he can attend one of these.

When a child is very young he cannot decide on what trade to follow. He may well go into business or a profession, in which case such knowledge would be wasted.

"And, anyway, there is plenty of time to learn a trade when the child has had a thorough grounding in cultural subjects.

Mrs. Nixon, Hay St., Perth.

What is the Secret of Popularity?

I QUITE agree with Mrs. E. Hagarty that the most popular people are those who have a natural, friendly and genial manner (15/10/'38).

It certainly is a pleasure to be in their company; they make one feel at home immediately and by doing so bring out the best in all of us, and so create a happy atmosphere.

Even the most moody person cannot long resist the person who radiates good cheer and laughter.

Edith Bury, 29 Aaling St., Preston West, Vic.

Parlor Tricks

SEEKING the reason for popularity: Naturally, the first necessary characteristic is geniality—the art of being bright and of making others bright also; the ability to talk, but to draw others easily into conversation. That aspect is most important. One who holds the floor is really not popular.

"One who holds the floor is not really popular."

To continue the definition: The person who can help to make a party "go" is always welcome. He should have a ready stream of conversation, some parlor trick such as deft piano playing, ability to tell amusing stories.

A happy, carefree, unself-conscious nature will attract people without fail.

Betty Gibbons, Melbourne St., Hobart.

Be Cheery

BEING naturally selfish, we want others to be bright and not burden us with even so much as a gloomy countenance.

A cheerful, happy nature is an asset of more human value than "glamor" or good looks.

Mrs. D. McGrath, Timmsvale P.O., via Coramba, N.S.W.

Sexes Differ

THE most popular man is generally the one who is keenly interested in sport and current affairs, spends his spare time with the "boys," and is a good mixer. The most popular woman is the one who is always suitably dressed, always willing to help, and who refrains from being "catty" towards members of her sex.

Mrs. R. Fletcher, 20 Cobden St., Belmore, N.S.W.

Often Unworthy

MRS. HAGARTY draws an attractive picture of two popular people, and, while agreeing with her that such folks are good company, I would hesitate before commending these characteristics of geniality. I think many people of this type are unduly popular. Or should I say that popularity is no criterion of worth?

This seems a good way to sum it up.

I think the quiet, retiring, comparatively unpopular person is generally worth far more as a friend than the jovial, hail-fellow-well-met type. Also, one generally finds the person who is saying the least is the most interesting when she does talk.

Popular people are apt to be shallow, and to bore on closer acquaintance.

Miss J. Beale, 30 Tennant Parade, Dulwich Hill, N.S.W.

COMPETITION HELPS

THE woman who does not see others of her sex is very often liable to get old and dowdy, both in mind and body, much more quickly than the one who is subjected to severe competition by coming in contact with numerous women every day.

The instinct in women to dress and groom is strongest when with those of her own sex. That is why married women are inclined to neglect themselves more than their single sisters, and hide behind the cloak of being martyrs to their homes and children.

What do other readers think?

Mrs. Dorothy Roshby, 8 Glen St., Milson's Point, Sydney.

❖ ❖ ❖

USE IMAGINATION

HOW few people use their imagination!

Life would give them so much more satisfaction if they did. There are people, comfortably off, who continue in business, with all its pettiness and irritations, because they say that "they cannot give it up." Yet they might well hand over control to someone else and take on work for some noble, worthwhile cause. Surely it is much more satisfying to feel you are going to leave the world just a little better than you found it!

What pleasure there is to be derived from the appreciation expressed for some kindly act one can perform! No matter how small it may seem, it's the imagination, or thoughtfulness, which so greatly enhances its value.

Valerie Haywood, Box 911GG, G.P.O., Sydney.

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FINANCIAL SECURITY

PERSONS who are free from money troubles can develop themselves to a much greater extent than their neighbors whose lives are made miserable keeping "the wolf from the door."

Those who are financially secure can concentrate on expressing themselves, developing their talents, and living full, constructive lives.

Penury may make some people strong, but it makes the majority wonder, "What is the purpose of living?"

Mrs. Joy McDonald, 3 Kenilworth, Hardie St., King's Cross, N.S.W.

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Who Laughs Last

Continued from Page 5

HER face changed comically. She threw up her hands in horror.

"Doctor! Doctor!" she screeched. "I'm surprised at ye. It's no' a thing to joke over."

"I was never more serious in my life," said Finlay coolly.

"Na, na," entreated Meg. "You're no' sae heartless, doctor. Havena I told ye——"

"Never mind what you've told me," returned Finlay firmly. "It's what I'm telling you that matters. One guinea and a half is the fee and not a penny less."

Meg began to whine.

"I couldna afford it, I couldna. I couldna. Such a way to treat a puir auld woman. Oh, doctor, doctor——"

On she went, begging and praying. But Finlay was adamant. He had sworn to get the better of the stingy Meg. And he meant to keep his word.

In the end Meg must have seen this, for eventually she gave over, her face flushed with temper and vexation.

"Away with ye, then," she cried. "Ye're a bad, black-hearted villain. I've wasted my time ower ye. Don't dare charge me for this visit, either. I'll not pay it, not a farthing. I've no money."

Finlay rose to go, having enjoyed himself thoroughly, when all at once the great idea struck him.

It was a grand idea, he thought, and his eyes sped towards the Ming plate which Cameron had envied so greatly. He exclaimed:

"Never mind about the money, then, Miss Mirlees, if you're rather hard put to it just now. We can't take the breeks off a hielandman. But I'll make a bargain with you. I'll do the operation if you'll give me that plate there by the window."

The effect of his words could not have been more unexpected or disastrous. Meg exploded in a final burst of temper.

"My plate!" she shrieked. "My bonny Ming plate that's worth a heap of golden sovereigns! The idea! The very idea! To think ye wad try to take advantage o' me over that! As if I didna ken the value o't! Get out my house, you bold, bad villain, get out my house, before I tak' my stick to ye!" And brandishing the little black cane with which she hobbled about the house she almost drove him out of the room.

Finlay retreated, laughing at his own defeat, meaning to relate the entire incident with gusto to Cameron that night after supper. But before evening there arrived a note from Meg, wholly unexpected and amazing, asking him to call without fail on the following day. Finlay marvelled, but, awaiting developments, he kept his own counsel, and next morning presented himself again at Meg's house.

She was strangely penitent, subdued, tearfully apologetic.

"Deed, I'm sorry at the way I behaved to ye yestreen, doctor. It was shameful, I ken, but ye maun excuse me. You see, I'm attached to the plate, and your demand fair took me by surprise. But I've been thinking since then, and I maun have my poor head seen to. It's an awfu' affliction. I cannot rest it on the back of my chair at all, at all, I canna thole it, doctor." And with her sharp little eyes darting gimlet glances at him, she added: "And so I've decided to give ye the plate in payment for puttin' me right."

A thrill of triumph shot through Finlay at having brought the old miser to heel, and also at having secured the plate for Cameron. He had always wanted to give Cameron something for his collection; and now here at last was the chance!

"Very well," he said briskly. "We'll consider it settled, Miss Mirlees."

He went over to the window and took up the plate, and, while she watched him with avaricious eyes examined it slowly.

Examined closely, it seemed an ordinary enough plate, plain blue and white in its coloring, rather like a dinner plate, but then Finlay knew nothing of antiques, and he was well aware of the store which Cameron, and, indeed, Meg herself, placed upon it. As he surrendered it back to her jealous hands he said firmly:

"Remember, now, Miss Mirlees I'm to take this plate away whenever I've finished with you. It's to be this plate and no other."

"Very well," agreed Meg gravely. "That plate and no other. It's a bargain." Then quickly, "But ye maun do the thing handsome, doctor. Ye're not to hurt me. Ye're to take the wen away so it will never come back again. Ye're to come in every day to see me."

"All right," said Finlay. "It's agreed."

"And forbye," exclaimed Meg, "ye'll throw in all the dressings and bandages complete. It's a' to be included."

"Yes, yes," said Finlay, trying to escape. But Meg, clutching at his arm, went on driving the hardest bargain that she could.

"And forbye, doctor, ye're to gi'e me a braw bottle of tonic for my bluid."

"Good heavens!" thought Finlay. "If I don't get out of here she'll be asking me to cut her corns." However, he put the best face on it that he could, and promised to comply with even the most exacting of her requests.

He did, in fact, make a fine job of the operation, taking endless pains to make it satisfactory. He froze the round swelling thoroughly by spraying it with ethyl chloride, so that the incision should not hurt her. He dissected out the little cyst perfectly, stitched up the wound, and dressed it with iodoform gauze. It was a ticklish job, and took him, from start to finish, a full hour.

Meg, determined to get every ounce of satisfaction, made a great fuss, moaning and groaning and making awful grimaces. Such indeed was her attitude as Finlay came every day to change the dressing. She was a perfect trial and tribulation, harassing him on every front. Only the thought of the beautiful plate he would get from her and be able to give to Cameron kept him from condemning her to everlasting torment. But he did endure it to the end, and at last, after a fortnight, the whole thing was finished, the wound healed, the wen gone, and Meg grudingly satisfied. It was all over but the fee.

"Now for our bargain," said Finlay determinedly. With an odd glint in his eye he went on—"Here. This is the bottle of tonic I promised to give you at the end of your treatment. Take it and hand over the plate."

SHE accepted the bottle of physic he held out to her. Then, with unexpected meekness, she hobbled over to the window, took the plate from its stand, and handed it to him without a word. He surveyed it proudly.

"Would you like a bit of paper to wrap it in?" she muttered.

Amazed at her liberality, he nodded—perhaps she wasn't such a bad old thing after all. He shook hands with her, then, with the plate wrapped in an old piece of brown paper and tucked under his arm, he left Meg's house and walked triumphantly home. Cameron was in the sitting-room, wandering about with his pipe in his mouth and his hands in his pockets. No moment could have been more propitious. With an assumption of indifference Finlay declared:

"I've a present for you."

"Oh," said Cameron. He looked surprised, but pleased, and as, without further delay, Finlay launched into the story of his bargain with Meg Mirlees, the old doctor listened open-mouthed. When Finlay came to the climax Cameron fairly beamed.

"Well, it beats all, Finlay man, and to think you've got me the plate. Well, well, laddie, I can hardly believe it. I've had my eye on it for years." And Cameron's hands, the hands of the connoisseur, fairly itched to get at the treasure.

With pretended modesty, Finlay unwrapped the plate. Cameron took it eagerly, stared at it with bulging eyes, then let out a shout.

"D'you like it?" said Finlay, fairly oozing satisfaction.

"Like it!" cried Cameron. The expression of eagerness vanished from his face. He looked at Finlay. He looked back at the plate. Then all at once something overcame him and he began to laugh. He laughed till the tears rolled down his cheeks. He laughed and laughed as he had not done for months, laughed till Janet came rushing to the door to see what it was all about.

"Oh, Lord save us! Finlay," gasped Cameron. "When I think of it. You, day after day—running after her—cutting out her wen—waitin' on her hand and foot——"

"Well," said Finlay, faintly annoyed. "Ye've got the Ming plate, haven't ye?"

"Ming!" choked Cameron with a fresh convulsion. "My dear man, it's no such thing. It's an ordinar' dinner plate. You can buy this for threepence-halfpenny in the stores. I'll bet my hat that's where Meg got it.

Please turn to Page 22

That Luscious New Shade is CONGO!

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Mandrake the Magician

THE STORY SO FAR:

MANDRAKE: Master magician, with
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, joins up with
GRUNTZ: Theatrical producer, and becomes star turn of his revue. He befriends
MARY: Penniless dancer, and gets her a job in the revue. By his attentions to Mary he arouses the jealousy of
LILLI: Temperamental torch-singer, whose boy-friend,
NORVELL: Has the knife-throwing act in the revue. He in turn is embittered against Mandrake, and helps
SHORTY AND SLIM: Two ruffians, to kidnap him. When he refuses to do crooked work for them they knock him unconscious and leave him outside the open door of a lion's cage at the zoo. The lion escapes, but Lothar comes to Mandrake's rescue. The lion is captured and Shorty and Slim are put in gaol. NOW READ ON.

Mandrake the Magician in book form. 72 pages for 1/-. All Newsagents.

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Who Laughs Last

Continued from Page 20

"THE window's full o' them." And holding his sides he collapsed in a peal of fresh hysterics.

Finlay sat down on the sofa.

"Man, I can see it all," went on Cameron. "Right at the start, Meg changed the plate. She's sold ye—lock, stock, and barrel. At this very minute she'll be telling her cronies how she's worsted ye, tittering, and tee-heeing, rubbing her hands together."

There was a moment's silence while Finlay gazed across at the helpless, speechless, Cameron. Then, slowly, reflectively, but with increasing enjoyment, Finlay began to laugh as well. And at that unexpected sound Cameron's mirth underwent a sudden change into sharp surprise.

"Eh?" he exclaimed. "What's this? What in all the world have you got to laugh at?"

"Oh, nothing," answered Finlay nonchalantly. "Just nothing at all."

"I should think not," retorted Cameron with marked emphasis. "I couldna find much to laugh at myself if I'd let Meg Mirlees make a cuddy out of me so easy."

"Maybe, maybe," agreed Finlay, with a sly nod. "But to tell you the truth I had the feeling in my bones all along that Meg might make a cuddy out of me."

"Well! I'll be hanged!" gasped Cameron, both astounded and perplexed that his young partner should take defeat at the redoubtable Meg's hands in so spiritless a fashion. A healthy fury he could have understood, but this easy laughter left him at a loss. He would have said more upon the subject, too, but Finlay, without further ado, walked out of the room to take the evening surgery.

At supper that night the matter was not mentioned again, but Cameron kept darting curious glances at Finlay, as though pondering what might be behind that complacent silence, wondering perhaps if, after all, in the classic phrase, Finlay had not something up his sleeve.

And, sure enough, on the following morning events took a sudden and more mysterious turn. It had barely gone nine o'clock when old Jeannie Glen, bosom friend and sycophant-in-chief to Miss Mirlees, came hirpling round as fast as her rheumaticky bones could carry her to bid Dr. Hislop come post-haste to visit Meg.

Cameron, taking half an hour's ease before setting out upon his round, peered incredulously over the edge of his morning paper at old Jeannie.

"Another call for Meg?" he ejaculated. "Has the dressing come undone?"

"Na, na," panted Jeannie. "It's no' her heid ava'. It's waur, far, far waur nor that."

"What then?" queried Cameron.

"The Almighty alone kens," answered Jeannie with palpitating emotion. "But unless I'm far cheated, it's a summons. Ye maun come straight away, Dr. Hislop, and I'll get back till her this meenit mysel'. Oh, dear; oh, dear; it's a sair hecht, I'm tellin' ye," and muttering agitatedly old Jeannie hurriedly retraced her steps.

Cameron turned upon Finlay a look which held volumes of the most pressing inquiry. But Finlay took no heed.

WHISTLING lightly, with an air both leisurely and aloof, he finished arranging the contents of the famous black bag. Then picking it up, he donned his hat at an angle slightly unprofessional, nodded briskly to Cameron, and left the house.

His demeanor, however, as he mounted the steps of Meg Mirlees' house was formality itself. He entered the back kitchen with reel solemnity, and marched up to the box bed where Meg lay, moaning and groaning, attended by the trembling Jeannie Glen.

"And what's the matter now?" asked Finlay briefly.

"I'm dyin'," articulated Meg, going straight to the point. With another hollow groan she writhed upon her couch and clasped her middle. "My stomach's a mass of fire. I canna keep a thing doun, not even a sip o' cauld watter. Oh, doctor, dear, I'm near by wi't."

And, as though to prove the truth of her assertion, she retched weakly into the basin which the trusty Jeannie proffered below her scraggy chin.

"What have you been eating?" inquired Finlay after a minute.

"Nothing, nothing," protested the groaning Meg. "I just had my breakfast, a sup parritch and a kipper, and a dose o' that braw tonic ye gi'en me. And I hadna been half an hour started to redd up the room when this awfu' burnin' and scaldin' took me just like a clap o' thunder. Oh, doctor, what in the name of heaven do ye think it is?"

A silence.

"Maybe," said Finlay solemnly, "maybe it's a judgment on you for swindling me out of the plate."

A shiver passed over Meg's suffering form.

"Oh, doctor, doctor," she whispered, "dinna bring up sic a thing at a time like this. I kept my bargain and you kept yours. Oh, give me something quick to ease my pain."

Finlay fixed the old woman with an accusing eye. Then, without further speech, he bent over the bed and, to the accompaniment of much audible tribulation on the part of Meg, he examined her sombrely.

When it was over Meg retched again, then desperately groaned.

"Can ye cure me, doctor? Oh, dear, oh, dear, can ye cure me?"

Another silence, until with due deliberation Finlay answered—

"Yes, I can cure you, but this time I'm standing no nonsense. I want the plate, the real Ming plate, or as sure as my name's Hislop I'll walk out of this room and leave you to your fate."

Meg began to whine feebly.

"Oh, doctor, doctor, ye couldna be so cruel?"

"Very well, then——"

FINLAY buttoned up his coat sternly, as though preparing to depart, but at that Meg cried out shrilly—

"All right, then, I'll gi'e the plate, only get quit o' this retchin'," and, raising a stricken hand, she indicated a cupboard in the corner.

Following a sharp instruction from the patient, Jeannie Glen waddled to the cupboard, produced the plate, and handed it to Finlay, who received it in dignified silence, and then, with all despatch, opened his black bag.

Taking out a packet of white powder, he mixed an effervescing draught for Meg. She drank it feverishly and relapsed upon the bed, declaring a moment later—

"Ye're richt: it's easin' me. Oh, thanks be to the Almighty and yerself, doctor. It's easin' me a treat."

"Certainly it's easing you," coolly retorted Finlay. "By this afternoon you'll be as right as rain. There's only one thing for you to remember."

"And what's that, doctor?"

Finlay walked to the table by the bed, took up the bottle of physic he had given Meg on the previous day, then stalked over to the sink. Looking Meg straight in the eye, he declared deliberately—

"You mustn't take any more of this medicine."

A pause while he uncorked the bottle and let the contents trickle down the waste.

"Ye see, Meg, this isn't a tonic after all. I felt in my bones you would try to swindle me, though how I didn't know. So, to be on the safe side, I gave ye a fine bottle of Ipecacuanha. I knew ye'd need me after the first dose. It's an emetic, Meg—if you understand what that means—a grand, strong emetic."

"Ye young de'il," cried Meg, struggling up in her nightgown from the bed. "Let me get my claws on ye, and——"

But Finlay, roaring with laughter, the real Ming plate under his arm, was already halfway down the stairs.

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The Movie World

November 5, 1938 — *The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement* — Page One

● (1) WAYNE MORRIS, independent lumber man, at work.

● (2) CLAIRE TREVOR, owner of a gambling house, with her partner, Jack la Rue, and Charles Bickford, millionaire lumber pirate.

● (3) MORRIS, attacked by Bickford's men, defends himself ably.

● (4) WAYNE MORRIS, Claire Trevor, Jack la Rue. Claire is secretly working for Morris, passes him information on the opposition moves.

● (5) ALAN HALE, Bickford's man, objects to his boss' methods, joins forces with Morris.

● (6) ROMANTIC INTERLUDE with a glimpse in the background of magnificent redwoods.

CALIFORNIA IN COLOR

PETER B. KYNE'S well-known story of the Californian redwoods and the struggle between lumber interests for control over the great forests has been filmed in technicolor in the Warner film, "Valley of the Giants." As well as red-blooded action, there is a gentle romance between Claire Trevor and Wayne Morris.

Moviedom Gossip

From JOHN B. DAVIES, BARBARA BOURCHIER, New York and Hollywood

Donat's Next Picture

ROBERT DONAT, who is at present in America on holiday, will be returning to London to begin work on James Hilton's best-seller, "Good-bye, Mr. Chips."

Madeleine Carroll was offered the feminine lead, but turned it down because financially it would not be a very sound proposition.

If she should play in England, she would automatically re-establish residence and be liable to 40 per cent. taxes on her earnings during her two years in Hollywood.

* * *

Studio Generosity

ERROL FLYNN has just been given a new contract.

Most Hollywood contracts, even with the bigger stars, provide for a six to twelve-week lay-off—without salary—each year. Errol's new deal provides for a four-figure salary, 52 weeks in the year, and a three-month vacation each year!

* * *

Unfounded Rumor?

BETTE DAVIS and her sister have retreated to a ranch in Nevada, which leads everyone to believe that Bette and her husband, Harmon Nelson, have reached a parting of the ways.

Bette declares, however, that there is no truth in this report; that Harmon has merely gone on a business trip to New York, and that she is taking a much-needed rest.

Importance of Titles

WARNERS have changed the title of the picture about Mexico's Emperor Maximilian. Empress Carlotta and Juarez, in which Paul Muni and Bette Davis will play the latter roles. First it was "Maximilian and Carlotta," then "The Phantom Crown," and now they refer to it as "Juarez."

But Warners actually lost business on "Tovarich," because people couldn't pronounce the title, and M.-G.-M. lost on the recent Garbo picture, "Marie Walewska."

So "Juarez" will have to be changed again.

* * *

Going Gay

BOTH Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone are stepping out since their separation. Joan misses hardly a night at some gay spot. Cesar Romero has been her most constant escort, and they are the centre of attention when they get up to dance, and nobody can resist watching them go through the strange new steps of the Lambeth Walk and the Big Apple.

As for Franchot, the redheaded girl with whom he has been seen is not known in film circles. He has been stepping out more than he used to in his staid, wedded days.

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Fair ☐	Grey ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	Oily ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTE	Normal ☐
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	LIPS
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE	Moist ☐
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	Dry ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES	REDHEAD	AGE
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	
	Dark ☐	If hair is Grey, check tops above and here ☐	

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● Fights with her studio keep Sylvia Sidney (above) off the screen for long periods. With no pictures in view for the present, she is back on the New York stage.

● Barbara Stanwyck, who refused sundry film offers and has been off the screen for some time. Her first film in months was "Always Good-Bye."

Checkmate For Film Rebels...

SUSPENSION WITHOUT PAY IS THE FATE OF PLAYERS WHO FIGHT WITH THEIR STUDIOS.

By JOAN McLEOD
From Hollywood

HOLLYWOOD, Sept. 16.

ONCE a film star had only to mutter a few indignant words against story or script for his studio to hurriedly alter it.

But now, since depression hit the film industry and the movie city abounds in talented players, a rebellious star is likely to find himself jobless—with somebody else carrying on in his place and threatening his hitherto impregnable position.

Last year Bette Davis walked out on the "Comet Over Broadway" set because she didn't like the story.

Warners, her studio, refused to scrap it and suspended her without pay, so she went to England and fought to cancel her contract in the London courts. She was unsuccessful, and perforce returned to Hollywood to fulfil her contract.

Her story, of course, has a happy ending. "Comet Over Broadway" was cancelled, and Bette won new laurels in "Jezebel," and coveted roles in "The Phantom Crown," the "Miracle," and, according to various reports, "Gone with the Wind."

But others have not been so fortunate. George Raft, known as the Bad Boy at Paramount for his many quarrels over stories and scripts, is now on a sit-down strike against Paramount.

With the result that Lloyd Nolan, a very promising player, has been given his part in the disputed picture, and Raft is losing 4000 dollars a week.

Raft was assigned the important lead opposite Dorothy Lamour in "St. Louis Blues."

He decided he didn't like the part—that of a master of ceremonies—and wanted more rugged roles, such as he had just completed in "Spawn of the North."

So the studio suspended him—which means no salary until he goes back to work.

● George Raft, who, having just completed "Spawn of the North," is out on a sit-down strike against Paramount studios. He refused to make "St. Louis Blues," a showboat story, because he wants more "he-men" roles.

While he is under suspension Raft cannot work at any other studio, and if he is reported to the Screen Actors' Guild, and the Guild upholds the studio, Raft may be barred from working altogether until Paramount takes him back.

Thus his career in pictures, if Paramount wills it, could be over.

Another unfortunate is Barbara Stanwyck. Although under contract to two studios, Fox and R.K.O., she hadn't worked a day or earned a dollar since last November until she signed for "Always Good-Bye," recently released.

The trouble was that she turned down as unsuitable all stories selected.

Among the stories submitted was one called "Condemned Women," which she refused. R.K.O. turned it over to Sally Eilers, who made such a splendid thing of her part that she is being given increasingly important parts.

Meanwhile Barbara is trying to make up leeway lost by her many months' absence from the screen.

Sylvia Sidney, who seems to be in a perpetual state of rebellion, is now having a slack time in Hollywood.

Assigned an important role in Wanger's "Algiers," that played by Sigrid Gurie, she refused it flatly, much to Wanger's indignation. And he gave the role she had requested in "Wuthering Heights" to Merle Oberon.

Also Sigrid Gurie has created such a good impression for her work as the native girl in "Algiers" that she is to be given more important roles in the future.

Meanwhile Sylvia is back on the New York stage, at work with her husband, Luther Adler, on a Clifford Odets play.

Dick Powell is another who is wondering whether he did right in refusing a story. He rejected the lead in "Garden of the Moon," and in his place Warners put handsome newcomer John Payne, who might well in the future challenge Powell's hitherto impregnable position as chief crooner at Warners.

Nor did Gene Autry, the singing cowboy, do a very good thing for himself when he walked out on Republic in the middle of a picture.

Unknown Ray Rogers stepped into the breach. Now Autry is back, but Rogers has turned out more than a stop gap—in fact, a dangerous rival.

His first musical Western went so well on preview that Republic called it in and sent it out again with bigger ballyhoo. It's called "Under Western Stars."

(See Cable on Next Page)

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True Romantic Team Spirit Is Passing

THE SCREEN HAS FORGOTTEN HOW TO MAKE LOVE, AND CLASSIC LOVERS LIKE GARBO AND GILBERT ARE OUT OF VOGUE

● A popular off-the-screen team—Ann Shirley, promising R.K.O. starlet, with husband John Payne, Warners' player. Both are doing well in Hollywood, and recently celebrated their first wedding anniversary.

THE recent revivals of two major Valentino successes opened our eyes to the fact that love-making has practically disappeared from the screen. That, while romance is still depicted, the tempo has changed; the emphasis now is not on the romantic angle, but on action, repartee, and comic situation.

Consequently there aren't any romantic screen teams any longer—none than can measure up to Garbo and Gilbert, Farrell and Gaynor, Beverley Bayne and Bushman, teams that fired the imagination of fans in the romantic, unsophisticated 'twenties.

Then love-making was not a thing to make the male wriggle unhappily in his cushion-backed seat. Fans believed what they were told—that the screen romance was a projection of a real-life love affair.

For since we have become disillusioned about off-the-screen romances between popular twosomes we have no longer that fresh renewal of excitement each time we see them make love on the screen, which made movie dramas so enthralling in earlier days.

Not many fans of this younger generation will remember the first real romantic team, Beverley Bayne and Francis X. Bushman, but older picture-goers will readily recall the extraordinary popularity they enjoyed in the very early 'twenties.

They first made serials together. Those were the days when serials were still adult entertainment, and fans thrilled to desperate adventure and hair-raising escapes, as well as the delicate romances conducted between the two stars against varying backgrounds.

Banky and Colman

IT seemed right and fitting when Beverley and Bushman conducted a conventional off-the-screen courtship, announced their engagement, and eventually married. For the public is sentimental, and such romance added a reality to the emoting on the silver screen.

They remained a popular team, even after their marriage.

The next important star combination in screen history was Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman, and you will have to be able to think back to Valentino to remember this one.

Their personalities appeared eminently suited to each other, and inevitably stories of a romance between them were bruited about. It added color to the love-making, and put extra profits into the pockets of the movie-makers, so nobody bothered to contradict the rumors.

But Vilma fell in love with Rod La Roque, married him, and left the screen—and so ended the rumors and a profitable screen team at one stroke.

Then came Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor, the embodiment of shy romance. Their first picture together was record-breaking "Seventh Heaven," a story on a simple, appealing theme, well suited to the youthful charms of this attractive couple.

Because they were so suited to each other, fans believed wholeheartedly that they were really in love—although off-screen actually there was no basis for the belief.

It came as a shock to the public when Charlie ungallantly smashed romance rumors by marrying Virginia Valli, and remaining happily married despite the fans' frankly expressed disappointment.

After that they made several pictures together, then Janet married Lydel Peck, and both stars settled down to a happy married life. But the exhilaration had gone out of their love-making—at least for the fans, and soon—with "Change of Heart"—the team separated.

Gaynor continued for several years to be a prominent star with other leading men, but Farrell disappeared from the screen.

Gaynor made a come-back in "A Star Is Born," a year or so ago, and has just completed another big picture, "The Young in Heart," but Farrell has never regained his place as a star—or even as a romantic lead. His first work in years in Hollywood was as father to Shirley Temple in her latest film.

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York

Then came the greatest romantic team in screen history — Garbo and Gilbert, a team which made a feature of passionate love-making and torrid technique on screen, and mystery and reticence in real life.

Rumors have been current about romances between Garbo and practically every one of her leading men. It is the automatic build-up by publicity experts for the glamorous Swede, but there seems to have been some truth in this one.

Garbo and Gilbert were seen everywhere together, and consequently Gilbert making love to Garbo became much more convincing on the screen.

They made several highly successful films together. Tragic love stories were their forte. "Camille," "Romance," "Flesh and the Devil" created box-office records, and publicity experts did not hesitate to tell the public that it was no acting they were watching, but real-life romance.

Then came the talkies and, unaccountably, while Garbo produced a pleasant, husky contralto speaking voice, peculiarly suited to her, Gilbert's voice did not register so well.

Interest was revived slightly in the team when Gilbert, after several years' absence, came back to the screen to play in "Queen Christina" with Garbo, but by that time the color and romance had gone from their association.

What have we to-day in romantic screen teams? Three or four only spring to mind.

First, Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire, who have made half a dozen successful films together.

They first appeared as a dancing act in "Flying Down to Rio," were so well liked by the fans that R.K.O. decided to star them in a picture of their own, and so started the long line of highly successful dancing films, including "Follow the Fleet," "Shall We Dance," and "Swing Time."

For the past eighteen months they have made no pictures together. Fred's one picture, "A Damsel in Distress," was unsuccessful, and although Ginger has proved what she set out to do in three pictures without Astaire—that she is a dramatic actress as well as a dancer—she has not attained the same success as she has with her dancing films.

They are a team, but not in the romantic sense. Their success depends on their nimble dancing, on their light-hearted camaraderie. In an entirely unromantic fashion, Astaire makes an excellent foil for Ginger's bright, page-boy charms.

They have never exchanged a kiss in pictures, and seem like brother and sister.

Another screen team is Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy. Their popularity rests upon the happy blending of their voices. Romance between them is never very lifelike—it develops through song.

Besides, the fact that Jeanette is an ideal wife off-screen—married to film actor Gene Raymond, hurries home to cook hamburgers at night for him, and is never seen round Hollywood without him—does take some of the interest from their love-making.

Myrna Loy and William Powell are a famous team. But they have been highly successful apart as well as together, and their films in combination have all been in the "Thin Man" series. Their popularity rests not on the romantic angle, but on the charming ease with which they portray husband and wife.

In real life it is well known that Myrna is Mrs. Arthur Hornblow, jun., very happily married.

As a romantic team in the true sense, they don't exist.

Of course there are plenty of stars who have made several pictures together and in that sense might be called screen teams. Dorothy Lamour and Ray Milland, for example. Myrna Loy and Clark Gable, with at least three important films to their credit, Carole Lombard and Fred MacMurray.

And players of lesser calibre, as Michael Whalen and Gloria Stuart, June Lang and Dick Baldwin, Glenda Farrell and Barton MacLane, have played together on various occasions.

But all these have been teamed more as a matter of convenience—they have not been created by that urgent popular demand which builds up star combinations into screen teams.

We are too blase. We no longer believe easily in the real-life romance between film stars in Hollywood.

Raft Quarrel Ends

By Cable from Hollywood.

GEORGE RAFT, Paramount film star, who was suspended without pay for several weeks by his studio for refusing to play in "St. Louis Blues," has patched up his quarrel with Paramount.

He has already started work on a new film, "Ladies in Kentucky."

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● GENEVIEVE TOBIN, comedienne of many years' standing. When she gives up acting, she'll direct films.

● LIONEL BARRYMORE, brilliant character actor. He has also distinguished himself as a director of several films.

● LEW AYRES, handsome young leading man, now back in pictures after several years directing.

● GENE RAYMOND, popular leading man. He intends to stay in films as long as he can, but is preparing for the future by studying diligently with a view to becoming a director.

Time Off For Directing

MANY PLAYERS ABANDON THE SCREEN TO DIRECT FILMS, BUT THEY ALWAYS RETURN — IF THEY CAN

From BARBARA BOURCHIER in Hollywood

NEWS that Ricardo Cortez, well-known screen player, intends to try his hand at directing for a year calls to mind the many movie actors who have had a fling at directing.

Many have been successful, but all have returned to the screen, lured by the big money and the comparatively easy conditions, at the very first opportunity.

One of the most successful actor-directors is Erich von Stroheim.

He received his training as an actor, but in the silent days turned his attention to directing. His successes included "The Merry Widow," one of John Gilbert's biggest triumphs, "The Wedding March," "Walking Down Broadway," "Greed," "The Lost Legion," and others.

But his ambitions returned screenwards once more, and now he is back to acting again.

Another is Leslie Fenton, husband of Ann Dvorak, who gave up acting to direct M.-G.-M. shorts. He has been successful, but now is back on the screen.

Did you know that Lionel Barrymore was the director of "Madame X," with Ruth Chatterton and Lewis Stone, "The Rogue Song," with Lawrence Tibbett and Laurel and Hardy?

Lionel is back in films to stay. "I wouldn't go back to that for a fortune," says he. "The director carries the whole world on his shoulders."

Youthful Director

LEW AYRES retired from the screen several years ago to direct, but there is no single picture on record for which he was wholly responsible. He recently staged a comeback in "Holiday," with Katharine Hepburn.

Doug Fairbanks, sen., retired from the screen after a solid career, and directed one of the most successful travel films ever made—"Around the World in 80 Minutes."

And, of course, Charlie Chaplin not only is still on the screen, but directs, writes, composes the music, and edits for his films. He did this with his last and highly-successful film, "Modern Times."

Many well-known stars are planning directorial careers for the future.

Ever since Genevieve Tobin came into films she has had ambitions to become a director. She has studied it from every possible angle—acting, producing, lighting, writing, cutting, and the manipulation of the camera.

Gene Raymond recently admitted that for some time he has been studying diligently with a view to becoming a director within the next couple of years.

Others interested behind cameras are William Powell, Ann Harding, and Jean Parker.

Yet these stars are planning for the time when they lose their popularity on the screen.

For there is not one director who has been an actor who wouldn't return to the screen if he could.

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Here you see microscopic section of skin treated with Pond's "Skin-Vitamin" Creams. Without the "Skin-Vitamin" this section of skin was harsh, dry and old-looking. Now, with the "skin-vitamin," dried-up flattened cells are rounded out, the oil glands healthy.

• • •

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Film of the Week

Great and beautiful pictures have been on the screen before.

But there has never been a production like "Marie Antoinette," which makes great pageantry, and period beauty, just the background for the strong interplay of human emotions.

A whole period of French history, from the marriage of Marie Antoinette to the Dauphin, to her death under the guillotine as the Queen of France, is covered.

From this period, M.-G.-M. and director W. S. Van Dyke have selected, the romantic, dramatic, and emotional highlights. It may not always be accurate history, but it is tremendous entertainment.

Norma Shearer herself has lost none of her beauty, and has gained immensely in emotional intuition, in her nearly three-years absence from the screen. No star would wish for a more glorious return.

Tyrone Power makes a competent foil for Shearer, and the supporting cast abounds in brilliant portrayals—notably those of Robert Morley, John Barrymore, Gladys George, Henry Stephenson, and Joseph Schildkraut.

PRIVATE VIEWS

[Alphabetical Guide to All Films]

★★ *Two stars—above average*

★★★ *Three stars—excellent*

◇◇ **ADVENTURES OF MARCO POLO**—Although Gary Cooper is picturesque in the title role, this story of the Venetian explorer in medieval China is cut from pretty thin pasteboard. **(United Artists.)**

◇◇◇ **ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD—Smashing action entertainment in brilliant technicolor, with Errol Flynn and Olivia de Havilland in the legendary roles. (Warners.)**

◇◇ **ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND**—All Irving Berlin's famous tunes share stardom with Alice Faye, Tyrone Power, and Don Ameche in an orchestra story which covers years of entertainment history. **(20th Century-Fox.)**

◇◇ **ALGIERS**—Brilliant and brutal drama, set in native quarter of Algiers, reveals how criminal Charles Boyer is lured within the law's reach by Detective Joseph Calleia. Notable for superb masculine acting and startling feminine beauty of newcomer Hedy La Marr. **(United Artists.)**

ALWAYS GOODBYE—Mother-love drama de luxe, with Barbara Stanwyck marrying Ian Hunter, instead of Herbert Marshall, for the sake of her child. **(20th Century-Fox.)**

AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE—Edward G. Robinson in an odd and sometimes effective mixture of science and crime. The whole from a London stage success. **(Warners.)**

ALL-AMERICAN SWEETHEART—They row boats, instead of playing football, in just another college musical. **(Columbia.)**

BARONESS AND THE BUTLER—A wooden and colorless Annabella makes a disappointing Hollywood debut in a plushy story of Hungarian politics. William Powell steals the show. **(20th Century-Fox.)**

◇◇ **BLOCKADE**—Realistic scenes of civilian suffering in the Spanish War redeem a routine drama about a beautiful spy. Henry Fonda and Madeleine Carroll present. **(United Artists.)**

BULLDOG DRUMMOND IN AFRICA—Barely average sample of series, with Heather Angel instead of Louise Campbell, H. B. Warner in place of John Barrymore, and the rest as you were. **(Paramount.)**

CHASER—Drama of American rackets, with newcomer Dennis O'Keefe **(M.-G.-M.)**

COMMAND PERFORMANCE—"Street Singer" Arthur Tracy sings well in bad film. **(Ass. Dis.)**

CONDEMNED WOMAN—Hospital nurse saves brother from gaol sentence in frank, rank, and effective melodrama. Sally Blane the girl. **(Monogram.)**

◇◇ **COWBOY FROM BROOKLYN**—Crooner Dick Powell tries to hoax New York and is found out by Pat O'Brien. Priscilla Lane with a Western accent helps rowdy, musical fun **(Warners.)**

CRIME OF DR. HALLETT—Melodrama about medical research in the jungle. Ralph Bellamy wears the white coat. **(Columbia.)**

◇◇ **DAD AND DAVE COME TO TOWN**—Bert Bailey and other firm favorites fine in New Australian comedy from the Steele Rudd books. Dad goes to town in a modern streamlined plot to mix city business with his own rich brand of broad humor. **(Cinesound.)**

DANGER ON THE AIR—A murder to miss. **(Universal.)**

◇◇ **DIVORCE OF LADY X**—Very saucy comedy of a London lawyer and a mysterious lady, in which Lawrence Olivier, the dialogue, and Ralph Richardson steal the show from Merle Oberon. **(London Films.)**

◇◇◇ **DRUM—Adventure on the North Western Frontier, in fine color, with native star Sabu heading an excellent English cast. Roger Livesey wins international stardom, and the story is A. E. W. Mason. (London Films.)**

ESCAPE BY NIGHT—Country life reforms crook. Ann Nagel helps. **(Republic.)**

◇◇ **EVERYBODY SING**—Comedy musical about a theatrical family and youngest daughter, Judy Garland, has sparkle in mirth as well as melody. **(M.-G.-M.)**

◇◇ **FOUR DAUGHTERS**—Life and loves of a charming household with the Lane sisters and two really exciting newcomers — engaging Jeffrey Lane and brilliant John Garfield. One of those "different" films. **(Warners.)**

GARDEN OF THE MOON—Rowdy musical in luxury hotel setting. Pat O'Brien out-talks Margaret Lindsay but doesn't out-sing John Payne. **(Warners.)**

GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST—Weakest of the lavish Jeanette MacDonald-Nelson Eddy musicals is set in early Californian mining days with Eddy a peculiarly plump and unconvincing bandit. **(M.-G.-M.)**

◇◇ **GLADIATOR**—Joe E. Brown, bewildered, bullied and immensely funny, in a roaring farce of a serum which turns a college butt into the world's strongest man. Climax is a wrestling match between Joe and Man Mountain Dean. **(Columbia.)**

GO CHASE YOURSELF—Joe Penner, more or less comic. **(R.K.O.)**

◇◇ **HOLIDAY**—Throws a new and charming light on romance involving two wealthy sisters and one poor young man. Cary Grant and Katharine Hepburn the lucky—and likeable—stars. **(Columbia.)**

I'LL GIVE A MILLION—Good farce idea marred by wide-eyed whimsy concerns a Riviera search for a millionaire in tramp disguise. John Carradine and Peter Lorre snatch film from Warner Baxter and Marjorie Weaver. **(20th Century-Fox.)**

JOSETTE—Simone Simon's last Hollywood picture, and her least. **(20th Century-Fox.)**

JURY'S SECRET—Kent Taylor and Fay Wray in just another crime drama. **(Universal.)**

◇◇ **KENTUCKY MOONSHINE'**—Laughs and lunacy from the Ritz Brothers, who burlesque everything in sight, from hillbillies to Snow White. **(20th Century-Fox.)**

KIDNAPPED—Sugary travesty of Robert Louis Stevenson's famous adventure, with Warner Baxter an aged Alan Breck, and Freddie Bartholomew a petulant David. **(20th Century-Fox.)**

◇◇ **LETTER OF INTRODUCTION**—Unusual romantic drama of the New York Theatre, spiced by the crackling comedy of ventriloquist Edgar Bergen and dummy Charlie McCarthy. Adolphe Menjou and Andrea Leeds also present. **(Universal.)**

◇◇ **LOVE FINDS ANDY HARDY**—Latest and best in the Judge Hardy Family series. Mickey Rooney, assisted by Judy Garland, separates his Christmas holiday romances. **(M.-G.-M.)**

MADEMOISELLE DOCTEUR—Spy drama set largely in Salonika, with oddly-effective atmosphere, and pretty effective performances from Dita Parlo and your old friend Eric von Stroheim. **(United Artists.)**

◇◇◇ **MARIE ANTOINETTE—Norma Shearer, lovely, emotional, charming, returns in a blaze of glory and a stupendous period drama. Film follows career of French queen from girlhood to guillotine; lays forceful emphasis upon romance, realism, and human appeal; and allows a group of Hollywood's finest character actors to be outshone by English Robert Morley as Louis XVI. Whole production glitters and gleams. (M.-G.-M.). (See Special Review.)**

MEET THE GIRLS—Flatly uninteresting introduction to new comedy film series, with Lynn Bari and June Lang. **(20th Century-Fox.)**

MERRILY WE LIVE—Antics of an eccentric household that are not nearly as funny as they hope to be. Constance Bennett and Brian Aherne starred. **(M.-G.-M.)**

◇◇◇ **OWD BOB—England's best for some time, this staunchly human sheep-dog yarn is set in the wilds of the Cumberlands. Will Fyffe outstanding for his shrewd study of a wily Scots shepherd. (G.B.D.)**

PERSONAL SECRETARY—Stupid story of astrology and murder, with William Gargan somewhere in the middle. **(Universal.)**

PRESIDENT'S MYSTERY—Henry Wilcoxon scores in ingenious story, simply told, of millionaire who deliberately disappears into small-town business. **(Republic.)**

◇◇ **PRIDE OF THE WEST**—Fine example of the Hopalong Cassidy series, aided by a new twist to the old coach-robbery theme, a lively Bill Boyd, and an even livelier George Hayes ("Windy"). **(Paramount.)**

ROAD TO RENO—I. A. R. Wylie's romantic drama altered out of almost all recognition into a comedy with lavish farce touches. Randolph Scott plays opposite Hope Hampton. **(Universal.)**

◇◇ **SAINT IN NEW YORK**—New type of detective thriller, based on the Leslie Charteris books, with Louis Hayward making an attractive rogue out of the central figure. Killings abound. **(R.K.O.)**

(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)

Are you giving your baby "The Best of Everything?"

...then of course his soap must be Pears

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Say goodbye to clumsy corn-pads and risky razors. A new liquid called NOXACORN emis pain in 60 seconds. Dries up corns and calluses, soon and all. Contains pure castor oil, corn-solvine and iodine. Absolutely safe. Easy directions on label. 1/6 bottle saves untold misery. The chemist refunds your money if NOXACORN brand Corn Remover fails to remove any corn or callus.

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Thousands of Lives Now Saved by Menthoids

TWELVE thousand Australians died in one year from High Blood Pressure, among them some of the Commonwealth's most valuable citizens.

Symptoms of High Blood Pressure, like those of Cancer, are so ordinary that people often mistake them for something less serious. High Blood Pressure is generally caused by toxins and poisons in the blood, and so you must cleanse your body of poisons quickly and you can do this by taking a course of DR. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS after meals. Menthoids are a powerful herbal antiseptic medicine in convenient tablets which neutralises and expels the toxins and poisons from the blood stream and relieves the strain on your arteries and heart by bringing your Blood Pressure to normal.

Have YOU These Symptoms?

1. Headaches at the top and back of the head and above and behind the eyes.
2. Head noises.
3. Dizziness, fullness and heaviness of the head.
4. Flushes to head.
5. Heart pains, shortness of breath.
6. Insomnia and nervousness.
7. Failing eyesight.
8. Loss of memory and power to concentrate.
9. Fear of impending disaster.
10. Irritability and depression.
11. Loss of will power.
12. Bladder weakness.
13. Drowsiness and loss of energy.

If you suffer from any of these symptoms, start a course of Menthoids to-day. GO TO YOUR NEAREST CHEMIST and get a flask of MENTHOIDS and take one Menthoid at mealtime. You can get large flasks of MENTHOIDS containing enough for one month's continuous treatment for 5/6, or smaller flasks for 3/6. Menthoids contain no drugs and are harmless.

Menthoids acclaimed Nature's Own Remedy

"Too Ill to Walk—Now Well Again"

"Please send me another 5/6 flask of Menthoids," writes Mr. W.H.L. of Allendale. "I received great benefit from the flask I received a month ago, and my wife is going to take them, too, since she has seen the wonderful good they have done me. Before I started treatment I was too ill even to walk, but I can go about my affairs now just the same as I did 10 years ago."

MENTHOIDS are Nature's own remedy for High Blood Pressure, for MENTHOIDS sweep your blood stream free of poisons, keep your arteries youthful, tone up your stomach, liver and kidneys and make you feel young and vigorous.

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60 — SINGING, DANCING, COMEDIANS — 60
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YOUR INDIGESTION
IS THE MOST IMPORTANT THING IN THE WORLD

This seems an amazing statement to make. But you who suffer the pangs and nagging torture of gastritis and dyspepsia know that nothing that happens in the world is so important to you as to get relief from that dreadful pain.

When your food is not properly digested and assimilated, all sorts of complications arise. First of all, you have flatulence, heartburn and acidity—those symptoms you call "slight indigestion." Later you begin to hate your meal times, because you know that immediately afterwards you will have distressing pain. Continued neglect often leads to chronic agony and the danger of gastritis and even more serious trouble.

The quickest, surest way of ending the danger of indigestion is to start taking De Witt's Antacid Powder to-day, the remedy that gives relief from the very first dose.

This Remedy Gives Instant Relief

Mr. S. Vickers, of 55 Lennox Street, Richmond, Victoria, says:—"I felt I must let you know what De Witt's Antacid Powder has done for me. I have suffered terribly for the last twelve years and even though I tried all kinds of treatment, got no relief. I could only do light work. I was at Foster, and read in 'The Truth' of your Antacid Powder, and sent home for a tin. I was a changed man after taking two or three teaspoons of the Powder. Now I can eat anything and am putting on weight."

EAT AND ENJOY ALL YOUR FOOD

There is a five-fold reason why De Witt's Antacid Powder conquers digestive trouble quickly and permanently. This unique product at once neutralises the sour, acid condition of your stomach. Its colloidal kaolin content soothes and protects the stomach lining. Then this fine remedy stimulates and strengthens the stomach itself. It also actually digests a portion of your food, and then it cleanses the system of harmful germ-laden fermenting matter which, entering the blood stream, often cause spots, pimples, blotches, and frequently, painful boils.

Start with De Witt's Antacid Powder to-day. Eat what you like, enjoy it and know that your food is doing you good and keeping you fit and healthy. No matter how long you have suffered or how serious your digestive disorder, De Witt's Antacid Powder will give you quick and permanent relief. It is the quickest acting and most economical remedy you can have. Ask for and see that you get—

DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

The quick-action remedy for Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Heartburn Flatulence, Dyspepsia, Palpitation and Gastritis.

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HER FINGER JOINTS BEGAN TO SWELL

Perfectly Straight at 63—Thanks to Kruschen

Nearly twenty years ago, this woman was attacked by severe rheumatism, and for months she suffered considerable pain. Now 68, she tells how Kruschen restored her to health, and has kept her free from rheumatism all these years:—

"In 1918, an attack of 'flu' left me with severe rheumatism, and I was in bed three months. When I got up I could only hobble about with difficulty and pain. My finger joints were beginning to swell, and were very painful. I was told that nothing could be done for the swelling. A friend recommended me to try Kruschen Salts, which I did with very satisfactory results. To-day, at 68, my fingers are perfectly straight, I am free from rheumatism, and can do all my own housework."—(Mrs.) M.W.

Two of the ingredients of Kruschen have the power of dissolving the needle-pointed crystals of uric acid which settle in your joints, causing them to swell, ache and inflame. Other ingredients of Kruschen assist Nature to flush out these dissolved crystals through the natural channels.

"HAD WONDERFUL RELIEF" FROM INDIGESTION

"I've been a great sufferer from indigestion, and being advised by a friend to try TWIN SODA, I did, and had wonderful relief. I sleep well . . . eat practically anything. TWIN SODA is worth its weight in gold," writes Mr. R. C. F., of West Maitland. (The original of this unsolicited tribute is on file). TWIN SODA'S double action neutralises excess stomach acid and ends digestive troubles permanently. Buy TWIN SODA from your chemist. Only 1/6 a large packet.***

BABIES are Australia's Best Immigrants. In many homes Baby does not appear, to the disappointment of husband and wife. A book on this matter contains valuable information and advice. Copies free if 3d. sent for postage to Depart. "A," Mrs. Clifford, 49 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne.***

PRIVATE VIEWS

[Alphabetical Film Guide—Continued]

SCREEN TEST—Semi feature-length film on Hollywood try-outs has had Australian section added by Charles Chauvel. **(Universal.)**

SECRETS OF AN ACTRESS—Kay Francis and Ian Hunter in another misunderstood drama. **(Warners.)**

SHADOW—Second-rate murder in sixth-rate circus. **(Columbia.)**

◇◇ SHOPWORN ANGEL—Poignant drama of a Broadway actress, her manager friend, and an idealistic private, in 1917 New York. Jimmy Stewart flawless, Margaret Sullavan fine. **(M.-G.-M.)**

◇◇ SING, YOU SINNERS—Pleasantly mad tale about pleasantly mad family, consisting of Fred MacMurray, Bing Crosby, and Elizabeth Patterson, with newcomers Ellen Drew and youngster Donald O'Connor added for very good measure. Plot moves from home-town to race-track, with cabarets thrown in. **(Paramount.)**

SKY'S THE LIMIT—And so is this musical. **(Ass. Dis.)**

◇◇◇ SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS—Walt Disney's first feature-length cartoon, based on the well-known fairy-tale, is sheer enchantment—and a new milestone in screen history. (R.K.O.)

SPEED TO BURN—Enjoyable drama of the race-track, with Michael Whalen in the lead. **(20th Century-Fox.)**

◇◇ STOLEN HEAVEN—Novel drama set to classical music tells how a band of jewel-thieves are reformed by an old concert pianist. Setting is Continental, stars are fragrant Olympe Bradna, veteran Lewis Stone and Gene Raymond. **(Paramount.)**

◇◇ STRANGE BOARDERS—Tom Walls blends impudent entertainment with the thrills of stolen political documents. Co-star Renee Saint-Cyr is French and charming **(Ass. Dis.)**

◇◇ TEXANS—The struggles of Southern cattle-ranchers after the American Civil War, presented on a grandiose and exciting scale. May Robson the best player. **(Paramount.)**

◇◇◇ THREE COMRADES—Beautifully haunting performance by Margaret Sullavan in heart-shaking drama of youth lost in a post-war world. Franchot Tone, Robert Taylor, and Robert Young all fine as the ex-soldiers. (M.-G.-M.)

◇◇ THREE LOVES HAS NANCY—Breezy comedy of two New York men and one country girl, with Janet Gaynor scoring in a perky role, and Robert Montgomery fighting Franchot Tone for audience applause **(M.-G.-M.)**

◇◇ TIME OUT FOR MURDER—First of a new film series about a roving reporter is crisp, flippant melodrama. Michael Whalen, Chick Changler, and Gloria Stuart teamed. **(Fox.)**

◇◇ TOY WIFE—Luise Rainer as the frivolous belle of old New Orleans, who coquettes herself into tragedy. Melvyn Douglas, Robert Young, exquisite setting—and all for those who like tearful entertainment. **(M.-G.-M.)**

◇◇ TROPIC HOLIDAY — Mexico contributes gay tunes and settings to the love-stories of Dorothy Lamour and Ray Milland, and Bob Burns and Martha Raye. The comedy is riotous **(Paramount.)**

TYPHOON TREASURE — Melodramatic Australian adventure filmed on Barrier Reef by Noel Monkman, remarkable for fine backgrounds and easy acting by Gwen Munro, Campbell Copelin, and Joe Valli. **(United Artists.)**

WHEN WERE YOU BORN?—For astrology fans only. **(20th Century-Fox.)**

SCREEN ODDITIES

By Charles Bruno

Here's Hot News From All Studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York; BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood; JUDY BAILEY, London.

After vehemently denying rumors of matrimonial troubles, Bette Davis has finally admitted she and her husband, Harmon Nelson, have been having difficulties.

There will be no immediate separation as both are anxious to save their marriage.

* * *

BARBARA READ, one of the original "Three Smart Girls" in the picture which started Deanna Durbin on the road to screen success, has been married and divorced since that film was released.

Consequently in the sequel, "Three Smart Girls Go To Town," Barbara will be replaced by the less sophisticated Helen Parrish. You may remember Helen as the youthful "meanie" in Deanna's "Mad About Music."

* * *

JIMMY STEWART'S next role will be as a hard-riding Western hero. This will be in a Universal film, a re-make of "Destry Rides Again," with Jimmy in the role played by Tom Mix in the old silent version.

* * *

ANDY DEVINE has been ordered by his doctor to drop 3 stone at once.

Myrna Loy and husband, Arthur Hornblow, are planning a trip to Europe.

Gene Raymond is one of Hollywood's finest all-round athletes.

JASCHA HEIFETZ, world-famed violinist, has already started work on his scenes for "The Daring Age," over at Sam Goldwyn's studio.

Regular production on the picture will not begin until December, but Heifetz didn't want to wait that long, so Goldwyn hired a sixty-piece orchestra and will have the musician's scenes all recorded and photographed weeks before the other shooting begins.

* * *

GRACE MOORE, who is now in London, will make a film of the opera "Louise" for Paramount in Paris. Georges Thill, the well-known French opera star, will appear opposite her.

Miss Moore will make one appearance at a Covent Garden concert in November.

* * *

CHARLES LAUGHTON will not be returning to Hollywood because he is unwilling to pay income tax in two countries.

He has his programme mapped out at Denham. He will star in "The Lost World," the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production which is scheduled to start as soon as "Mr. Chips," the picture he is now working on, is completed.

* * *

ERROL FLYNN'S wife, Lili Damita, will soon be leaving for a holiday in Europe. While Lili is away Errol will take a three weeks' cruise on his yacht, Sirocco, accompanied by the Earl of Warwick, David Niven and Donald Crisp.

SOLVOL CLEANS HANDS IN 30 SECONDS!

NOTHING GETS HANDS SO SPOTLESSLY CLEAN IN SUCH LIGHTNING QUICK TIME AS SOLVOL! GREASE... GRIME... THE MOST STUBBORN STAINS ARE CHASED RIGHT OUT OF THE SKIN-PORES BY SOLVOL'S SPECIAL PENETRATING LATHER! NO PAINFUL SCRUBBING! SOLVOL IS AS PLEASANT TO USE AS FINE TOILET SOAP.

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FOR BUSINESS GIRLS

Gifted little black frocks for days that start at 9 a.m. and end up after the movies at night. Cunningly designed to make you new-pin neat at work and crisply smart when work's done. Of satin-backed crepe for good looks and good wear. Specially priced for business girl pockets.

Miss X . . white touches, removable for laundering, pleated bodice. **39/6**

Miss Y . . black and white buttons, pleated skirt. XSSW.8Q8. **35/-**

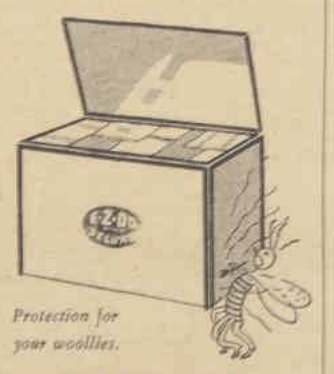
Miss Z . . becoming neckline, uplift bodice, demure long sleeves. **35/-**

From the "Popular" Salon—Second Floor

"YOUNG COLONY" SHOE, US. 24/9

The shoe that every smart young thing about town should wear. Black kid sandal oxford, high on the front, chic stitching. Half: 2 to 6, except 3½. Brown, navy, 3 to 7. **17/9**

Shoes on Third Floor.



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MOTHPROOF BLANKET CHEST

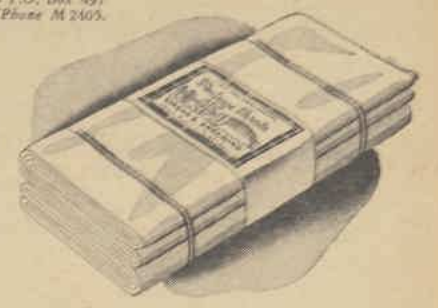
The "De Luxe" is equipped with refillable humidor for destroying moth eggs . . offering complete summer safety to woollens and blankets. 39" x 16" x 29". **16/6**

Haberdashery—Freight Extra.

AIR-CONDITIONING makes Farmer's a cool, cool rendezvous on hot summer days . . . with the temperature never more than 73 degrees and humidity never over 60%, it's like stepping into a cool, sea breeze after tramping the dusty, city streets.

LAY-BY FOR CHRISTMAS. Less than eight weeks till Yuletide now . . . so be a sensible gift-giver and shop now . . . using Farmer's worryless lay-by to stretch payment easily over the ensuing weeks. 1/- in every 5/- deposit secures your gift.

CHARLES BRYANT ART SHOW. An exhibition of the art of the late Charles Bryant, R.O.I., R.B.A., A.R.H.C., in the Blaxland Galleries till Tuesday, November 8th. It is part of a collection from London, not previously shown in Sydney. No charge.



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Sheets—First Floor

TEN STREAMLINE ESCALATORS

At your service! From Lower Ground to Fourth Floors!

Six new escalators have now been added to the four that have been in operation at Farmer's since 1927 . . . then the first to be installed in Sydney. Ten of the smoothest, fastest and quietest escalators in the world are at your service. Right through five floors from the Lower Ground to the Fourth you have speedy, effortless transportation. Ten smoothly-running automatic stairways each carrying over 6,000 shoppers per hour, over 52,000 shoppers per day! A miracle of modern shopping service . . . A service typically Farmer's.

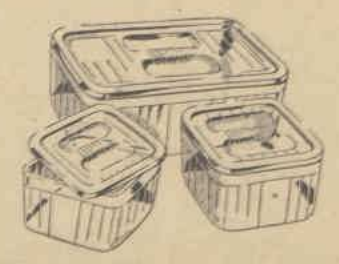
★ *Farmer's ultra-modern escalators each carry, in comfort, over 6,000 people an hour.*

"Glamour Girl"

EXQUISITE KABE SILK NIGHTIES

Valenciennes lace and satin applique trim for these night-things of kabe tub silk. Flowered designs on grounds of Sunshine, Spring green, pink, mauve, white. **11/9**

Underclothing on Fourth Floor



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Brighten your kitchen with one of these clear or green glass refrigerator sets. Amazingly useful for keeping various summer foods cool through the hot days. There are three in the set for just **3/9**

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Dashing Toyons

ARE VEILED AND BE-RIBBONED

There's something about this sailor, with its high-falutin' veil, its devil-may-care whisk of ribbon . . . to top your silks with a studied abandon. You'll keep cool as lettuce in fresh white or navy trim on white toyon. Priced **14/11**

Millinery on Third Floor

LAY-BY FOR SANTA

Illustrated is the popular black "Topsy" doll, dressed in white organdi frock, trimmed with red, 12/11. Others are priced at 2/6, 3/11, 5/6, 17/6 and 22/6. Lay-by!

4th Floor. Country Carriage Extra

Tropic Romance

Hawaiian Jewellery . . . the haunting beauty of flame-hued flowers from tropical jungles—yours in these vivid Hawaiian necklets, with matching bracelets. The set, 11/10. Or price, ea. **5/11**

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Above is the famous "Princess" Model BlueBird, which has proved so popular since its appearance. Complete with built-in sewing light and other improvements . . . now £25/17/6.

You can use Australia's Best Sewing Machine for

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and only a few shillings weekly. No collectors or canvassers employed. Why not trade-in your old machine, while trade-in allowances are high.

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Here's a chance to snap a bargain. Included with *these* (we dear bureau models is a professional dressmaking course in book form. 266 illustrated pages with simple directions to help you add those professional finishes.

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HAS a man the right to insist that his wife should break off habits he dislikes? In this brilliant and provoking article famous author Kathleen Norris gives an answer.

Are Not Sacrifices Part of Marriage?

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

Exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly

Of marriage problems there is no end, and there never will be any end. The latest, oddly enough, has an old-fashioned flavor.

It is that of the young wife who has recently taken up smoking, and the husband who won't kiss her any more.

WELL, well—isn't it interesting to find that, with the big world seething with national and international problems, the thing that Mr. and Mrs. still find the chief subjects of conversation—and dispute—are the little difficulties that are purely personal!

That's still one of the real questions of life—how to smooth down the little waves before they become big enough to threaten to wreck the matrimonial barque.

Mr. John Bridegroom doesn't go home and engage his starry-eyed bride in conversation about the things the big statesmen and diplomats are doing and saying—not at all.

He hangs up his hat, clears his throat, and launches into a lecture about a cigarette-stub he found the night before in a highly-decorated ash-tray on his wife's dressing-table.

He couldn't sleep much for thinking of what he was going to say on the subject, and he couldn't work with his usual attention to the affairs of the day, because of the discovery of that cigarette-stub.

Now that he's home, what an impressive show of oratory he makes at the start, and how soon his starry-eyed bride riddles his well-chosen words and has him theoretically hanging on the ropes to avoid punishment!

There is an old and very wise book called "Asmodeus: or The Devil on Two Sticks," by a Frenchman named LeSage, which tells how the roofs are lifted off houses and the hero gets peeps at what goes on within.

Lifts the Roof Off

ONE can imagine the roof being lifted off the little bungalow where Mr. and Mrs. John Bridegroom are making a conversational mountain out of a molehill.

And usually the cause of this battle of words is something which would not coax an extra hoot out of an owl—the owl being a wise bird and not given to wasting his hoots.

But as long as this cigarette-stub has precipitated Mr. and Mrs. Bridegroom into the depths of a real argument—perhaps their very first—let us look more or less sympathetically into the matter, with the full realisation that if this first row isn't settled quickly and satisfactorily there will be worse ones to follow.

Personally, I don't smoke, and was born in 1880, but I try to see things eye to eye with the younger generation.

Has He the Right?

THE answer of most young wives, and of all wives who smoke, would probably be phrased: "Well, let him mind his own business! If he smokes why shouldn't she? He smells of tobacco, doesn't he? Does he think he's her guardian, bringing her up, or what?"

Wait a minute, dear and lovely critic of man—wait a minute!

There's no philosophy in the go-jump-in-the-lake retort, and, what is more, there never will be. Such a course is mere stubbornness—and human beings should not seek to deprive the mule of that property.

One could find it easy to be stubborn about every little difference that arises in the home, but what's the use?

Apart from the question of one determined person or another having his or her way, regardless of consequences, is the simpler and more basic question:

Hasn't a man, in marriage, the right to ask his wife to give up something for him, and hasn't she the right to ask him for sacrifices and changes in return?

Perhaps it isn't reasonable for him to say: "I want to go on smoking, and I want you to stop," but then marriage never can be reasonable.

A reasonable marriage would be a stodgy, flat affair. Marriage must have its highlights and its dark shadows to be the thrilling, touching, exalting, satisfying thing it can be.

Many a wife would gladly change places with the stubborn little smoker to have her husband want to kiss her on any terms at all!

Please turn to Page 34

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What Women Are Doing

Ship's Surgeon

TRAVELLING to Europe as ship's surgeon in the Swedish motor vessel, Goonawarra, is Dr. Jean Edelsten Pope, young Sydney physician, who is going abroad to further her medical studies. She will take a course at the Post-Graduate School in London.

As honors graduate at Sydney University Dr. Pope has been a resident doctor at several of Sydney's leading hospitals, and a pathologist at the Children's Hospital, Sydney.

❖ ❖ ❖

Helps Organise Annual W.C.T.U. Fete

FOR many years Mrs. H. C. Tipper, of Brisbane, has been associated with the Women's Christian Temperance Union in Queensland. She was State vice-president for several years, and has also been corresponding secretary.

Mrs. Tipper —Regent.

She is specially interested in the educational side of the Union, which covers several activities, including work for the aborigines.

Mrs. Tipper helps organise the annual W.C.T.U. fete and holds the position of competition convener. She also acts as refreshment secretary at the W.C.T.U. booth at the Brisbane Exhibition each year.

❖ ❖ ❖

Embroidered Maps Depicting Travels Abroad

EMBROIDERED maps depicting her travels are fascinating records of her two years abroad brought back by Miss Edith Buchanan, who recently returned to her home in Melbourne. For each country she visited the maps show figures in national costume, and other topical reminders of the country.

Miss Buchanan studied weaving and hand embroidery while abroad. She attended evening classes on the art and history of embroidery at the Polytechnic in London, where she obtained a diploma, and where fellow students were very keen on making embroidery maps.

In the day time Miss Buchanan had a position in a large West End establishment, designing motifs for embroidery on frocks.

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Wrote Reference Book For Kindergarten Training

DR. MARGARET McFARLAND, an American, has been appointed by the Free Kindergarten Union of Victoria as principal of the college and supervisor of training centres, Melbourne, in succession to Miss Christine Heinig, whose appointment expires in February.

Dr. McFarland, who is at present in charge of a nursery school at Winnetka, Illinois, is a Master of Arts of Columbia University, and a Doctor of Philosophy.

A specialist in nursery school work and child development, she has published an authoritative research work, entitled, "A Study of Sibling Relationships," which is a reference book in kindergarten training. She has had a great deal of experience in lecturing and organisation.

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Obtained London Diploma For Fencing

MISS JUDITH HALSE ROGERS, daughter of the Chancellor of Sydney University, who has returned home after three years abroad, is very keen about fencing, and while in London studied at Salle Grave, obtaining a first class pass for her diploma.

Miss Halse Rogers found that fencing had become very popular in England recently. The intense propaganda for national physical fitness had given impetus to it as it is one of the sports that do not take much time, and can be enjoyed indoors in a comparatively small space.

The Civil Service, banks insurance offices and many business firms, Miss Halse Rogers said, had established fencing clubs.

FROM MALAYA FOR MELBOURNE CUP

ONE of the most intrepid Melbourne Cup enthusiasts is Mrs. W. T. Beckton, who, in order to see the classic race run this year, motored 400 miles alone through Malaya on the first stages of the journey to Melbourne.

With her husband, who is a mining engineer of Ibok, Perak, Mrs. Beckton arrived in Australia last week. They will spend a six-months' motoring holiday in the various States.

To Continue Musical Studies Abroad

TO London in March for further musical study is the exciting prospect ahead of Miss Alethea Helsden, young Sydney violinist. Miss Helsden is going abroad on the advice of Dr. Malcolm Sargent, who, after hearing her play, strongly advised her to continue her studies overseas. In London Alethea will be a pupil of Carl Flesch.

Winner of the City of Sydney and Railway Eisteddfods open championships, and holder of the Dorothy Couldery scholarship since 1934, Alethea, who is only 18, is the youngest member of the Australian Broadcasting Commission Orchestra. She is also a member of the Sydney Conservatorium Orchestra.

She has been heard over the air from national stations during children's sessions and formed a juvenile instrumental trio for the A.B.C.

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Had Part in First Opera Televised in England

DURING four years abroad many interesting engagements were fulfilled by Miss Etta Bernard, Victorian contralto, who has just returned to Melbourne under contract to the Australian Broadcasting Commission. She was engaged for the Coronation Service in Westminster Abbey, and appeared in a Royal Command performance.

Miss Bernard Reprograph London

Miss Bernard also took part in the first opera to be televised in England.

Her lovely contralto voice has delighted audiences in Paris and Vienna, and she has sung with several well-known Australians now in London, including John Brownlee, Harold Williams, Arnold Mathers and John Dudley.

Miss Bernard will commence her tour of the Australian States and Tasmania for the A.B.C. on December 17.

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Only Woman Conductor to Win Choral Contest

IN addition to winning the grand championship with a choir of 60 voices, against five male conductors and their choirs, Mrs. Henry Thomas had the distinction of being the only woman conducting a choir at this year's choral competitions at South St., Ballarat, Victoria.

Mrs. Thomas —Broothorn.

Mrs. Thomas has an unbeaten record in choral contests, and is the only woman in Victoria to win one.

Her choral work extends to schools. Corowa school, under her conductorship, has won the Church of England Girls' Schools' Choral Association contest for three years running, and since she took over Shelford School its choir has won the prize in another choral contest.

Apart from her choral work Mrs. Thomas is organist at Glendearg Grove Methodist Church, Malvern, and was soloist for seven years at the Presbyterian Church, Malvern.

First in State to Win Girl Guide Green Ribbon

FIRST Girl Guide in Queensland to be awarded the green ribbon as camp adviser is Miss Hilda Riding, of Brisbane, who for the last seven years has been captain of the Bulimba Girl Guides. Some months ago she ran a camp of 70 Guides at Walton Bridge, which is one of her favorite spots. All holidays find her under canvas with her Guides.

Miss Riding —Dorothy Coleman.

Two years ago Miss Riding received the Darnell Cup for personally rendering first aid.

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Gave Cottage for Homecraft Training School

AN interesting addition to the Homecraft Hostel in Melbourne is the gift of a cottage to be used as a training school for brides. It was presented by Mrs. Alan Taylor, of Sydney, Mrs. H. B. Shaw, of the Western District, Victoria, and Mr. W. E. McPherson, the daughters and son of the late Sir William McPherson, a former Premier of Victoria.

Always interested in homecraft and domestic training, for the past five years they have given the use of their old family home at Hawthorn, Melbourne, to the Homecraft Hostel, and to provide additional training facilities recently had the cottage erected in the grounds.

It will be run on Continental lines, and all branches of domestic art will be taught, including the running of a home on a specified income.

❖ ❖ ❖

Supervises Industrial Welfare of Millions

MANY problems of national importance are dealt with by Miss Frieda S. Miller, who was recently appointed to the office of Industrial Commissioner for New York State, U.S.A. Miss Miller is the second woman to hold this position since it was created about fifty years ago.

It is a big job. The New York State Department of Labor has a personnel of 12,000, and has supervision of the industrial welfare of millions of workers.

Miss Miller is a graduate of Chicago University and was research assistant in the Department of Social Economy at Brywn Mawr University, U.S.A.

She gained much intimate knowledge of the problems of workers and employers as a factory inspector and later, as director of the Division of Women in Industry, she devoted herself to the problems of women as wage earners.

❖ ❖ ❖

Specialises in Study Of Handwriting

LECTURING on graphology all over the world makes life full of interest for Dr. Elizabeth Meyer. Dr. Meyer, who is a Doctor of Philosophy, became interested in the reading of character by handwriting merely as a hobby, but she soon saw the possibility of making this work her life's career.

She never plans her travels far ahead, but is gradually visiting all the countries it has been her ambition to see. She comes to Australia from Europe, where she has lived in several countries.

An accomplished linguist she speaks fluent German, French, Italian and English.

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Zam-Buk brings relief and is wonderfully soothing; it has a contractive influence on the dilated veins, checks the bleeding and causes the piles to gradually disappear.

Zam-Buk also prevents septic conditions arising where the membranes are broken or inflamed. Don't suffer a day longer—get a 1/6 box of Zam-Buk to-day and use according to the printed directions.

ZAM-BUK SUPPOSITORIES are recommended for inward use. Left in position at night they heal while you sleep. Price 1/6 per box.

Exact size

For INWARD PILES

Read This Convincing Testimony.

"For years I had piles, and used to be laid up with them. Zam-Buk Suppositories brought wonderful relief from the burning pain, and I can do housework in comfort and be on my feet eight hours a day." Mrs. M. Smith.

"The pain and hæmorrhage of piles caused constant misery. I began to look an old man, and was low-spirited. Zam-Buk caused my piles to disappear, and has ended years of suffering." Mr. A. Fletcher.

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AIR HOSTESS WHO MISSED DEATH IN THE KYEEMA

It Was GLADYS ALLEN'S Trip, But She Was Ill . . .

(SPECIAL INTERVIEW)

Gladys Allen, 24-year-old air hostess of Australian National Airways, was scheduled to fly as hostess on the airliner Kyeema between Adelaide and Melbourne last Tuesday.

She was ill on Tuesday morning and did not go. Hostess Elva Jones took her place on the Kyeema—and was killed.

THE Kyeema crashed into Dandenong mountainside and, in the worst disaster in Australian aviation, the passengers, the pilots and the hostess—18 in all—perished.

How does Gladys Allen view now the workings of Fate, the safety of flying, and the job that takes her daily into the sky?

The day after the crash she flew on the Adelaide run, and she was checking-in her passengers for the return trip when The Australian Women's Weekly interviewed her.

Miss Allen said she would rather not speak of the death of Elva Jones; she felt it very deeply.

"I don't believe that what happened is a warning to me," she said.

"Am I still going to be an air hostess? Of course I am still going on as an air hostess!

"If a car smashes into a tree people don't stop riding in motor cars.

"Flying is just as safe as any other means of transport. Being an air hostess is a grand job. It isn't glamorous, as many people think, but—oh, it is so interesting!

"If the public took a greater interest in aviation and everybody urged their Members of Parliament to help it forward, these accidents would not happen.

"They only happen because the companies are battling along without the national support they deserve.

"After all, if we all sat back and said 'It's too dangerous' to every mode of progress, we would still be back in the Dark Ages."

People Who Fly

MISS ALLEN held in her hand a book of the kind in which autographs are usually collected. But her book held more than autographs.

"This little book means a lot to me," she said. "You see, I'm interested in the people who fly as well as in flying itself.

"They are the notable people, the brilliant people, the people who do things in the world.

"So I asked them would they write something for me in my book of what they thought."

A glance through Miss Allen's unique book shows that those who have penned for her their philosophies of life range from Lord Huntingfield, the Governor of Victoria, and Cabinet Ministers to wrestlers and boxers and showmen.

"And what is your own philosophy?" Miss Allen was asked.

"It is this: 'To understand all is to forgive all,'" she said.

And, boarding her airliner, Gladys Allen went off into the sky again to Adelaide.

AIR HOSTESS GLADYS ALLEN, who was to fly with the Kyeema on the day it crashed. She was ill; Miss Elva Jones did the trip, and was killed. Miss Allen keeps a unique book (see story).

HOSTESS WHO DIED. Miss Elva Jones, of Melbourne, was killed in the crash of the Kyeema when she replaced Miss Allen, who was ill.

★ The Prime Minister leads in air-mindedness . . . ★

MR. LYONS WITH AIR HOSTESSES AT ESSENDON. Regular travellers by air between Melbourne, Tasmania, and Canberra are the Prime Minister and his family. One of his daughters, Sheila, last year expressed a wish to become an air hostess. Though not apprehensive when they fly, Mr. Lyons and Dame Enid do not travel together so that, in the event of a crash, their family would not be bereft of both parents.

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Notables Write Their Philosophies In Miss Allen's Book As They Fly

● In the book which she treasures, Gladys Allen asks her most interesting passengers to write what they think about life. Pictured on this page are some of the many celebrities who have written their thoughts for the hostess.

DAME ENID LYONS, a regular air traveller, wrote in Miss Allen's book:
"In forty years I have found no better philosophy of life than that found in the Golden Rule."

GLADYS ALLEN, KEEPING FIT

Before becoming an air hostess she was a stenographer. "I wanted to be a nurse," she says. "I like doing things for people." Miss Allen has been an air hostess for two years.

MR. W. M. HUGHES, who was injured once in a plane crash, but still flies:
"Fine plane, fine pilot, fine staff. In short, everything is for the best in the best of all possible worlds."

MR. H. V. C. THORBY, Minister controlling Aviation:
"Service to our fellow-beings is the highest honor we can ever hope to achieve. Service completed with the true thoughtfulness and consideration for the feelings and wishes of others gives lasting pleasure and satisfaction to both giver and receiver. Air hostesses are endowed by nature with this great trait."

LORD HUNTINGFIELD, GOVERNOR OF VICTORIA:
"He that would be free, let him not desire or dread that which is within the powers of others to withhold or to inflict, otherwise he is a slave."

EARL DE LA WARR, who visited Australia recently:
"If you want to get the best out of life, don't take anything for granted. We've all got our rights, but they are not much use to us unless we realise our responsibilities."

DR. C. J. PAO, Consul-General for China, wrote of the hospitality of Australians, and added:
"That East is East and West is West and never the twain shall meet is no longer true. 'Within the borders of the four seas all men are brothers.'"

SIR ERNEST FISK, genius of radio:
"Purpose, Perseverance, Patience . . . work out your own salvation, but not at the expense of others."

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TWO AT 10/- EA LESS 2/- IN £

TWO AT 15/- EA LESS 2/- IN £

ME78 — **Genuine Flat Crepe** fashions this garment. A most becoming style with soft fold from neckline to waist, uplift bodice, wide gored skirt, tie belt. In monotone of Rust, Wine, Navy, and Black. Sizes: W, SOS, OS, XOS, XXOS, XXXOS **SPECIAL** - - **10/-**
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ME79 — **For the woman who prefers a collar!** Suitably styled with shoulder yoke, soft gathering both at shoulders and waistline. Four panel skirt with tie belt. In Monotone Floral Flat Crepe. In Navy, Bottle Green, Wine. W, SOS, OS, XOS, XXOS, XXXOS. **Special 10/-**
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Sizes	W Inches	SOS Inches	OS Inches
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Bust	48	52	56
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ME80—**Lacey Bayedere Sheer.** So dainty and useful for the days ahead! The newest season's fabric in 2 tones definitely suitable for sizes quoted. Cross-over neckline, shirred shoulders, shaped waistline, gored skirt. In Brown/Beige, Navy/White. Sizes: W, SOS, OS, XOS, XXOS, XXXOS **SPECIAL 15/-**
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Are Not Sacrifices Part of Marriage?

Continued from Page 30

IF a woman objects to having her husband's hunting dog in her bedroom, sprawled on the counterpane, or objects to his dining in his vest and shirt-sleeves, or if a man hates a strong breath in his wife, or asks her please to stop turning on the radio when he wants to read, they are only within those human rights that give us all the privilege of asking little favors of each other.

The cheap answer "I will if you will!" is only the measure of a wife's childishness and limitation, satisfying as it may be at the moment to her soul.

It is argued, and perhaps justly, that there are things that men may do with dignity and propriety that women may not, and on the other hand there are things that women may do that would appear weak or contemptible in men.

Stained finger-nails and rouge and perfumes and the wearing of flowers, a taste for matinees and boxes of candy and luxuriously decorated rooms, all add much delight to women's lives—they would seem odd indeed in men.

Woman HAS her prerogatives and her privileges, many of them. She may manage her house so that she breakfasts in bed, so that she plays golf every morning, so that nothing interferes with her beauty-parlor, bridge luncheon, matinee dates—and thousands of our American wives do exactly that, year out and year in.

SHE may wear any costume, any colors; a man fixes her car for her; a man carries her golf-clubs; a man comes in when her telephone

KATHLEEN NORRIS SAYS:

HOW to smoothe the little waves before they become big enough to threaten to wreck the matrimonial barque—that's still one of the real questions of life.

Marriage never can be reasonable. A reasonable marriage would be a stodgy, flat affair. Marriage must have its highlights, and its dark shadows, to be the thrilling, touching, exciting, satisfying thing it can be.

Women have monopolised everything soft and clinging, everything delicately colored, glittering, sparkling, gleaming, all the spangles, crystals and laces, all the rustle and frou-frou, all the jewels.

or lights or stove is out of order; she is always considered, always spared.

No woman ever carries her own suitcase up steps onto a porch when there are any men about; she would feel bitterly ashamed of the husband who sauntered along at her side while she struggled with a heavy bag.

In short, there are differences between the sexes.

Real Significance

THIS fact has a real significance for all wives and all women, and all husbands and all men. It means that every woman's job is to make herself as charming a specimen of the sex as possible, even if it occasionally involves a sacrifice.

To please her husband, even if he is a little unreasonable, to preserve in herself the charm that he loved when he first knew her—these are not trifles; they may be the rock upon which marriage finds either a firm basis or a point upon which to split itself.

But the husband must avoid the unreasonable. In the case of the cigarette-stub found in the John Bridegroom home, I think John himself leaped too suddenly on the pedestal of righteousness.

If John Bridegroom had considered the matter of the cigarette-stub a day or two longer, and had even asked his older married friends about it, he might have asked his starry-eyed wife: "Are you getting real pleasure out of smoking, and do you want to keep it up?"

On receiving an honest "Yes" for an answer he might have concluded that, inasmuch as his starry-eyed wife was mentally competent, as well as good to look upon, she was entitled to have this smoking idea her own way.

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Intimate Jottings by Caroline

DID YOU KNOW—

That Mrs. W. E. Smith, of Point Piper, travelled from Sydney to Melbourne by plane last Friday to join in Cup Week festivities?

Youthful Melbourne Fiancee

THE engagement of Pat Whitehead, 19-year-old Melbourne debutante, to Bill Harrison, of Sydney, was the first announced during Cup Week. They plan to be married in April at the end of the wool season. Bill is a partner in a firm of wool-buyers.

Pat, a daughter of the C. H. Whiteheads, of Goodwood, Minhamite, is a member of one of the best-known pastoral families in Victoria. Her sister-in-law, Mrs. Bill Whitehead, of Gnadbro, Wagga, has just gone to Melbourne to offer her felicitations.

At Christmas she will meet for the first time her fiance's parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. Harrison, of Dorchester House, Macquarie Street, when they go cruising to Tasmania in the Orama.

Pat recently renewed acquaintance with Mrs. Lindsay Nicholas (Hepzibah Menuhin). While in America early this year she stayed in one of the cottages on Yehudi Menuhin's ranch.

* * *

Cup Night Masquerade

SKATERS will celebrate Cup Night this Tuesday at the Ice Palais. They will don fancy dress to join in the masquerade on ice.

The dresses have been kept secret by the majority, for everyone is anxious to conceal identity until the unmasking. Mrs. Charles Fox and Mrs. John Weedon will appear as the Dolly Sisters. Julie Thompson and Frank Kennedy will be in Czechoslovakian costume, and Andree Pelletier, who is one of Sydney's most graceful skaters, will be charming as a Dutch girl.

Bill Kalma will bring a large party heavily disguised by black dominoes and masks.

* * *

Along the Hume Highway

THE Charles MacLeods of Ripley, Darling Point, joined the week-end throng on the Hume Highway to Melbourne. They left early last Sunday morning, calling in at Tudor House, Moss Vale, to see their son, Douglas.

They intended leaving earlier, but stayed in Sydney for the first night of "Sketch Book" at the Theatre Royal. In Melbourne the MacLeods will stay at the Windsor, where a great many Sydney people are making headquarters for Cup Week.

* * *

Duchess in the Nursery

LADY MILBANKE, in a letter to her sister-in-law, Mrs. Roy Chisholm, of Elizabeth Bay, said that since the Duke and Duchess of Kent have known of the Duke's appointment as our next Governor-General they have asked for many details of their future home.

Lady Milbanke, who was formerly Sheila Chisholm, of Sydney, is a close friend of the Royal couple. You will remember she visited Australia last year.

Like any mother, said Lady Milbanke, the Duchess insists on herself bathing her two adorable children every night before tucking them safely in bed.

Tennis for Thanksgiving Ball

JOYCE BOYNTON, Lois Chartres, and Betty Munro are rallying their friends to play in an all-day tennis tournament on November 17. The tournament will defray expenses of the Thanksgiving Ball which the American community is organising to take place at the Trocadero on November 24. The tennis will be played on courts at Darling Point and Double Bay lent by Mrs. Evan Williams, Mrs. Reg Carter, and Mrs. W. Macnaught.

* * *

Wool-decorated Hall

MERINO wool was used to make a summer-house for a model merino ram at the Parramatta Women's Association ball, held in the local Town Hall last Wednesday to celebrate Parramatta's 150th Anniversary Celebrations.

Wool formed the chief decorative motif, as the first sheep bred in Australia by John Macarthur were at Parramatta.

Debutantes at the ball wore dresses representing periods from early history of the district to the present day.

Mrs. C. G. Berge (branch president) was assisted by Dr. Berge in entertaining Mrs. Arthur James, Professor and Mrs. Harold Dew, and Sir Alfred and Lady Davidson.

* * *

Wedding in New Guinea

THE wedding celebrated at St. Augustine's Church, Wau, New Guinea, recently, of Jessie Learmonth Hobler and Leonard Cooper Dobbin is of interest in several States.

Leonard is the elder son of Colonel and Mrs. Dobbin, formerly of Sydney and now of Otira Road, Caulfield, while the bride is the eldest daughter of Mrs. W. L. Hobler, formerly of Rockhampton, Queensland, but now of Sydney.

Bill Cowan, who hails from Frankston, and who is now in New Guinea, was best man, and Nell Hobler travelled from Sydney to be bridesmaid to her sister.

The bride, who wore a beautiful lame frock with cloak of tulle and an orange-blossom coronet, was given away by Mr. N. P. H. Neal.

An accordion-pleated frock of hyacinth-blue chiffon was worn by the bridesmaid, with a matching tulle veil held in place with a spray of daphne.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. John Mills, of Bonny Rigg, Quirindi, were in Sydney last week for the Hill-Canning wedding. Other Quirindi folk in town for the wedding were the Frank Hills, the John Robertsons, and Helen Taylor.

* * *

Visitor from Scotland

THE Leslie Bucknells, of Nebraska, Molong, returned to Sydney in the Monterey this Monday after a year or so abroad. With them came Mollie Buckell, of Scotland, who is a sister of Leslie, and sister-in-law and cousin of Mrs. Leslie. When she last visited Australia Mollie was very young.

Rain Played Nasty Trick

THE weather was extremely unkind to two Sydney brides last week. When Mrs. George Hill (the former Nell Gunning) came out of St. Stephen's last Wednesday afternoon with her husband after the wedding it was raining heavily, and she had to dash to her car sheltered by a large umbrella.

Fate was even less kind the evening before, when Olwen Maidment married Ron O'Gorman at St. Mary's Cathedral. It was simply pouring when she arrived at the Cathedral, so she had to gather up her white satin train and long tulle veil and hurry up about 50 steps sheltered by a striped sun umbrella.

One of her bridesmaids, Marie Thomas, was carried up the steps by the best man, Edward McGill, while he also held the umbrella.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Hill and Mr. and Mrs. O'Gorman are spending their honeymoons in Melbourne this week.

* * *

Nedra Ryrie's wedding to Pat Levy on November 17 will be celebrated quietly at a registry office and followed by a reception at the Dick Allens' home in Wallaroy Road, Woollahra.

* * *

New Home at Hay

MR. AND MRS. HARRY Marsh, whose wedding took place a fortnight ago at the Congregational Church, Mosman, are spending their honeymoon touring by car. They will go to Hay this week, where the bridegroom has a new home awaiting his bride. She chose the furnishings, but has not yet seen the house.

The bride was formerly Olive Miller, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Miller, of Bonnie Doon, Gerringong.

MRS. H. B. FARNCOMB, who will sail for London in the Orontes on November 19 with her husband, Captain Farncomb, of H.M.A.S. Yarra. Captain Farncomb is going to England to take command of H.M.A.S. Perth, which will sail for Australia next July. Mrs. Farncomb expects to return to Sydney in about eight months

—Women's Weekly photo.

Parties Every Day

LIEUT.-COLONEL and Mrs. John Chapman have "Full" marked on every day of their engagement-book until they sail for England in the Orcades this Saturday. For the past fortnight there have been parties in their honor almost every day, sometimes two daily.

Lieut.-Colonel Chapman, who is the younger son of the late Sir Austin Chapman, has been very popular during his term as chief instructor at the Australian Small Arms School at Randwick. He has now been nominated to return to England as an instructor at the Staff College, and is the first officer of any Dominion to hold the position at this college.

Flight-Lieut. and Mrs. Norman Mulroney and Mrs. F. Lorenzo were among those who entertained in honor of the Chapmans last week.

* * *

Six Years as President

AFTER six years as president of the Guild of Empire, Mrs. David Maughan has resigned her post. She has not severed her connection with the guild, however, for she now will be a patron and vice-president.

Last Thursday, when guild members gave a party in Mrs. Maughan's honor at Farmer's, the new president (Mrs. Guy Dowse) said she had a difficult task ahead in living up to Mrs. Maughan's reputation as president.

* * *

To Marry Next Year

THE announcement last week of Cherub Abbott's engagement to Colin Bednall, of Adelaide, was a surprise to many of her friends. Cherub, the elder daughter of the Administrator of the Northern Territory, is in London, where her fiance is a journalist. They will be married next year when Cherub is twenty-one years old.

* * *

Associates' Day at Elanora

ELANORA COUNTRY CLUB associates declared the golfing season at end last Wednesday with a driving, approaching, and putting competition. Mrs. D. S. Wylie won the A grade driving competition and also the approaching and putting.

On the same day at the club, which provides such a perfect outlook over Narrabeen and the coastline, associate members re-elected their president (Mrs. W. H. Hould) and their captain (Mrs. Jack Cassidy).

* * *

Cheery Naval Parties

NAVAL parties kept things going with a swing, socially, last week, even though it seemed that town would be more or less deserted with so many people trekking off to Melbourne.

Officers of the three destroyers, H.M.A.S's Stuart, Vendetta, and Waterhen, invited friends on board the Stuart last Wednesday, following the naval custom of entertaining before paying-off a ship.

There was a gay crowd on board, including Captain and Mrs. Waller, Lieut.-Commander and Mrs. Cant, Mrs. F. E. Kedge, Mrs. James Morrow, Mrs. L. S. Dalton, Commander and Mrs. Leo Quick.

On Friday another cheery party was given by three popular hosts, Lieut.-Commander Thurston, Lieut.-Commander Rutherford, and Lieut. J. L. Rathbone of H.M.A.S. Sydney. The rendezvous was Rockley, Elizabeth Bay Road.

* * *

Holiday in Town

MRS. JOHN HEYWORTH, with her baby daughter Judith, has returned to her home at Balranald after spending two months with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Brownjohn, of Marrickville.

I LIKE—

The necklet of gold ivy leaves studded with pearls worn by Miss Nonie Hay, who returned from abroad last week. She spent only a few days in Sydney before leaving for Melbourne to see the Cup.

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Presented by Mr. A. G. Eastman.

EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT AT 9.30

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THE QUINTUPLETS inspect gleefully the first locomotive they've ever seen, even if it is a scale model sent by Canadian National Railways. The model weighs 500 pounds and is 8 feet 6 inches long. As you can see, that's longer than Annette, Yvonne, Marie, Emilie and Cecile standing side by side.

There's Safety in Numbers for the Quintuplets

Separation Would Mean Loss of Their Earning Powers

Recent illnesses of the Dionne "Quins," though quickly thrown off, have emphasised the really precarious hold they have on fame.

United and all living, they are phenomena. Separated, they become just another group of country town children.

At eight, four years hence, they'll have a million dollars (£250,000) if their good luck does not completely go to pot. But they'll need the million then, and so long as they live.

If all survive, they can still have no private life; they're condemned to live as high-class freaks, constantly assailed by promoters and swindlers, as well as by the ailments common to all humans.

Their survival is usually put down to the genius of a little backwoods doctor.

It was much more than that.

It never occurred to Dr. Dafoe at first that the quintuplets would live.

To him it was simply a question of how soon they would die. A little while after the fifth had been born, he left them to go two miles for a priest to administer last rites to the mother.

Always the right person seemed to happen along for the babies, the right decision be made against probability, no right thing left undone. Nature was determined to pull off a masterpiece.

First of the "right persons" was undoubtedly the doctor.

Simple Treatment

IF he had realised in those early days, when the babies were being put in front of an open oven door for warmth, that he had one of the world's wonders on his hands he would almost certainly have been fussed into trying to do too much.

"The finest hospital in the world," said a medical authority, "would have treated them to death."

Second "right person" was Auntie Legros, Mrs. Dionne's sister-in-law, who lived over the road, who had had babies of her own and had helped at the birth of all six of Elzira Dionne's.

She it was who, although the expected baby was not due for two months, sent for the midwife and later the doctor.

She prepared the bed, built up the kitchen fire, set pans of water on to boil.

If that kitchen fire had not been built up there would have been no pretty pictures of Dionne quintuplets to-day.

As for Mme. la Belle, the midwife, she might have been born for this emergency.

A grand-hearted, true woman of the earth, she so loved birth that, although she had had eighteen babies of her own, she had brought 300 of her neighbors' babies into the world without payment.

These two women, without any equipment, even for one baby, had kept two premature under-3lbs. babies alive and seen the third one born when Dr. Dafoe crossed the threshold.

In the evening arrived the fourth piece of luck. Dr. Dafoe had telephoned the nearest hospital for a nurse. The only one available was a 21-year-old girl who had never yet taken an outside case.

But she was passionately fond of babies and maternity work. Her greatest joy was in fighting for the lives of babies.

Yvonne Leroux happened to bring a hot water bottle with her.

Without the hot water bottle Marie Dionne, who for weeks swayed on the knife-edge between life and death, would have died the first night.

Marie, last born, 1lb. 8½oz. when she was a week old, nearly robbed Yvonne, Emilie, Cecile, and Annette of the £250,000 it is estimated they will have in the bank when they are eight years old, their father of the £2000 a year he now makes, Dr. Dafoe of his unsought glory, and the world of its pets, by dying.

For five days Nurse Leroux had only one hour's complete rest.

She dare not take her eyes off the babies for fear she missed the danger signal of blue lines by the side of the nose—particularly of Marie.

On Friday morning, when Dr. Dafoe paid his call he found two babies dying.

He rummaged in his old black bag till he found two pieces that could be made into a miniature enema and performed the simple operation.

A brilliantly scientific doctor would not have dared to. Dr. Dafoe was right.

But when at the end of six weeks Marie was still on the knife-edge and an offer was made to Dr. Dafoe of radium treatment for her blood tumor, he accepted it gladly. That was science at its most up-to-date.

Again the doctor's decision was right.

After three months of precarious life, all five babies went down with intestinal toxemia.

Dr. Dafoe preferred to take a chance of saving them by getting them into the cleanness and sanitation and sunshine of the new hospital being built next door.

As soon as one room was ready, even though it had no furniture but a baby table, he took them over.

Next day the temperatures had dropped. And from that day they became more like ordinary babies.

A month later even Marie began to look as if she might live.

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This is a School Lesson We Would All Like to Attend

On With the Dance, While Teacher Takes a Back Seat

By a Staff Reporter of The Australian Women's Weekly

A school lesson with the teacher sitting in the farthest corner of the room, desks pushed to the wall, and children in bare feet romping and dancing to the music of the radio, was an experiment conducted last week among the various infant schools of this State.

It was the first of the Music Through Movement lessons broadcast by the Australian Broadcasting Commission in co-operation with the Department of Eduction, as an initial step in the musical education of the very young.

CHILDREN making tree shapes as part of a music through movement lesson.

IN England this musical "playtime" is part of the education plan and is tremendously popular.

Sydney children had their first experience of it last week when the Education Department gave a test of the idea for the benefit of teachers.

When I walked into the Camperdown Free Kindergarten this is what I saw: **Happy youngsters danced and sang, while teacher sat in the corner —it used to be the Dunce's Corner when I went to school.**

They imitated cart-horses trotting between the shafts, or wild ponies galloping over the paddocks.

The boys gathered round an imaginary camp-fire or pretended to be sheep at a waterhole.

One little girl danced like a tree in the wind—another was Snow White walking in the woods.

A group of kiddies on tip-toes went cattle mustering, others joined in a kangaroo hunt—

It was amazing how quickly the

SHEEP at a waterhole.

children grasped the idea behind the broadcast.

At first they were a little diffident.

A teacher explained this to me after the lesson.

"I was afraid the Australian children might not take to the idea.

"The more tractable English children where I first saw this music through movement education took to it quite naturally."

The text-book suggestion that they were little fairies dancing the minuet in a bluebell field left the Australian children cold.

But the idea they had a camp-fire or a cattle muster aroused enthusiasm.

Once they got going the rest was easy. The music helped them to get the swing of this new game.

Improvisations came thick and fast.

They took their horses to be shod, they helped the blacksmith blow his bellows, they caught the sparks from an imaginary anvil.

Compared with stiff marching and school drill to tunes on the school piano, memories of an earlier schooldays, the display was a revelation.

Previously the lowest age group for the school music broadcasts was seven-twelve years.

The new method adds two lower groups, five to seven, and seven to nine.

Most of the kiddies belonged to the younger group.

The aim is to give the foundation of musical education through the love of movement and play which is natural to every small child.

The children wore as few clothes as possible, so that their movements would not be restricted. They either wore soft slippers or had bare feet.

All desks and furniture were cleared to allow plenty of room.

The children grouped themselves, sitting cross-legged on the floor in front of the wireless, and the teacher sat inconspicuously on one side.

Music to Suit

SHE had been asked not to intrude between the children and the broadcaster so that they should be given every opportunity of listening for themselves.

Then the lesson commenced.

Various types of tunes were played. In the soft passages the children were asked to lie down and rest; there were skipping and tripping little tunes, walking and jumping tunes.

Before each one was played the children were invited to skip or walk or jump.

Some of them did. Others just seemed confused. It was like no lesson they had ever had before. Those who looked to the teacher for help simply received an answering smile, but no lead as to how they should respond.

After the first five minutes things went a little better.

Some of the children walked with an eager goose-step, arms folded;

BREAKING IN HORSES.

others strode out the full length of their young legs and had fine swinging arm movements.

One little girl, who could scarcely contain her delight, pranced on the tips of her toes.

But all made an unconscious attempt to move to the rhythm of the music.

Elbows, hands, heads, bodies, as well as legs and feet, joined in and made their own rhythmic pattern to the music.

When, at the end of the 20 minutes' lesson, the children were told that there was a lame horse to be taken to the blacksmith, some of them managed the rhythm of his lame gallop quite successfully.

Then came the shoeing of the

BOUNDARY RIDING

horse: Each child wielded an imaginary hammer in his own way and brought it down to the beat of the music. Then off they went galloping home to a fine ringing tune.

I'm sure these children got something for themselves out of the lesson. At first it was not easy.

They looked uncertainly at one another and at the teacher.

But as soon as a few bright spirits began to respond the others forgot their shyness and confusion.

Each child became a little individual, giving his own interpretation of the music through the medium most natural to him—the activity of his own little body.

"AROUND the camp-fire." Children discover the poses to suit the tune in music through movement.

During the course of lessons which it is proposed to give, the children will learn to use their limbs freely and to control them at will.

There are tunes for tension and tunes for relaxation.

The pupils are asked to start smartly on the beat and to stop dead when the music ends.

They learn the difference between loud and soft music, between high and low pitch. Soon their bodies respond to the type of music played without preliminary explanation.

Later on, the children find that every activity can be interpreted in rhythm, and they are encouraged to observe movements in everyday life.

There is rhythm in the swaying of trees in the wind and the children make the shapes of trees with their hands and arms and sway themselves gently to and fro.

Later on, they learn to group themselves, instead of responding independently, and a more complicated rhythmic pattern enters into the lesson.

Reports from the schools after the broadcast were enthusiastic: City children enjoyed the fun. From the one-teacher school at Tantawanglo came this one:

"The broadcast was an eye-opener. The children responded very well. It did not take them any time to understand what was required of them. The galloping horses were first favorites."

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EVERY CHILD NEEDS A SPRING CLEAN

Pimples are sure signs that the bowels are clogged with sour, bilious poisons which inflame the blood.

'California Syrup of Figs'—'Califig' is a quick, safe remedy to cleanse the system and purify the blood. Give a dose at bed time. In the morning the bowels will act; gently yet thoroughly removing the poisonous waste. Continue 'California Syrup of Figs'—'Califig' for a few nights and the skin will be clear, fresh, glowing with a beautiful, healthy colour. Better still, you will see a wonderful improvement in the child's health. Doctors and nurses all recommend this liquid laxative.

'California Syrup of Figs' is sold by all chemists and stores. 1/6 or 2½ times the quantity for 2/10. Be sure to say '*California*' and look for '*Califig*' on the package. Get a bottle to-day.***

Betty's "Racey" Narratives

It was a thrill backing three placed horses in the Cantala

By Telegram, from BETTY GEE, in Melbourne

The first day of the Melbourne Cup meeting was a racing thrill for me.

Lovely fashions, gay crowds, and a winner or two to round off the day.

My greatest thrill was to back first, second, and third in the Cantala Stakes.

EVERYBODY I talked to said that the only certainties for Saturday were Nuffield for the Derby and Ajax for the Mackinnon Stakes, and they would be at long prohibitive odds on.

The other races they reckoned were as open as the Sydney Heads.

So after listening to them tip about 15 horses in each race, I worked it out that they should be within asylum walls and let harmless visitors to their Cup go their own peaceful ways.

They're positively dangerous down here with their alarmist reports and their ill-advice.

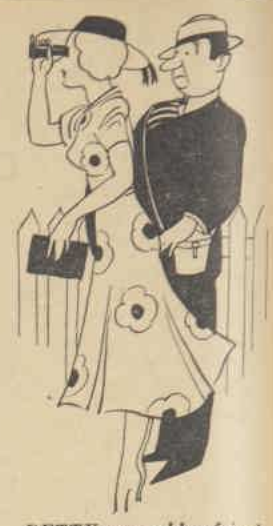
I decided to go on my own selections.

Didn't I write and tell you in my last letter that the Wakeful Stakes was between Early Bird, Talkalot, and Lady Montague?

That's how they finished—first, second, and third.

What more could any girl ask?

My best bet was on Lady Montague, but I saved on the other two, and won only £2 on the race. But I'm going to put all that up on Early Bird in the Oaks on Thursday, and I expect a backless Paris model evening gown in return.



BETTY amazed her friends at Flemington by backing three place-getters in the Cantala Stakes.

Outsider Wins

The pessimists were certainly correct about the Maribyrnong Plate.

If I borrowed several four-pronged forks I'd have still missed all the placed horses.

The winner, Aurania, was 80 to 1 on the Tote, and the others 15 to 1 to 10 to 1.

How can any woman be expected to back such horses?

My £2 went on Beau Mari and Beaucaire, but I'm going to whisper in your pearl-like ear a word of advice.

Horses drawn with long barrier numbers have no chance up the Flemington straight.

Stick to the ones and twos for races there. My £2 was as good as lost in a sweep with all blanks.

I laid £2 to £1 on and won on Ajax, and laid another £2 to £1 on Nuffield for the Derby. Wasn't I brave?

Again they tried to shut Darby Munro in, the cads. But he was too good for them.

I must confess it wasn't until I was shrieking with alarm a furlong from home that somebody did something to let him through to victory.

I almost forgot to mention that I popped £1 on the place tote for the Adelaide crack colt, Tempest, and he paid me 14/ profit for running second.

He nearly caused a tempest, too, by giving Nuffield the race of his life. He's a champion, this South Australian, and sure to win good races.

He found Nuffield just a bit too good, but he will not always be racing against the champions.

St. Constant Again

I told you about Mohican for the Cantala, and did I mention St. Consiant and Judean in my last wire?

I think I did. Anyhow, when I went to the tote for 10/ each way on each of three horses, the queue glared at me, as much as to say any woman who has £3 of her own for one race shouldn't have to bet on races at all.

But it was the ladies' tote, so I glared back. They ran first, second, and third.

St. Constant paid £10/3/ for my 10/ straight out, and the place divvies were £2/12/, £1/7/, and £3/1/, so I got back slightly over £17 for my £3.

Just imagine if I'd had it all straight out on St. Constant, who paid 20 to 1, sixty pounds in a lump.

Why doesn't a girl think of these things before a race?

I lost £2 on L'Aiglon in the last race, and Darby Munro brought him too late.

He came second. Another £1, too, on El Senorita. I don't know whether she's arrived yet either.

These last races at Flemington are so discouraging.

I won't wait for them again.

For Thursday, I'm giving Bridge of Mar for the Hurdle, and the boots at our hotel says Aspire can't lose the Byron Moore Stakes.

My own tip is Early Bird in the Oaks.

Mere men might think she can't stay a mile and a half, but **my opinion is she'd outstay the greediest glutton at a cocktail party.**

Ajax is a sure thing for the Lithgow the same day, and here's a syndicate special, Grecian Princess for the Veteran Stakes.

For Saturday we're keeping Adio bottled up in the Batman Stakes and Ajax is again a good thing for the C. B. Fisher Plate.

My girl friends say, "How you do stick to him with his niggardly odds on." But I answer, "What's the good of dropping him till he drops you, and, after all, he keeps on paying the rent, short as the odds are.

Jehu is the horse I've had from our waiter for the Steeplechase.

But I'm not giving any line for the Final Handicap, the last race. Last races are too difficult.

Secrets of Success for Business Girls

By Air Mail from our London Office.

GIRLS who wear smart frocks and coats over shabby and scanty underwear will fail in anything they take up in life, declares Dr. Jane Lorimer Hawthorne, lecturing on clothes and character at St. Margaret's Church, Lothbury, London.

Similarly, she says, the girl who always leaves home at the last minute for the sake of that extra five minutes in bed, and has no time to attend to loose buttons or laddered stockings, is the type who will never make a success of business life or home-making.

Certain garments, Dr. Hawthorne contends, can be worn too long and too continuously, until they become saturated with moods, both good and bad, and "weighed down with thought."

"Because of that," she advised, "there is much to be gained by putting on a fresh change of clothes for dinner or the theatre, or for any recreation after a long day's work."

Entrust your skin to this *milder* Toilet Soap

Six thousand tests made by a leading Australian skin specialist prove that Lifebuoy is *milder* than many soaps recommended for babies and women. Lifebuoy is not only mild . . . its purifying lather penetrates the pores, removes marring dirt and waste . . . protects your skin and prevents any risk of "B.O." (Body Odour).

Lifebuoy's own clean scent vanishes as you rinse.

A LEVER PRODUCT

L.462.38

MIDENE is NEW—*Different!*

STOPS ALL *PERSONAL* PAIN IN 3 MINUTES

Don't suffer silent agony. This NEW Midene brings instant relief from Splitting Headaches, Periodic Pains, Sea-sickness, Neuralgia, Backache, Nerves, Colds and Influenza, Neuritis.

Midene is effective and perfectly harmless. Packed in dainty new slide box containing a generous supply, sufficient for several months.

MIDENE Proprietors (MY-DENE).

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FASHION PORTFOLIO

SWEATER SILHOUETTE

• ABOVE: Spring harmony—expressive grey and burgundy in the 1938 version of the tunic style. Grey matt crepe sweater, softly shirred, tops a slim skirt of rich burgundy patterned with grey.

• TOP RIGHT: Tonic for summer wardrobes — aquarium-blue silk jersey with jaunty buttons marching down the tube-slim sweater and a whirly, engaging pleated skirt.

• RIGHT: Off to luncheons, lingering over cocktails in a tantalising tunic, slim as a willow wand and offset with a cunning box jacket. Novelty crepe in glowing Kashmir-blue with glimpses of mist-blue.

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SHIPSHAPE . . .

● BRING sparkling color to the deck with a one-piece culotte frock of boat-blue linen, zippered up the front. And just for fun half a dozen large, square pockets. The whole suit is built on slim lines.

● FOR LAZING in the sun — a coarse linen trouser suit in string color, with Kashmir-blue piping outlining pockets, cuffs, and stripes down the trousers. Clever zipper fastening down front.

● LOOK as cool as a mint patch in raga-muffin knee-length breeches of frosty-white shark-skin with suspender straps. Topped with a black-and-white striped jersey blouse, sleekly fitting.

● SCHIAPARELLI'S latest love — skirt-length Indo-China slacks of sleek black jersey. With them a black-and-white striped jersey top and blue flannel box jacket. All very gay and colorful.

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Fashion Portfolio . . . Third Page

. . . AND SEAWORTHY

● FASHION delves back to the Stone Age with an ultra-modern interpretation of the primitive leopard skin in slinky wool lastex — designed to hug the figure and backless for sunbaking.

● TO flatter your suntan — moss-green jersey suspender shorts worn with devastating effect over an "icing" pink satin elastic swim suit. This is a model which will appeal especially to youth.

● HEIM'S romantic fishwife skirt in riotous striped linen, worn with brassiere top made of two triangle kerchiefs and brief, tailored shorts. One of the season's big triumphs.

● FOR basking in the sunshine and toasting in admiration, tan linen shorts with bright yellow bolero top and vivid blue scarf. With it Mainbocher's starched yellow visor.

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PARIS SNAPSHOTS . . .

Glace kid evening shoes have swept into popularity on the crest of the Edwardian fashion wave.

Forty years ago black glace kid slippers for dancing were part of every "lady's" wardrobe, but in recent years they have been pushed from favor by the more spectacular metal kids and richly-colored fabrics.

Sent by Air Mail
by
MARY ST. CLAIRE

NOW glace kid is coming into its own again, for "Miss 1938" has found that kid shoes keep their shape better than fabric ones, and colored kids do not soil and tarnish as quickly as metal slippers.

Color used to be an important factor in choosing evening shoes, and one was usually forced to buy a fabric pair because it was the only model in the color required. Not so to-day. Kid shoes can be obtained in almost every imaginable shade and certainly in every becoming design.

* * *

VEILS and neckties, though in such widely differing materials, must be the same color, and to be really chic they should match handkerchiefs and gloves as well. A popular color scheme these Indian summer afternoons is a black ensemble with veil, neck scarf, gloves, and handkerchief of lime-green.

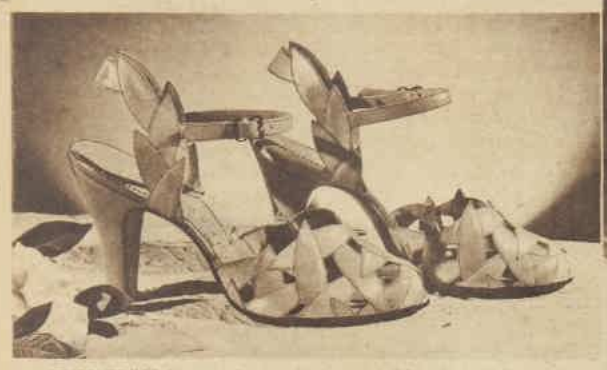
* * *

GREY threatens to supplant black as the most popular color for afternoon wear. The newest shades are "elephant-ears," cloud, peach which has a most delicious pinky tint, rough-sea and forest-fire, which is a rather deep-toned smoke-grey. The new greys are always combined with touches of cherry, scarlet, royal-blue, lime, or jade.

* * *

LARGE white handkerchiefs in linen, so fine that it looks like chiffon, are the latest wear with tailored suits. Across one corner they have the wearer's signature embroidered in a bright color; indeed, embroidered signatures are becoming quite a craze as decoration for hatbands, glove gauntlets, scarves, and nightdresses.

● BANANA beige glace kid with open heels and toes, and vamps formed of two linked strips of leather. Trimly fastened with matching metal buckle to accent graceful instep curves.



● CRISS-CROSS leaves of pastel-pink and blue kid, delicate as broderie anglaise. The dainty sandal, lined entirely with soft white kid, is as light as a summer breeze.

● MADE of intricate strips of palest green kid with dainty built-up heels, through which the slender ankle straps are slotted.

Here! A NEW SHEER... GUARANTEED RINGLESS AT 4/11

IMAGINE, ONLY 4/11 FOR SHEERS! DULLEST OF DULL FINISHED PURE SILK, GREATER ELASTICITY, AND GUARANTEED RINGLESS!

AND LOOK! BOND'S NUMBER 333 SHEERS ARE REINFORCED ALL ROUND THE TOES ..NOT JUST OVER THE BIG TOE LIKE MOST SHEERS.

MORE CHEERS! THE REINFORCED HEEL PANEL COMES OUT HERE AT THE SIDE, JUST WHERE SHOES RUB ANKLES MOST. THAT MEANS EXTRA MILES OF WEAR!

Ask for BOND'S NUMBER 333

4/11 a pair at all smart stores.
For the same lovely stocking in SERVICE SHEERS .. BOND'S NUMBER 999, 4/11 a pair

And three more favourites by Bond's

"FASCINATION", GRENADINE SHEERS, 7/11 a pair
"REFINEMENT", CREPE SHEERS 7/11 a pair
"ADMIRATION", PURE SILK SHEERS 5/11 a pair

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Fashion Portfolio . . . Fifth Page

What Smart Punters Wore In Cup Week

● Veils and flowers on brims and toques . . . prints, stripes, pastels . . . pleats and little jackets

MRS. JIMMIE BANCKS, of Sydney, was one of the smartest race-goers at Flemington. Her coat and blouse were of white sharkskin, and her veil-trimmed black straw hat matched her black skirt.

LADY GOWRIE (centre), talks with Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Fairbairn, at Flemington, on Derby Day. Lady Gowrie, who recently returned from England, wore a pink and black printed crepe gown, a black crepe coat, and a black Breton edged with pink.

CYCLAMEN WAS WORN with good effect by Miss Bunty Govett, of Melbourne. Her mesh-swathed hat repeated the two shades of frock and coat.

TWO ATTRACTIVE PUNTERS on the lawns were Mrs. Herbert Douglass, of Sydney (left), and Mrs. Eric Mitchell. Mrs. Douglass combined hyacinth and navy.

MISS BERYL SPRY (left), with Miss Joan Peacock, of Sydney. Miss Peacock's tan hat had a trimming of tiny emerald green feathers.

LADY STONEHAVEN (left), with Sir Harry and Lady Chauvel. Lady Stonehaven, who is the wife of a former Governor-General, is revisiting Australia.

MISSES FAY STODART (left), Prudence Fairbairn, and Anne Hill favored prints and stripes.

AT RIGHT: Misses Valerie Crowther (left) and Pamela Armstrong, and Mrs. Alec Creswick, made a smart trio.

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Why Does LIGHT FAIR HAIR Lure Men More than Dark Fair Hair?

Science Says "LIGHTER" Fair Haired Women Have 47% More Sex Appeal

Scientists tell us in figures what we already know from life—that when Fair hair darkens, gets mousy—then that extra sex-appeal goes too! Sta-blond will keep your fair hair *light* without that cheap, bleached look. It not only cleans the hair, makes it soft and silky (any good shampoo will do that), but it does what no other shampoo even claims to do—**brings back that true golden "lighter" colour to the most faded and darkened fair hair, keeps it golden — prevents light fair hair from darkening**—without dyes or injurious bleaches!

Then Vitex, the amazing hair vitamin in Sta-blond, prevents and cures brittleness and dandruff—stimulates the roots of the hair. Try it just once, see for yourself what unhoped-for allure it can bring you! *Contains no dyes or injurious bleaches.*

Sole distributors: Fassett and Johnson Ltd., P.O. Box. 3579 SS, Sydney.

Now Sta-blond Contains Enough For 2 Shampoos

STAY FAIR WITH STA-BLOND

REVIVALS . . .

Sketched by PETROV

• OUR LONDON FASHION EDITOR, Mary St. Claire, sent by air mail news of the interesting fashion revivals sketched on this page by our fashion artist, Petrov. They include: (1) String of rubies worn straight across the brow and hanging in a pendant at each side. (2) Tiny cartwheel of fur with flower centre, tied under the chin with colored ribbons.

● (3) "Real old lace" arranged as a fichu on a strapless evening gown. (4) Nightdresses have become two-piece ensembles. In crepe suzette and Chinese silk they have tiny bed boleros or three-quarter jackets, while those in more transparent materials have long matching negligees.

In the Spotlight ...

All day long, in all your contacts, your face is the centre of people's attention. Let *your* face make you star in the daily drama of life—your complexion fresh and radiant, tissues smooth with youthful firmness—made so, kept so, by daily cleansing, nourishing and protection with Richard Hudnut's Three Flowers creams!

Three Flowers Cleansing Cream—to thoroughly cleanse your skin of makeup and dust.

Three Flowers Skin and Tissue Cream—to lubricate the tissues with nourishing oils and keep your skin smooth and young-looking, free from wrinkles.

Three Flowers Vanishing Cream—a perfect powder base and daylong protection against the ravages of wind, sun and grime.

Use all three Three Flowers creams for a lovelier You! Jars 2/6—tubes 1/6.

Three Flowers Hand Cream. Look at your hands. Do they add years to your age? Are they dry, lined, rough or chapped? Then you need Three Flowers Hand Cream to *restore* their young-girl softness and firm texture . . . Are your hands smooth and young-looking? Then you need Three Flowers Hand Cream to *keep* them so. Jars 2/6.

three flowers BEAUTY AIDS

RICHARD HUDNUT • New York • Paris • Sydney

"ONLY THING FOR INDIGESTION"

Mr. C. McD., of Wilsdon, Teulba, writes: "I have suffered from indigestion, and I find that TWIN SODA is the only thing that does me any good." (The original of this unsolicited tribute is on file). TWIN SODA will end your indigestion. First it neutralises all excess stomach acids and thus stops pain at once. Secondly, its gentle laxative action cleanses digestive organs and restores healthy functioning. Your chemist sells TWIN SODA at 1/6 a large packet.***

"Fit for a century!"

ENO KEEPS CHILDREN KEEN ON GAMES— FULL OF ENERGY

Make sure that your children are always full of high spirits—able to excel at work or play. Give them Eno's "Fruit Salt" and ensure that their systems are kept free from dangerous accumulations of food waste. Children love Eno's pleasant taste and merry sparkle.

Eno's "Fruit Salt," the famous household remedy for digestive ailments and disorders of the stomach, contains nothing to irritate or harm little insides. It acts gently and naturally, regulates the system and helps the body to function properly and punctually. Yet it never strains or upsets and never forms a habit. Get a bottle of Eno to-day and see that all the family enjoy a sparkling glass regularly.

ENO IS DIFFERENT because

Eno contains no Epsom, Glauber or other harsh purgative mineral salts.

Eno contains no sugar to overheat the blood.

Eno is non-irritant and non-habit forming.

Eno is pleasant to taste, safe, mild yet thorough in action.

Eno being highly concentrated is far more economical.

Eno costs 2/3 and double quantity 3/9

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'

The words Eno and "Fruit Salt" are registered trade marks. Jul55

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Our Fashion Service and Concession Pattern

Expert patterns now available for all styles shown here

EVENING GLAMOR
WW2609.—A striking and unusual design for evening wear. Sizes, 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required: 6½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

CHIC PLAYSUIT
WW2610.—Shorts and shirt combine to make this attractive playsuit. Sizes, 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required: 1¼ yards for shorts, and 2¼ yards for blouse, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

BRACER SLACKS
WW2611.—A most attractive and unusual design for sports wear. Sizes, 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required: 4 yards for slacks, and 2½ yards for blouse, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

SUMMER CHIC
WW2612.—Inverted pleat in bolero and Peter Pan collar make this smart bolero frock. Sizes, 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required: 4¼ yards for skirt and bolero, and 2 yards for blouse, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

VOGUE FOR CONTRAST
WW2613.—Attractive mode for figured material. Sizes, 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required: 3¼ yards, 36 inches wide, and ¼ yard contrast. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

MEXICAN HAT
WW2614.—Chic hat for sporting occasions, especially beach. Sizes, 21-inch to 22½-inch head. Material required: 1 to 1½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

FOR SMART MATRONS
WW2615. — Smart matrons will appreciate this becoming style for the warmer days. Sizes, 38-inch to 46-inch bust. Material required: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide, and ¼ yard contrast. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

JAUNTY PLAYSUIT
WW2616. — For sport you will find this outfit indispensable. Bolero completes the ensemble. Sizes, 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required: 3¼ yards for skirt and bolero, and 1¼ yards for bodice and belt contrasting material. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

OUR SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN

Dirndl Styles

THIS week's three-in-one concession pattern provides for three attractive dirndl frocks, clipped to the waist, full-skirted, full-sleeved.

To obtain fill in coupon at left, enclose 3d. in stamps, and send to our offices.

Sizes, 32-inch, 34-inch, and 36-inch bust.

Material required: 36 inches wide:

No. 1. FROCK: 4¼ yards.
No. 2. FROCK: 4¼ yards.
No. 3. FROCK: 4¼ yards, and 2¼ yards frilling.

CONCESSION PATTERN COUPON

This Coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a concession pattern of the garments illustrated above right, fill in the coupon and post it, with 3d. STAMP, clearly marking on the envelope, "Pattern Department," to any of the following addresses. Be careful to specify which size you want. A 3d. STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. An extra charge of threepence will be made for patterns over one month old.

ADELAIDE—Box 388A, G.P.O.
BRISBANE—Box 4002, G.P.O.
MELBOURNE—Box 185, G.P.O.
NEWCASTLE—Box 41, G.P.O.
NEW ZEALAND—Write to Sydney Office.
PERTH—Box 491G, G.P.O.
SYDNEY—Box 4299TT, G.P.O.
If calling, 168 Castlereagh Street, or Dalton House, 115 Pitt Street.
TASMANIA—Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne.

Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see address of our office, which will be found on Page 2.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
.....
.....
STATE ..... Size .....
Pattern Coupon, 5/11/38.

PLEASE NOTE

TO ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should (1) Write your name and full address in block letters. (2) Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. (3) State size required. (4) When ordering a child's pattern state age of child. (5) Use box numbers given on concession coupon. (6) When sending for concession pattern, enclose 3d. stamp.

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50% BETTER FOR HEADACHES!

HED-OIDS medical A.P.C. powders, made to a special medical formula and 17 times tested for purity, shatter headaches where other preparations fail to bring relief. Hed-oids, the synergic compound for headaches, are 50 effective because they contain different but related therapeutic substances, which combine to increase the individual effectiveness of each. Hed-oids do not contain any harmful drug, and have no effect whatever on the digestion or heart. Perfectly safe and rapid in action, they are packed in handy pocket or handbag tins of 12 powders for 1/6, or single powders 2d. Each powder is specially SEALED, and cannot deteriorate. If you prefer tablets, buy Hed-oids in handy tins 9d. Obtainable Chemists and Stores everywhere.

Hed-oids
MEDICAL A.P.C. POWDERS
FOR HEADACHES

Radio's Church Sessions Prove the Appeal of Religion

HYMNS AND BIBLE STORIES ATTRACT LARGE "CONGREGATIONS"

Sessions with a religious appeal are among the most widely appreciated of all radio programmes.

Station 2GB has had definite proof of this in the interest shown in several such sessions on their schedule. Their experience suggests that the community has not gone so far from religion as appears on the surface.

ON all sides there is discussion of the empty state of the churches and the crowded contrast on the beaches.

And the query follows that could not the people have drifted from the habit of church attendance without abandoning appreciation of religion itself?

At a time of crisis, for instance, like those grim September weeks just past, an almost universal impulse to turn back to the Church for comfort and guidance can be noticed.

During the worst years of the depression Church attendances improved.

So the feeling remains, even though sport is a magnet to a large section of the community who a generation or two ago spent Sunday in church as a matter of course.

A survey of religious radio sessions suggests that empty seats in church cannot be taken as a measurement of a swing away from religion.

Nobody, of course, can compute accurately the audience which "attends church" on the wireless, but there is ample proof that church sessions do reach an enormous body of the community.

In spreading universally messages of different denominations, radio is going far to produce a broad feeling of religious toleration.

In America and Australia a tremendous audience has been gathered for sessions which, outside the boundaries of any church, are yet essentially religious in their appeal.

Such sessions as "Hymns of all Churches," "The Little Country Church," and "Immortal Stories from the Book of Books" rank among the most warmly-appreciated programmes transmitted throughout America.

They are now being heard in Australia—in Sydney from 2GB. And, judging by the letters which have greeted the sessions, among that audience are sinner and saint, rich and poor, all instinctively responding to the sincerity of their appeal.

The story of "The Little Country Church," which is such a phenomenal attraction in America, is that of a former army chaplain who returned from France a sick and disillusioned man.

In the peace of a country town he recovered his faith. The session has by its sincerity struck a responsive chord among Americans, and is now gathering an equally wide audience through 3GB.

Commentators in America in discussing the appeal of "Hymns of All Churches" claim that it has a regular audience of 19,000,000 people.

The response in Sydney provides evidence that people who rarely attend church still seek and find inspiration and consolation in the glorious music which always has been the priceless heritage of religion.

So in this year of 1938, with the empty churches seeming to challenge religion, there is yet in the community such a basis of religious thought that a modern radio station finds it more than worth while to include sessions which give to the listener something of the appeal which is found only in the essence of religion itself.

MISS ELISABETH POWER, the talented Sydney girl, who writes "Old Goldie the Goblin," the delightful fairy story session featured over 2GB.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY RADIO SESSIONS ... from STATION 2GB

Featured by Dorothea Vautier.

WEDNESDAY, November 2.—11.45 a.m.: Serial, "The Woman in White," by Wilkie Collins. 2.45 p.m.: The Fashion Parade.

THURSDAY, November 3.—11.45 a.m.: Serial. 2.45 p.m.: People in the Limelight.

FRIDAY, November 4.—11.45 a.m.: Serial. 2.45 p.m.: Musical Cocktail.

SATURDAY, November 5.—2.30 p.m.: "Let's Go Places." 9.30 p.m.: Hits of To-day.

SUNDAY, November 6.—4.30 p.m.: Celebrity Singer Recital. Alessandro Valente (tenor). 6.10 p.m.: Souvenirs of Horatio Nicholls.

MONDAY, November 7.—11.45 a.m.: Serial. 2.45 p.m.: Review of The Australian Women's Weekly.

TUESDAY, November 8.—11.45 a.m.: Serial. 2.45 p.m.: The Homemaker, Miss D. Vautier.

for 2/- a month

you can hire this ELECTRIC WASH BOILER to do your washing!

If you prefer—you can *purchase* your electric wash boiler on particularly easy terms. No deposit is necessary, and terms are as low as 3/1 per month for the wash boiler and 1/2 per month for the wiring. Secure full details by calling at the Electricity Showrooms.

6d. per week! No delivery costs! No wiring costs! Now EVERY woman who is a customer of the Sydney County Council can be free from the enervating heat and drudgery of washday. You place the clothes in the boiler—turn a switch . . . and electricity does the boiling. An electric wash boiler is absolutely simple to operate, and—remember—it does not heat the laundry! Just think—2/- a month (6d. per week) places this wonderful electric servant entirely at your disposal . . . the cleanest, fastest, and most economical method of boiling in the world. Call at the Electricity Showrooms, Queen Victoria Building, or at the Burwood or Campsie Showrooms of the Sydney County Council, and make your application for AN ELECTRIC WASH BOILER ON HIRE.

THE SYDNEY COUNTY COUNCIL
QUEEN VICTORIA BUILDING, GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY
AND AT 208 BURWOOD ROAD, BURWOOD - 259 BEAMISH STREET, CAMPSIE

FREE

BANJO-MANDOLIN TO YOU!

Let us send you a magnificent All-British "Cheerio" Banjo-Mandolin. We are giving a limited number of these handsome instruments FREE to advertise our New Learn-at-home lessons. A smart, sturdy case and full equipment is included with each instrument. All you have to pay is a very low fee for a full course of new easy to learn Banjo-Mandolin lessons—the Banjo-Mandolin is FREE.

No matter how little you know about music, the Arkins Banjo-Mandolin method is so simple, clear, and easy that you begin a piece with your first lesson. Photographs and simple diagrams explain every move. In a few weeks you'll be able to play any music—popular songs, classical, old-time melodies, or real jazz. Do not hesitate. Put in your application NOW.

FREE COUPON

ARKINS BANJO-MANDOLIN COURSE,
2 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

Please post me full information about your FREE All-British "CHEERIO" Banjo-Mandolin Offer. This places me under no obligation and I enclose 4d. in stamps for postage.

Name .....

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.....

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Real Life Stories

How a Box of Matches Saved a Woman's Life

Tragedy Averted by Cigarette Smoker's "Mistake"

"The stranger took careful aim at me."

SAVED by a box of matches! It sounds rather fantastic, but all the same it is true.

I was about eighteen years old and the boy who has been my husband for a good many years now and I had gone for a stroll in the evening and had wandered down a path which led to a tiny reserve fronting Sydney Harbor.

Moored some distance out was a large steamer, the captain of which was a great friend of ours, and we selected this spot to have a good look at the vessel.

It was a glorious moonlit night, and as we walked down we noticed that our favorite seat near the water was already occupied, so we had perforce to take a seat nearer the path and overshadowed by a large tree.

Here I must state that my fiance was notorious for never having matches. It was a standing joke among his friends.

So it was evidently Fate which intervened that night and saw to it that he had a box of matches.

Suddenly from the path above came the sound of running feet, which slowed as the man caught sight of us in the shadows.

Not saying a word, he placed himself in front of us, and, through the swaying branches of the tree, a shaft of moonlight fell on something gleaming in his hand.

My fiance had just taken a cigarette out of his case, and I laughed, thinking "he will have no matches," when he struck one.

But my laugh immediately changed to a feeling of horror and both of us started up in alarm.

The stranger confronting us was taking careful aim at me. The gleam in his hand was the nickel-plating of a revolver.

But as he saw my face by the brief light of the match he screamed and dropped the gun to the ground.

"Good heavens," he said, "I thought you were my wife."

At the sound of his voice the couple on the other seat called out and ran towards us. We were too astounded to speak.

"Bill, Bill!" the girl was calling in an appealing voice. My first thought was that she was his wife, but luckily she was his sister-in-law.

He turned on her savagely: "A nice thing when a man's been away to return and find his two kids alone in the house and his wife out. I warned her before I went away."

At this we hurried away, the sound of the three excited voices pursuing us.

We never heard the end of the story, but that box of matches undoubtedly saved me from serious injury, if not death.

£1/1/- to Mrs. A. M. McWilliam, 60 The Point Road, Woolwich, North Sydney.

Night in the Tropics

SOME nights live long in the memory. This Fijian one did.

My husband being ill, he and I were travelling from the second largest island in the group to Suva for medical advice.

One evening, at nightfall, we reached a small village in our six-ton cutter, and, preferring to sleep on board, the boat was anchored close inshore, while the Fijian crew visited their village friends.

Some hours later I was awakened by the quick patter of the captain's bare feet as he rushed to the anchor chain in the bows, and then his terrifying cry, "We're drifting—engine—quick!"

The faulty engine spluttered and wheezed, and for many minutes of breathless suspense we listened — ears alert for the dread crunch and scrape on the coral reef, and the merciless breakers; also for the welcome chug of the working engine.

When the latter came, it was a wonderfully relieved and grateful trio that the little boat slowly took back to the village.

5/- to Mrs. Chambers, Queen St., Burnie, Tas.

Caught in Trap

WHILE holidaying in the Razorback Mountains at Picton, N.S.W., a man setting traps for rabbits attracted my attention, and I decided to investigate.

After he had gone I scratched away the dirt and, as I expected, the trap went off.

Yes, it went off all right, catching me by the nose and thumb. The pain was awful at first, but gradually I got used to it.

It was not until sundown that the trapper returned, and when he saw me his laughter almost shook the mountains.

After about five minutes he got me free, and later on I married him.

5/- to Mrs. Walter Brookes, Wanouri, Walgett, N.S.W.

Gas—and a Match

BEFORE electricity came to our district our church was lit by acetylene gas, which my elder brother prepared.

One Sunday evening, on going over to light up the church, he found that the carbide had leaked away and more would have to be made.

Kneeling down he extracted the sleeve of used gas and prepared another to slip into place. But owing to the darkness he could not place it properly and asked me to light a match.

Immediately there was an explosion, and a shoot of flame enveloped us. Momentarily blinded we both staggered away from the burning gas-house, escaping with singed hair, eyebrows and clothes.

5/- to Mrs. K. Plapp, Cooee, via Burnie, Tas.

Dog to the Rescue

WITH my husband away at work in the bush I was drawing water from a well some distance from the house when I was grabbed by the back of the neck.

Terrified, I screamed. In a flash I was free and saw a wild-looking man speed into the bush with our cattle dog, Bluey, hanging to his leg.

It was discovered later that the man was a dangerous lunatic.

5/- to Mrs. L. West, Rydal, N.S.W.

SEND IN YOUR STORY!

ALL readers are invited to contribute to this page.

Set down simply the most outstanding incident in which you have been concerned. It does not matter whether it be tragic, humorous, or eerie, but it must be AUTHENTIC.

A prize of £1/1/- is awarded for the best Real Life Story each week, and 5/- for others published.

Write your letters legibly on one side of the paper, and address them: Real Life Stories, The Australian Women's Weekly. The full address will be found at the top of Page 3.

It's Not His Fault

he's Nervous, Jumpy and Timid . . .

The Doctor Knows It's

Faulty Elimination

By rights he should be the brightest, happiest of lads, but faulty elimination has taken its toll.

Faulty elimination, unlike constipation, cannot be easily detected. Faulty elimination means that whilst the bowels may appear to be regular, they are only half functioning, allowing food waste to pour unsuspected poisons into the blood stream, thus overtaxing the liver and kidneys (the blood purifying organs). The child's health must suffer. Finicky, cranky moods and loss of appetite can only be expected.

Medical science knows one safe, gentle medicament that induces natural bowel movement, thus relieving the overworked liver and kidneys.

Laxettes contain this medicament. Laxettes are entirely free from purgative, often harmful, ingredients that scour the natural lubricant out of the bowels, and cause subsequent troubles.

Nothing else can be as safe as a course of Laxettes. Their absolute reliability makes them a necessity in your home. And their delicious chocolate flavour makes them every child's favourite.

Do YOU suffer with Headaches, Indigestion, Biliousness, Dizziness, Tiredness, Loss of Appetite?

A course of Laxettes is your safest, surest remedy. 1/6 the large tin—6d. sample tin. Only genuine if in the tin.

LAXETTES

Rectify Faulty Elimination

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Look here, upon this picture....and on this!

THE DISTORTED MIRROR certainly gives a distorted view of things. For instance, the bathing girl looks as if the ice-cream is not agreeing with her, whereas, actually, she is enjoying it. On the other hand, while the lady on the right may approve short skirts, she does not fancy the shortness the mirror has given her.

"Going on Seven"—but wiser than his Dad about the care of his teeth and gums

Ipana and Massage help your dentist keep gums firm and teeth sound

DAD may laugh at Billy's errors in grammar and his slips in spelling, but there's one schoolroom lesson Billy has pat—*and one that Dad ought to learn!* For, young as he is, Billy knows the meaning of "pink tooth brush" and the importance of massage to healthy gums and sound, sparkling teeth. He could tell his own Dad a thing or two there—*and Dad would be wise to take Billy's advice to heart!*

For, in schools all over the country, youngsters like this are being taught the importance of massage to healthy gums, *the importance of healthy gums to sound teeth.* They know the meaning—and the threat—of "pink tooth brush."

"Pink tooth brush" is only a warning. But if you see it—*see your dentist!* It may not mean serious trouble ahead, but let him decide. Usually, however, his verdict will be, "Lazy gums"—"gums robbed of work by our modern soft and creamy foods." Probably he'll suggest "more exercise, more vigorous chewing," and often the "helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana, with massage, is especially designed to help the gums as well as to clean the teeth. Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. Circulation quickens in the gum tissues. Gums tend to become firmer—more resistant to trouble.

Try Ipana to-day. See how much it can do to help you to a more attractive and a *safer* smile.

Choice of a dentifrice calls for professional assistance, therefore Ipana is sold by CHEMISTS ONLY.

Ipana
TOOTH PASTE

WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Astrological Research Society

Don't go looking for fight with Scorpions! You'll get it for sure. And this time of the year they are particularly aggressive.

MOST Scorpio-born folk like to get on the warpath round about now.

During their birth-month (which lasts from October 24 to November 23), they seem to possess much additional energy and a great desire to be pressing forward on the road to success.

They have strong desires and ambitions. Their likes and dislikes are virile and not to be doubted, for they are not averse from showing their feelings and opinions.

If they like you they'll show it in no uncertain manner; if they don't, the best thing to do is to place time and distance between them and yourself, for their inborn knowledge of how to hurt others seems almost uncanny.

Very few Scorpions are cruel in the real sense of the word. Rather is it that they despise weaknesses, deceit, and injustice.

Yet those who earn their love and faith can rest assured that they will receive a degree of loyalty which will neither weaken nor fail them—that is, while ever they continue to deserve it.

They will take away their love and help just as quickly as they will give it. They stand for no half-measures, and demand full affection and trust in return.

For these things they will fight all your battles with a courage that has something noble about it.

They will also fight on behalf of the oppressed or misunderstood, even complete strangers, and will spare neither words nor energy in so doing.

Truth to tell, Scorpions glory in a battle of any kind. This, of course, may account for some of their apparent good nature in fighting on behalf of other people.

Be that as it may, if you gain the friendship of a true son or daughter of Scorpio, you can be sure of a verbal and physical bodyguard which can always be depended upon in a crisis.

They'll fight for themselves, too. In fact, they seem to carry a chip around on their shoulders, forever asking that someone will knock it off.

They are quick to resent criticism or restriction of any kind; they can be beguiled by soft words but can seldom be bullied or shouted at; they can be selfish and a little unfair about demanding attention and respect; they have quite a good opinion of themselves, and if you are truculent about admitting their *good points* (*supposed or real*), then it's likely to be just too bad.

The person who deliberately upsets and antagonises a Scorpion is looking for trouble. Therefore, as Scorpio will usually come out of the fray the victor, in one way or another—whether then or later on—common sense dictates caution before chip-knocking is indulged in.

All this talk about battles and chip-knocking makes Scorpio folk sound very warlike. So they are. Or, at any rate, most of them are.

But if the truth must be told, they are also some of the kindest, jolliest, and most attractive people it is possible to meet.

The Daily Diary

TRY to utilise this information in your daily affairs. It will prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Just fair on November 5 and 6. Routine best.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Don't believe all you are told; don't follow your impulses; don't get into arguments; and don't be careless. Trouble would like to catch up with you in the way of losses, upsets, estrangements and worries just now, especially on November 7 and 8.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Improve routine affairs on November 9 and 10.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Forget your Cancerian caution and reserve on November 11, 12, and 13 (till noon). Confidence and aggression can help win your battles then. Go after the things you want; seek advancement and favors; make changes or journeys; begin new ventures.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Look out for squalls, for difficulties, disputes and delays await unwary Leonians. Avoid new ventures and changes. Live quietly and be on the safe side.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Quite fair for you on November 7, 8, 11, and 12.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): November 9 and 10 just fair.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): The stars favor most Scorpions now, provided rashness and aggression are not predominant. Set out a campaign for advancement and then work hard to achieve your goals. Ask favors, make changes, be venturesome and optimistic. Just avoid impulse.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): November 5 and 6 just fair. November 9 and 10 poor.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): You can turn November 7 and 8 to good account if you work hard and plan well.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): The whole world will seem against you this week unless you are quiet and cautious, especially on November 7, 8, and 9 (very early). Avoid changes and opposition of all kinds. Delays, restrictions and annoyances can upset all your plans.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Be optimistic and confident on November 11 and 12, for the stars will help you to gain your ends then. Plan to start some changes or new ventures, and to seek advancement of some kind then.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them.—Editor, A.W.W.]

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Trousseau

Continued from Page 14

STEVEN SANDOR had evolved certain clever ways of avoiding importunate clients. One which he used in emergencies was to take the back stairs and let himself out by the staff door. On this evening he used this bolt hole to get free from a transatlantic film star, whose custom he did not covet, but who was determined to be dressed by him. Slipping through the door just a moment before the boss of six would release his staff into the quiet back street of Mayfair, en route for their buses and tubes, he was smiling to himself at his own astuteness when an unexpected sight wiped the smile abruptly from his lips. The sight of that big car of Lord Buckersley's which had waited so often by his front door.

Discreetly withdrawn a few yards, it now waited unmistakably, outside the staff entrance.

"And I shall wait, too," thought Sandor, strolling to the very far end of the street, and standing in the shadows of a jutting doorway.

He had not long to wait. Almost at once the incredibly slim figure of his most exotic mannequin, Tanis, came through the staff door as lightly as a leaf blown by the wind, and disappeared into the seclusion of that great car, waiting to receive her. A hand drew her in, and closed the door behind her, and then the blue monster car slid away.

Tanis and Lord Buckersley. The bridegroom-to-be and his own mannequin! A pretty little kettle of fish for the consideration of Steven Sandor. He considered it very closely in his luxurious Berkeley Square flat, with the help of many cigarettes and several cups of black coffee.

His first sensation was one of amusement. So Buckersley was like that! Not above a sordid little adventure on the very eve of his wedding. Sandor's lip curled with contempt.

But when it came to the thought of June he smoked feverishly, and prayed himself with a liqueur glass of brandy before finding a solution.

Ought he to warn her?

If he did not, a titled cad would pluck that white rose and wear it. But if he did he would insult her by the mere telling her of such a story. Sandor couldn't face the problem.

There were people in the world whose instincts would show them what to do. People whose code held a clear ruling for every social event, however strange. They were stupid people, very often. People who could not earn a five-pound note, far less turn over fifty thousand a year. But in this they were his superiors.

Regretfully the proud Sandor acknowledged it. But failing any inherited code there was nothing for it but to puzzle this out alone.

June.

HE remembered the look in those green eyes when he saw her first. Hard, proud, brilliant, and ashamed all at once it had been. And, if he held her that his mannequin had gone off in Buckersley's car—was meeting him furtively, like this—he would bring that look back . . . humiliate her . . . shatter her proud dreams.

Easily enough he could have done this but for one thing, which happened to be that he loved her—had loved her ever since she walked into his room with her mother to order a trousseau without paying for it.

When the hands of his buhl clock moved to midnight he made up his mind. Because he wanted her so badly for himself, wanted so passionately to shatter those dreams of hers before they became inescapable realities, he could never tell her.

"On with the farce," said Steven Sandor inwardly, walking through the empty rooms to face a sleepless night. . . . .

When, in the largest and best-lit cubicle at Sandors', the head fitter slipped the short filmy veil over Mme Elmer's leaf-brown head, even the dress-hardened vendeuse who stood by gasped with admiration.

"Now I fetch Monsieur Sandor," she announced proudly.

The white-clad figure of the bride-to-be turned.

"Why need you fetch him?" she asked hurriedly.

"The wreath, Mademoiselle. He will fix it himself, then we shall see the complete effect. It is our rule. Some alteration may be needed before it leaves here."

To Steven Sandor, standing in the doorway, June, in her costly simple village-maiden wedding gown, whose flounces looked like filmy rose petals, so fine they were, was heart-breakingly beautiful. She did not look merely a girl in her wedding dress; she looked the eternal bride of every man's dreams.

Silent he stood, the white wreath held in his hand, his eyes fixed on her. Then she smiled, and it was as if she had released him from a spell.

"Are you pleased?" he asked, coming forward and standing by her side.

"It's lovely. The only thing in my trousseau I really like."

"Now stand still," he enjoined, "and hold your head straight."

Then, for the first time, he lightly touched that brown wavy hair, and set the light diadem of roses, specially made in Paris, widely above the straight line of her forehead, the faint arch of her brows.

Studying the effect over her shoulder, he saw that she was blushing, and wondered what thought had started that tide of color. It added the last touch of innocence to her bridal look.

In that instant he changed his mind.

"After all, I must tell her," he thought, with a sudden protective impulse which was quite absurdly strong.

Not much time, though. Mrs. Elmer was expected every moment. The vendeuse had gone to meet her and bring her to the cubicle. The fitter, too, had passed beyond the curtains on some errand of her own. This moment was theirs.

"May I be very impertinent . . ." Steven Sandor caught his breath, "say something most personal to you. . . .? And will you listen, and forgive me?"

HE was stammering a little. Not one of his friends and acquaintances, and certainly none of his business associates or customers, would have recognised that it was Sandor speaking. It was a voice which only one woman had ever heard—the woman here beside him.

"Don't say anything," June stopped him abruptly, with her old defensive manner. "I don't want to hear it. I won't hear it. Do you hear me? I won't!"

He shrugged, with a nicely-mingled sensation of relief and despair. The gods had spoken. The sacrifice must go on. His part was only to make the sacrificial robes for the victim, and his part was done.

After the shrug, he bowed very low.

"I say no more."

And, as Mrs. Elmer came in with exclamations of delight and admiration, he was adjusting the slim silver sash which clasped June's waist.

"This is too loose, Miss James," he said authoritatively to the fitter. "Make the knot tighter."

Then he smiled grimly, because in a few days another knot would be tied by a bishop and two minor clergy, a knot which, even in these days, there's some trouble in undoing.

Even at Sandors' things went wrong sometimes, though, unless they were very conspicuously wrong, the great Mr. Sandor was not troubled with them. Yet when Tanis, who should have been there at nine-thirty, failed to appear by twelve, they did mention it because, it so happened, certain models were to be shown to a very important customer, which only Tanis could wear with the right distinction. It was really not an important matter, however, soothed the vendeuse, Simone could take her place at a pinch.

To her surprise, Mr. Sandor did not seem inclined to leave the matter to her, and flung question after question at the harassed woman. At last, in despair, she summoned Margot, who appeared in haste, wrapped in the kimono they all wore when not in the showroom, her eyes big and alarmed.

Please turn to Page 50

Scientific Reading of the Hands

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Fat and Constipation

ENDANGER FIGURE AND LOOKS

If you are putting on fat and are overweight you should take care it is not caused by the absorption of waste digestive matter into the system. If this is not dispersed regularly each day, it ferments and gradually gets into the blood stream, forming unhealthy, fat tissue, and causing headaches, pimply skin, biliousness, liverishness and bad breath. Health, good looks and fitness are positively endangered.

For constipation take Pinkettes. These harmless, effective little pills teach the bowels to exercise properly. Compounded of ingredients that have a strengthening effect, Pinkettes cause the bile to flow properly and disperse waste digestive accumulations regularly and thoroughly. Get a 1/3 bottle to-day. At chemists and stores.

Do You Know?

Sea waves spoil hair waves, but Dampette puts them back in 2 minutes.

* * * *

It's out of fashion to say "O yeah" and "Too right" — Smart girls say "I use Dampette."

* * * *

A perm grows out quickly. Dampette makes your perm more permanent.

* * *

Add C to surf and you get scurf. Dampette prevents dandruff.

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There's 3 months of natural waves in every 2/- bottle of Dampette.

* * * * *

You can get DAMPETTE at all Chemists and Stores, price 2/-. Contains Vitamin P.***

By third degree methods, Steven extracted the truth. Tanis wasn't coming back any more. She had run away to be married.

"To whom?" thundered Steven.

But at this point Margot took refuge in hysterics.

"You'll soon know," she sobbed. "I promised not to tell."

Dismissing her from the room with a wave of the hand, Steven carried on as usual. It was probably true that they would soon know, yet, if his guess was correct, it would be no surprise.

An hour later, a letter was delivered by hand.

"This is to let you know that a catastrophe has happened. Ivor Buckersley has gone off," Mrs. Elmer wrote in a maze of underlinings and hysterical flourishes, "with that mannequin of yours. He actually wrote to tell June he is going to marry the girl . . . will have married her by the time you get this. June is heartbroken. No wonder. And in the midst of our trouble we are thinking of you and our immense debt to you. Will you be generous and wait for payment until I have sold out sufficient stock to meet your claims?"

There was much more of this, but as Steven Sandor read it only one sentence stood out from the rest.

"June is heartbroken."

* * * *

The evening papers gave bold black headlines and intriguing captions to the astounding news of Lord Buckersley's marriage to a mannequin employed at Sandors', treating it according to their pleasure—either as "Broken Romance of a Society Beauty," or "Romantic Wedding of a Peer with Beautiful Mannequin," so that alternately June's wide eyes stared at him, or Tanis' long slanting eyes and alluring mouth smiled up at her bridegroom, as they emerged from the Registrar's office in the small country town in Dorsetshire.

It was late when Steven Sandor drove round to that flat of Mrs. Elmer's, her letter in his pocket, a sombre look of uncertainty in his eyes. It was June he was going to see, and June he intended to see before he left that flat. There were things he meant to say, and she should not stop him this time.

Mrs. Elmer, it appeared, could not see anyone. She was unwell, and lying down, the flurried-looking parlormaid told him, adding that she had been given very particular instructions to keep everyone out.

"I will see Miss Elmer," he announced in the low, imperious tone which made everyone at Sandors' fly to do his bidding.

But the parlormaid was not at Sandors', and at first she stood her ground.

"I'm not sure. Miss June is in the drawing-room, but . . . You're not a newspaper gentleman, are you, sir?" she asked hesitatingly. "We've had so many."

"I am," said Steven Sandor, "a friend," and before she could prevent him he walked swiftly by her and opened the door.

Trousseau

Continued from Page 49

His first impression was that June looked smaller. His next that she had been crying.

Then she was unhappy. When he knew just how unhappy, he would go.

"I have come," he said, taking the listless hand she gave him, "to offer a formal apology for the fact that it is one of my employees who has brought this complication into your life."

"Does that matter?" asked June, and her voice betrayed a profound indifference.

"It matters to me." He looked round. "May I sit down?"

"Please do," she answered politely.

Sandor sat by her side on the sofa, still holding his gloves in his hand without knowing that he held them.

"I guessed it some time ago," he said, "I saw it coming. I am, after all, a man of the world. I tried to warn you, but you would not allow me to speak. Do you remember?"

June looked confused at that.

"I remember . . . I thought you were going to say something quite different."

He did not ask her what she had thought he was going to say. Perhaps he was a gentleman, after all. He drew Mrs. Elmer's letter from his pocket.

"Reassure your mother as regards finance," he said. "She owes me nothing. After all, money is so unimportant."

"Thank you," said June.

There was a pause.

"She tells me your heart is broken," he went on, twiddling at his gloves mechanically, staring at them as if he had never seen them before. "If that is true, it is very sad. He should not be able to break a heart like yours."

"He has not broken it," said June.

Steven dropped a glove, retrieved it, and spoke hurriedly.

"Then one may hope—in time—you will recover your spirits?"

"Oh, very soon," she amended, and there was something unsuitably radiant about her look. Something unquenchable.

"Find someone more worthy?" he suggested, puzzled by her attitude.

June nodded, as if that, too, was extremely likely.

Steven Sandor looked at her steadily. Then he stood up.

"Before I go," he said, "there is a little matter. . . . I should like your instructions — about the second trousseau."

That did surprise her.

"The second trousseau?" she echoed.

"Yes," he answered imperturbably. "What is to be done with it?"

Her mouth trembled into a faint smile.

"Surely one trousseau we can't pay for is bad enough, but I don't understand . . ."

Steven Sandor explained.

"There is one I made for you as a—a wedding present of my own. You will recollect some of the dresses ordered did not please you—weren't really your choice? I ventured to interpret your taste more correctly. A second trousseau is ready for you whenever you want it, which cannot possibly remind you of the first."

Her green eyes dwelt upon him for a long second.

"Why have you done this strange thing, Mr. Sandor?"

He shrugged.

"Just a whim," he parried.

There seemed nothing more to say. She was a girl with two trousseaus and no bridegroom, and he was a fantastically generous man who had supplied them for nothing. He got up and went to the door, having made her an excellent little bow.

But, in the hall, he saw that one of his immaculate gloves was missing. Mechanically he went back to fetch it.

The white rose was shaken by a windy gust of sobs—by a sudden rain of tears.

"I left my glove," said Steven Sandor, staring.

"You left me," sobbed June, "and I was so sure you loved me!"

At those words Steven Sandor touched the stars. Most of us do some time or other in our lives.

"Of course I love you," he said almost violently. "But I thought I ought to leave you. You see," he explained with a kind of proud humility, "I am Sandor, and I have made a great deal of money, but I'm not good enough for you. I don't know how to behave—not really, in your world."

The white rose was very close, had glided, in fact, into his arms.

"Don't be silly," she whispered. "Everyone has behaved outrageously, except you. And as for not being in my world, that's nonsense! You," ended June Elmer, "are my world."

When she gave him this assurance there was nothing more he could say. There was, of course, something still a man could do, and he did it.

When he had kissed her, "We must be married at once," he declared, "otherwise the creations I have designed for you will be out of date, and that I could not possibly permit."

But he wasn't thinking of fashion—he was thinking of June in that white wedding-dress with that fragile crown of roses on her head.

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A simple way to keep your skin young

SYBIL:—"The sun and dust and wind never seem to affect your skin. It is always so clear, so fresh, so youthful-looking, such a pretty colour."

JANIE:—"My dear Sybil, do you think I would be so foolish as to let the sun and dust and winds spoil my skin and make it coarse and old looking, freckled, brown and sunburnt? I mean to keep my skin as clear and as young looking as long as I can.

SYBIL:—"Wise woman! And what do you use? It must be rather wonderful."

JANIE:—"It is. I use Charmosan."

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Charmosan liquid cream hand lotion

Non-sticky . . . non-greasy. Big size 2/-. Small 1/-. Sold by all chemists, drapers and stores.

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"I can never be too grateful to 'VIKELP,' and my only regret is that I did not know of it earlier, it would have saved me much misery. I recently met a friend I have not seen for three years and she was astonished at the change in me as she had never seen me so well or so happy for years."—C. P., Brussels.

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Seven Must Die

Continued from Page 6

"THINGS have changed slightly," Sherman said. "Doctor Mayhew seems to want you."

"Where's the captain?" Joe asked.

Mayhew, in the darkness of the passage, said, "You will find Mr. Fanning's body in that state-room. Take it out on deck."

"No, sarr!" Melville said. "Ah'm not goin' to touch it!"

"Hold your light higher, Mr. Drumm," Mayhew said.

Joe Lount said, "Where's the captain?" Then he saw the gun in Mayhew's hand. "What you do-ing?"

"Get in there, both of you, and bring out Mr. Fanning!"

"No," Joe breathed.

Mayhew fired at his feet without lowering the gun. There was the flash of light the gun made and the roar of it batting endlessly around their ears, echoing and re-echoing in the tiny saloon, beating their eardrums in, howling at them, and there was the bitter smell of it.

"Go on, move," Melville moaned. "Mr. Mate; he kill us too!"

"You son!" Lount screamed at Mayhew. "You damn son!"

"Pull Captain MacVey out first," the doctor said pleasantly. "He's not dead. That will get you gently into the feel of it."

Melville, wide-eyed, crowded Lount into the forward passage, keeping his eyes on Mayhew as he passed him. A moment later the two of them were dragging MacVey out into the saloon. Mayhew pointed to the port locker and they lifted him up on it.

"Now get Mr. Fanning."

Both men stared at him, horrified.

Mayhew said, "He can't hurt you but I can. Get him."

They got him. The saints preserve us, how they got him—stiffly, between them, straining their upper bodies away from him, breathing through tight lips, trying not to touch him, but having to touch him. Getting him up on deck. There they covered him, and that was definitely better. And in Sherman's mind there was this, over and over again: "I'm good people; my old man was somebody in Sydney, but I slipped long ago. Babies playing on the floor—little boys with eager eyes—men with the marks of life deep in their faces and the clearness of their eyes gone forever. Death on a South Pacific island and a grave between a Kanaka and a Chinese servant."

That procession up the beach, Melville and Lount with Fanning, Mayhew walking stolidly behind them with his gun. Sherman at one side of him, plodding along with his thoughts, and over them all the waning moon with its light fast fading from the sky. They buried Fanning and filled in his grave beside the other two. For a moment Mayhew stood there looking down at the three mounds.

"You know what it is—death?" he said softly to Sherman. "The blissful relief of it?" He nodded to the three mounds.

"It's oblivion—complete. You never know sorrow again, nor joy, nor fear, nor hate. Nor do you ever know that you don't know them. There is only nothing, forever. That is paradise."

Melville whispered, "Five men dead—Mr. Fanning and Sam here, and Tucho and Al and Sloppy outside the reef"—and he went down to the water's edge to wash his hands. He scrubbed at them with sand and the sea water, washing his bare arms, rubbing briskly. The mate just stood there, waiting, still breathing heavily, still with frightened eyes.

The clear memory of the four Kanaka sailors flashed in Sherman's mind. That night in Honolulu when they had all gone down from the hotel in Staveneaux's car to see the Storm Child, laughingly, for something different to do with their boredom. The Kanaks at the hull, Tucho, in his clean Navy whites, with his slicked black hair shining like silver in the hatch light. Al standing by at the head of the companion, stiffly, to pass them down, smiling. Sam and Sloppy, together on watch at sea, talking eternally and always laughing. What islands had they come from, whom had they left behind to weep? Lush island girls who had known them, little smiling babies and the memory of the fires of youth. All the rest of them was a whisper now, down the eternal Pacific winds, gone forever into yesterday, with no returning. White teeth and smiles and sleek brown shoulders, and black hair like silver in the hatch light.

Mayhew looked at his watch. "Two o'clock, Lount," he said, "start unloading the diving equipment. I want it all taken out and brought up the beach, here to the dinghy."

When they got back aboard the Storm Child, MacVey had come to. They could hear him calling petulantly from the darkness of the boat before they climbed aboard. Mayhew stood there below the rail for a moment in indecision, then he turned to Joe Lount and Melville.

"Where is the diving gear?"

"In the forepeak," Joe said.

"Start getting it out." Joe and Melville went aboard. Mayhew turned to Sherman. "I am going to pay you a compliment. I hope I'm not ill-advised." He was holding his pistol inside his right-hand coat pocket, with the barrel stuck over the edge of the pocket. He pulled his hand out and handed the gun to Sherman. Sherman looked down at it in the waning light of the moon. It was the .38-calibre police pistol. Mayhew transferred MacVey's gun from his other pocket to his right hand and stood looking keenly at Sherman.

Sherman said, "After all, there are no policemen on the island. I suppose this is Ida Sefton's gun—the one that was in Bo Fanning's cabin, over his berth?"

"Yes," Mayhew said.

"Then you broke into Fanning's cabin."

"In a manner speaking, yes. But that is not our immediate problem. I don't suppose you have ever been down in a diving helmet."

"Once," Sherman said, "but I didn't enjoy it."

"Yes," Mayhew nodded. "That leaves us MacVey and Joe Lount to do the diving on the Albatross."

"It would have been wise, perhaps, if you had thought of that."

"I did think of it. I don't want Joe to go down, and MacVey won't now. He'll wait for Linehardt to come ashore. After all, I suppose this is mutiny"—Mayhew waved his gun slightly—"even if we are ashore."

"It's your problem," Sherman said. "Why don't you want Joe to go down?"

"There are reasons."

Melville and Joe were getting the gear out as they talked, lowering the two pumps to the sand on lines, chucking lead shoes over the side and handing down the three great copper helmets. They were two and a half feet high, with the chest plates, and cylindrical. Their glass face plates goggled in the moonlight like great fish eyes.

Mayhew said, "I want someone to go down whose word I can trust. Will you go down?"

"You flatter me."

"I have already," Mayhew said, and he nodded to the gun that he had just given to Sherman.

Sherman looked at it for a moment.

"Look here, Mayhew. I don't know one thing about the condition of that equipment. I don't know one thing about you. I won't consider either Melville or Lount helping me, but I will go down under one stipulation."

"What is it?"

"That Miss Yates works my pump, if she can do it, and that she's alone in the dinghy when she does it. That the rest of you are ashore."

Mayhew said, "That's settled, then."

Lount and Melville were standing on deck, looking down at them.

"That's all, sarr."

"Take it up to the dinghy and stow it," Mayhew told them. "We are going to carry the dinghy over to the other side of the island." He climbed aboard the Storm Child and started for the companion ladder. "Mr. Drumm," he said, "we'll move Captain MacVey over into a high bunk. I don't want to drown him with the returning tide."

They went down.

From the darkness, MacVey said quietly, "What is this? Is that you, Lount?"

"No," Mayhew said, "it's Drumm and I." MacVey didn't answer him. Sherman lit his cigarette lighter again. He could see MacVey's eyes. They were staring up coldly from the low berth.

"TAKE his shoulders, Mr. Drumm." Mayhew took his feet and they move him across the saloon to the high side and wedged him onto the canted locked top with wet cushions.

"I can wait," MacVey said, "a long time."

"Unfortunately, you'll have to."

"You think I killed Fanning, don't you?"

"That can wait, too," Mayhew told him. . . . "Come along, Mr. Drumm."

When they got out again and up the beach, Joe and Melville had the diving gear stowed aboard the dinghy. The four of them hefted at the boat. It was a load. They started for the western rock shoulder with it, Joe and Melville in front on either gunwale, Mayhew and Sherman on the stern. They made about a hundred and fifty feet with it each try. It took them three quarters of an hour to get it to the shoulder. They were almost an hour and a half getting it over the shoulder and down on the other side. Then they had to go back for the axes to cut a path through the growth, to carry it down to the tiny beach of the lagoon. Their hands were raw and the muscles of their backs and shoulders screamed with old pain. Their shirts were plastered to their bodies and their eyes were red with straining.

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The Australian Women's Weekly

TO CONTRIBUTORS AND ARTISTS

UNSUITABLE contributions will be returned if stamped, addressed envelopes are forwarded.

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6 Entrancing Shades—Blonde: Cherry: Vivid: Capucine: Raspberry: Scarlet.
ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

Seven Must Die

Continued from Page 51

WHEN they stopped on the highest point of the rock shoulder, Sherman looked beyond the reef for the green light. It was gone, but far off to the south-westward there was a tiny red one. The wind had hauled and the boat out there was sailing away from the island on the other tack.

"What do you make of it, Mayhew?"

"They're looking us over, I expect. After all, they probably have more respect for the reef than we had. They'll be back."

"If they are looking for a break in the reef, they'll wait until daylight and next tide," Joe Lount said.

"That gives us eight or ten hours."

Melville came back with the axes and they went on with the work, chopping and hauling and straining at the loaded dinghy.

It was just before daylight when they got it down to the little beach at the head of the lagoon. The tops of the palms behind stood out with the cold intensity of dawn, through the faded silver net the moon still threw over them. By the time they got back to the shelter on the other side of the island, the sun was coming up brassily, shooting through the higher vegetation, steaming it out, giving the whole island a tinsel brightness that mocked them.

Connie woke up with a stiffness in her hands and shoulders from the day before, but a feeling of being quite rested. It was pleasant there for a moment in the warmth of her bed—infinitely pleasant to lie still and let the night before with Sherman come back to her slowly and fully, and sweep her entire body with the warm flush of remembrance. Knowing that he was near her to be called to, spoken to, told that she was glad he was alive. Then she remembered MacVey's face at the fire when they had come down from seeing that sunken boat in the lagoon, and one thing was quite plain in her mind. Sooner or later, MacVey and Sherman would fight. She tried to tell herself that without her they would fight anyway, for they were enough unlike fundamentally to get on each other's nerves. But it was no good. What's the use of trying to fool yourself? If they fight, it'll be over you. They're two male animals and you're a female. Go on, pretend that disgusts you, but you can't pretend it isn't so.

Through the flap of the shelter she saw Sherman. He was down by the breakfast fire, with a mirror stuck on a pole, shaving.

He shaved elegantly. There was no mere dabbing on of soap and tearing through it with a razor. He shaved for his personal satisfaction, not to sketch through a necessary operation. His slenderness was a fine bronze, a delicate rhythm of power. He stood more on his left leg than on his right, his foot planted firmly under him, and his left shoulder high, with the arm crooked at the elbow at an acute angle, so that the hand might touch his face and draw the flesh flat for his razor. His right hand swept the razor with the sure strokes of a fine surgeon. Sherman would never cut himself or leave one hair unsevered. His whole character was there in that shaving—the sureness of it, the steadiness and the absolute living for himself that motivated all of his actions. Her memory of him last night flooded her, and she closed her eyes

MADGE EVANS, of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, wears a sea satin bathing suit of nile-blue, featuring flower shadow design. The shirring at the bodice gives a neat effect, while the halter neckline leaves no strap marks.

tightly, for she wanted to sprint down the beach to him, to feel his arms, and, his face pressed to hers, to hold him tightly to her.

When she did come out to him, she called, "Hello, you!"

They pumped hands furiously for a moment, grinning with delight into each other's sunburned faces, laughing with the joy of morning.

He said, "This place becomes you. I like it for you. Your hair curls with the salt air and your cheeks get naturally pink, and, believe me, always make it a point to wear ragged clothes. There's a casualness to them that sets you off; you have the capacity to carry them." He smiled and bowed to her.

"Sherman, you lie beautifully."

Dame Ellen and Ida Sefton came out to Melville's sizzling breakfast, and they all sat down. Joe Lount took his plate sullenly and moved away from them.

Ida said, "Where is the Admirable Crichton?"

"Captain MacVey asks to be excused," Mayhew told her. "He is detained on the wreck."

Dame Ellen said, "My niece tells me that she and Mr. Drumm saw a sunken boat on the other side of the island last night."

"That is quite true," Mayhew smiled. "We will all go over to it presently."

"Is it the Albatross?" Ida leaned quickly toward him.

"We believe so." Mayhew put down his coffee cup. "And things have changed slightly with us, because of it."

"How changed?" Dame Ellen looked at him.

Mayhew said, "Mr. Drumm and I have forcibly detained Captain MacVey on the wreck, for one thing. For another, there is a boat off the island—undoubtedly the black schooner that followed us from Honolulu."

"What are we going to do about it?"

"Believe me, Dame Ellen, I wish I knew."

"We can get off then!" Ida said.

"It may not be that easy. If it is that black schooner, the people on it are here for the Albatross, too."

"Well?" Dame Ellen shrugged. "If it's sunk, give it to them."

Mayhew said, "Dame Ellen, they won't be pleasant people. There are three ladies in our party. We have three rifles and three revolvers, so there needn't be too much concern, but I suggest we move up to the high point of ground behind and make our camp there. At least we can see all of the island then."

"What day is this?" Dame Ellen asked suddenly.

Everybody looked at her.

"I really don't know."

"We left Honolulu on Thursday last," she said. She counted on her fingers. "This must be Thursday again—the tenth."

"What difference does it make?" Ida said.

The old woman looked at her. "I wanted to know."

"Move everything up, sarr?" Melville's face was long. "We bin movin' all night."

"Everything," Mayhew nodded. He turned to Sherman. "When you and Miss Yates are ready?"

"READY for what?" Connie asked him.

Sherman said, "Constance, I have a shock for you. I have become a deep-sea diver overnight." He smiled. "And you're my pump man." The tension of the night had left him and there was no sleep in him. He was looking forward to going down on the wreck, with the thrill that new experiences always brought, and there was something of that in his voice.

She said, "I suppose it's all right, even if I don't understand what it's all about."

Joe Lount looked over at Sherman. "If you go down, you're a fool."

"How so?"

"You don't know how; you don't know anything. I go down."

"You," Mayhew said sharply, "will stay with me."

"All fools," Lount said, and he turned his head and stared out to sea again. "Darn fools."

Connie turned to Sherman, "Do you know anything about diving?"

"Sweet nothing," he said blandly, "except the theory, and that it scares you to death. I've only been down once in my life."

"Are you really going to be that idiotic?"

"My darling girl," he grinned, "it's either that or help move the camp, and I don't like manual labor." He stood up, "Are you coming?"

"I'm certainly not going to let you do it alone."

"Come on, then." He looked at Mayhew. "Nobody," he said, "is to come out to that dinghy while Miss Yates is in it."

"That is perfectly understood," Mayhew said.

"Good."

Mayhew said, "After we move the camp, Lount and I will come down to the lagoon beach and wait for you to row in. Melville will stay on the peak with Dame Ellen and Mrs. Sefton."

. . . .

From the top of the island—they went up the stream bed and over—Sherman took rough cross bearings of the sunken boat. They could see the wreck of her, for the sun was not yet high enough to plate the lagoon waters with gold, but the illusion of still floating at anchor that she had had in last night's moon was gone. She lay about evenly midway between the beach and the sea entrance and midway of each rock shoulder, almost in the exact centre of the lagoon.

Please turn to Page 53

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Seven Must Die

Continued from Page 52

They climbed down to the dinghy on the beach and unloaded it.

"You know, I don't want you to do this."

"Oh, yes." he smiled. "But I'm going in."

"Suppose there are sharks in that lagoon?"

She said: "Please don't suppose any such thing, but if you have to, take—" He pulled Melville's long fishing knife out of the top of his trunks. "Good?" He had one of the pumps out on the sand, testing it. He tried the other one. He picked out one of the chest plate buckles and the longest section of air hose. He put those things back in the dinghy with the diving shoes and unloaded everything else. He got two fair-sized stones for anchors and hitched line around them. Then he shoved the dinghy down to the water's edge.

Four minutes later they were over the wreck. It was so near the surface that the sight of it in the clear water startled them both. Almost it seemed that they could shove the dinghy's oars down at arm's length and touch the blackened lip of the funnel. It was a tremendous boat, now that they were directly over it, and there was a ghostliness about it in the clear water that prickled unpleasantly in the roots of Connie's hair.

She leaned over the dinghy's gunwale and shaded her eyes from the sun, staring down into the waters. There was a name board below the rail of the flying bridge, but it was too much in perspective for her to read the name. Sherman was holding out a wooden bucket to her when she looked back at him. It was about half the size of a butter tub and the bottom was a glass disk.

"What's that?"

"It's a water glass," he said; "put it in the water and look through the bottom of it."

She took it from his hand and did as he told her. The moment she looked through the glass, the boat in the water below her sprang into a clear, definite picture. It was the Albatross, neatly lettered in gold on the name board. She could see each grommet, and the lashing that held the weather curtains to the rail of the flying bridge. She could see the crusted brass whistle on the front of the funnel with a boar grunt swimming up to it and past it. She could see the bolt heads fumed with marine growth in the funnel's stay seats and the lines between the deck planks.

A bright cloud of reef fish, their heads all turned forward, came slowly down the starboard deck. The grunt above them flicked himself past the Albatross' whistle and came out over them. They felt his presence and turned abruptly to the right—the whole cloud of them—flipped and streamed off into the shadows.

The picture was completely real, but the water glass gave it a faint touch of indefinite color on the edges that made it like a stereopticon.

One of the portholes aft of the wing of the bridge was open, and there was a scrap of curtain hanging outside of it, of some heavy material turned on the edges with little balls. It was water-faded, but it moved slightly in a deep current that swept through the wreck. It might have been wind that caused it.

Sherman rowed off at an angle and let down one of the stone anchors. Then he rowed across the lagoon and let down the other. On the outgoing tide, the dinghy floated back again towards the wreck while Sherman paid out scope on the two lines. When the dinghy was near the Albatross again, he secured the lines fore and aft.

"As the tide moves us," he said, "we'll float almost directly over it." Then he sounded the distance to the deck. Seventeen feet. "All right. Let's go." He connected his air line from the helmet to the pump. He let the helmet down to the deck of the wreck and started pumping. A lengthening stream of white bubbles wabbled up towards them and broke surface under the gunwale.

"It works." He took off his coat and shirt and his shoes and pants, and stood up in bathing trunks. He stuck Melville's knife into his trunk tops and handed the girl Ida Sefton's revolver.

"You keep that where you can get your hand to it quickly. Nobody is to come out here while I'm under. If anyone starts out, swimming or otherwise, give me two quick jerks on my air line, but keep pumping."

"Right, Sherman." She nodded to him, her lips tightly pressed together.

He leaned towards her and patted her shoulder. "Stout fellow," he said softly. She touched his hand.

He caught hold of the air line, took up the slack of it and hauled in on the helmet. It was on a good forty feet of air line. When it broke surface, he lifted it across his bare knees. Enormous it was, and heavy.

He reached for the diving shoes and strapped them on his feet. The sun stabbed at the glass face panel of the helmet and splintered itself across the lagoon. He blew the girl a kiss and pulled the helmet over his head, settling the shoulder pieces over his bare chest and strapping them. He pointed to the pump and Connie started working it as he had showed her, steadily, evenly, with full strokes. For a moment they looked at each other, then Sherman grinned and nodded. Carefully he put a leg over the gunwale and let himself down to forearm length. Then slowly to arm's length, submerging the helmet. For a moment he hung there by the line he had let down to the deck below, then he grasped it and slid down. The water closed over his helmet and there was nothing where he had been but the widening ripples of his going and the white froth his bubbles traced across them.

The girl didn't dare look over the side, for that meant leaving the pump. She kept at it steadily—one, two; one, two—with fear in her heart and a prayer. But she could see the bubbles. They kept breaking evenly with a soft, frothy sound that whispered beside the dinghy through the steady clank of the pump.

And then, amazingly, Sherman's hands were on the dinghy's gunwale again and he was climbing aboard. He took off the helmet.

"No good," he said. "Can't get the feel of it. Try it another way. How do you feel about it?"

"Awful," she said. "Scared to death."

"Nonsense. Have you doing it next." He didn't tell her what had really happened to him—didn't dare, for he had panicked halfway down. In the helmet, he had suddenly discovered he couldn't see behind him, and because of that sudden knowledge, shark fear got him, he kicked off his shoes and came up. It was still under his heart, like a pain. Shark fear is definite and real, and quite unlike any other fear. His feet and the backs of his legs and his shoulder blades were feathery with the presence of it.

"How will you try it now?" she asked him. He said: "Dive down raw"—and he let the helmet over the side again to the wreck's deck. For a moment he sat there watching its stream of bubbles froth upwards.

Then he stood up. He knew that he was going to do it. That was the only thing that steadied his legs when he stood up in the dinghy; for there was no strength in them to steady them, and no feeling in his bare toes as they gripped the bottom boards. Then, because he was afraid not to, he dived over the side, and the cool, breathless slick of the water held his racing blood still for a second.

He struck down into it once, with a full sweep of his arms; and again, when he felt his headway slackening, he doubled himself and frogged and stroked the third time, and caught the rail of the Albatross just above the diving helmet. The rail was slimy to the touch. The whole length of it was covered with delicate trailing sea moss. Amazingly, the sunken yacht was all around him now, towering above his head, rippling fore and aft. With one arm looped over the rail, he squatted and reached for the helmet, pulling it towards him. It had no weight down there.

His fingers closed over the air valve and immediately there was a great gulping belch in his ears and a huge silver air bubble leaped out and shot past his face, so close that he could have stuck his nose into it and breathed air. After it came a continuous rope of woolly bubbles, streaming up under the face plate. His own pressure from his held breath was building in his ears, racing upwards in a thin scream inside his head, thickening and slowing the blood in his veins.

Please turn to Page 54

GIRLIGAGS

"THERE are plenty of us who are known to drink like fish, but not the same stuff."

Now—he eats like a horse

Hubby was losing pep and appetite, but he found a "horse's" when Flo started using "GRAVOX." He loves the rich, tasty relish that "GRAVOX" gives all dinners.

SALTS, SEASONS, THICKENS and BROWNS in one blending.

Send 1d stamp to Klembro for a FREE SAMPLE.

Gravox
The Ideal GRAVY MAKER
Made by KLEMBRO PTY. LTD RICHMOND, VICTORIA

"DAMP-SET"
your own wave
with VELMOL

It works on hair of any texture . . . on any wave . . . and takes but four minutes!

It's the marvellous new way to "damp-set" your own hair—and save time and expense. And it's so easy! All you need is brush, comb, and a little VELMOL.

A Velmol Damp-set keeps hair fashionably fresh . . . never "stiff" or "permy." Holds finger-wave for days. Makes a "perm." last a lot longer.

Ask for VELMOL.
All Chemists, Stores, Hairdressers . . 2/-

Once you see PERSIL WHITENESS, you will never again be satisfied with ordinary-washed whites

"How beautifully white it looks," you may think as you pack your freshly washed linen away. But you've never seen your linen really white unless you are a Persil User. Persil is quite different from anything you have tried before, no matter how long your washing experience may have been. For Persil's active oxygen suds are so much more thorough in removing dirt and stains. It is because *Persil gets things cleaner* that it makes them so much whiter. That's why *Persil whiteness is the only true standard of whiteness in washing. Use Persil alone for the whole family wash — no other soaps or extras needed.*

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Timely Attention Checks Development of Disease

It is well known in medical circles that many serious diseases develop from the most simple of causes, many of which can be obviated by timely attention.

Simple disorder of the kidneys has been found to be the most common cause of many painful and common diseases. The correct function of the kidneys is the filtration from the blood of waste poisons and impurities, which form through the decay of the tissues. If the kidneys are disordered, these poisons remain in the blood stream and upset the entire system, eventually causing Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Gallstones and Digestive Troubles.

The remedy for these complaints, therefore, lies in the restoration of the kidneys to their correct working order, the best known course being Warner's Safe Sure, the sixty-year-old remedy for all kidney and liver disorders.

A lady user from Fullerton, S.A., writes: "For years I suffered severe pain in the back, legs and knees, which was so bad that I could scarcely go about my daily duties. After trying many medicines, I procured some Warner's Safe Cure and after taking only a few bottles all the pain left me."

Chemists and Storekeepers sell Warner's Safe Cure in Concentrated form (non-alcoholic) at 2/9, and in the original 5/- bottles.

An illustrated booklet dealing with kidney and liver diseases, diet, etc., will be sent free on application to H. H. Warner & Co., Ltd., 530 Little Lonsdale Street, Melbourne.***

Seven Must Die

Continued from Page 53

He tipped the helmet upright until it stood on its shoulder pieces against his knees. Through the face plate he watched the air force the water down and build its lock inside the helmet. When the line of it was well below the bottom edge of the panel of glass, he lifted the awkward contraption, and with one terrible scream of panic calling to him to drop it and swim for the surface, he let it slide down over his head. His face came through the water level into air and he lived for one awful tight moment in a constricted copper world that hissed frightfully just behind his neck and echoed to a thousand distant hoofbeats, galloping madly down towards him.

Noise and yellow light, hammering at him and blinding him; then he realised that he could breathe, but that he was still holding his breath, and holding it so tightly that in another moment it would be impossible for him ever to breathe again. In another moment he would go black in the face and die there, clamped to the rail of King Bradley's sunken boat.

He sucked at the air in the helmet, with his mouth open like a Nassau groper's mouth—open and round, with the lips drawn tightly into a circle—and the air was sweet. He hung back on the rail, breathing its strangeness in the tiny metallic world of the helmet.

Six inches in front of his face was the glass face plate set in its copper seams, with the seams riveted around it. Behind him was the whistling air inlet, fresh and cool on the back of his hair that was dripping cheerfully into the water below his chin. The helmet air was drying his face in salt-encrusted lines. He could feel them pulling beside his mouth and at his eye corners. He tilted his head backward and looked up at the top of the helmet. There was a round peephole there, as large as a silver dollar, through which he could see the golden wash of the surface above his head, and the shadow of the dinghy riding it serenely. There were two other peepholes in the sides, normally just behind the ears, but by turning his head he could get them into his line of vision and see through them without turning his whole body.

The water level just under his chin bothered him at first. Fiddling with the valve steadied him. He was still clinging to the slimy rail to hold him down, but now he edged along it to the weighted shoes he had dropped the first try, and got them on his feet.

Suddenly this was the most natural existence in the world, standing there in perfect comfort, seventeen feet under water, with fresh air to breathe and soft yellow light to see by. His world expanded from the tiny limits of the helmet and spread serenely about him. It was as if he had been walking and had turned a corner that brought him into the wide expanse of a large room. The helmet was gone from his consciousness.

In front of him, the whole superstructure of the Albatross stretched out, to right and to left and under his weighted feet; its deck ran evenly fore and aft into the lagoon shadows. Above his head was the wing of the flying bridge and the funnel. The life rafts just abaft the funnel were lifted slightly from the deck by their own buoyancy, but their lashings still held them from floating free to the surface. Farther down the deck, one of her lifeboats hung straight upwards from its davits, upside down. He stared at it. It still had its canvas cover on, lashed tightly up and over its upside-down keel. When the Albatross went to the bottom of the lagoon, the lifeboat had floated until its falls, pulled tight by the sinking davits, capsized it. When they did that, the boat cupped a huge bubble of air inside its hull, and that had kept it floating upside down.

Right in front of him was an open door into the Albatross' superstructure. He took a step. It was heavy and slow, but there was a ponderous dignity to it—the lifting rhythm of a processional. His lead-soled shoe slipped in the sea marl on the deck as he put it down, and he nearly did the splits. If he had, he realised suddenly that he would have bent forward to recover, and in doing that he would have filled the helmet. So he reached back for the lifeline and made his next step shorter and planted his foot more firmly before he bent his weight into it. That was it—you stepped forward with an upward and outward movement that the water helped you with. A free movement once you started it, but one you couldn't stop easily. Then you bent your weight into it and came down on the foot. Simple, if you got the system.

He made the open door of the superstructure and stopped, a hand on each side of the door frame. He stared in at the sudden blackness of the waters inside. The top of his helmet clattered against the wire-screened electric bulb over the door and the hollow whacking echo of it roared in his ears. He stooped under the lintel and poked his head inside. It was a cross passage, that passage, and there was a door at the other end of it, opening onto the port side of the deck. That door was closed, but there was a round deadlight in its upper panel, however, that let enough suffused light in for him to see the vague outline of things. Two other doors gave off that passage, one forward and one aft, and both of those were closed, too. He tried their knobs. The after door was locked. The forward one opened stiffly, and the opening of it caused a slight current to move in the passage that carried with it the vague feeling that the whole wreck was moving. He felt the movement in his knees. Perhaps it was moving. It was lying on the bottom, caught somehow so that it was held almost upright, but there was no reason for it to remain upright indefinitely. Its weight might pulverise the coral that chocked it, split it off under continued pressure. And when it split, the Albatross might turn lazily over on her side, like a tired animal, and settle comfortably to her eternal sleep.

There was cold panic in his heart again. If it goes over, I'm inside it. My air hose stretches and tips the dinghy up there and snaps, and the helmet fills, and I'm inside a tipped-over boat, seventeen feet under water. More than seventeen feet when she goes on her side. Steady!

He put both of his hands flat against the wall of the passage. It's not moving. It's your eyes, some trick of the water movement. Take everything easy.

His hands were resting on the edges of the frame of a picture on the passage wall. It was a man on a horse jumping a fence. The print behind its glass was rippled and smudged with water. Looking at it warmed the cold fear of his heart. He moved so that he could see through the door he had opened. He didn't want to look through that door, but it seemed somehow that he must. Looking through would be the last casual action that would steady him before he stepped back on deck and went up to the surface.

THERE was a child's dream in the back of his mind—the old forgotten fear of slimy tentacles. Those things lived in wrecks and they grew to enormous sizes. They had the cunning of fiends. You never saw them until the tentacles were around you, coldly and horribly from behind, tightening on your arms and legs, drawing you down into bubbling, gasping darkness.

He took a deep breath and poked his head through the door. It led into a forward passage six feet long, lined with drawers and locker cupboards. There was a silken lightshade against the ceiling and the brass chain to the light switch still dangled below it. His movement moved it as if a hand had just touched it. The door at the other end of the passage opened into a bedroom. He could see a great carved bed, stripped of its clothes and mattress, and a chest of drawers with its glass top. There was an overstuffed chair in there, too, bloated and bulbous.

He'd had enough, definitely. Slowly he backed out into the passage and turned around; carefully he stepped out on deck and crossed to the rail, grasping it with one hand and his life line that led up to the dinghy with the other. He looked all around him.

He kicked off the lead soles of his shoes and braced on the rail. He sucked in a deep breath, ducked out of the helmet and sprang up on the line. In that spring the water slammed in on him again, blinding him and choking.

The stealing air in his lungs howled against his eardrums. His blood thickened. There was darkness just behind his eyes—liquid darkness ready to stream across his eyeballs like black mucus, and the beast within him was pounding up to that last shrill note that would break it. The Albatross was bending slowly down upon him to hold him there until the last bubble gurgled out of his filled lungs.

Continued Next Week

House-Talk

The house next door is out of date,
A rambling barn, a stable!
With squeaking hinges on the gate
And birds up in the gable.

Now I am modern, straight and tall,
My lawns are trim and neat,
And houses should be, after all,
A credit to their street.

(But, oh! the house next door has love
And stacked from floor to rafter
Are precious dreams of babes to come,
And youth, and hope, and laughter.)

—Yvonne Webb.

KEEP YOUR FEET IN GOOD TRIM

At Work Or Play With

Zam-Buk

LOOK how she is swinging along . . . light of step . . . and with happy, carefree feet. And there's not the slightest reason why you shouldn't be the same, for Zam-Buk will give you healthy feet, free from aching, blistering and soreness, during these long tiring days.

First bathe your feet in warm water every night (and morning, if possible). Then after drying thoroughly, gently massage Zam-Buk into the ankles, insteps, soles and between the toes. The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are easily absorbed into the skin. Thus

Pain, Swelling & Inflammation

are quickly relieved. Troublesome corns and hard skin are softened and easily removed; blisters and chafing are healed, and ankles, joints, toes and feet are strengthened and made comfortable again. Use Zam-Buk regularly for healthy feet all Summer.

1/6 or 3/6 a box. All Chemists and Stores.

"I dreaded putting my shoes on for the constant foot pain and soreness distressed me so. As my feet got no better I began to despair. Then I read about Zam-Buk and commenced rubbing my feet with this grand ointment every night.

"I got wonderful relief and the corns, bunions and other foot troubles have completely disappeared. Thanks to Zam-Buk I can now walk miles in comfort."—Mrs. F. E. Ferriss.

Rub In ZAM-BUK Every Night

Why I use NEW VEET

Ends SUPERFLUOUS HAIR in 3 minutes

1. New 'VEET' ends all unwanted hair in three minutes without trouble, mess or bother.
2. New 'VEET' leaves the skin soft, smooth and white, without trace of ugly stubble.
3. New 'VEET' is a dainty white cream—sweetly scented and pleasant to use.
4. New 'VEET' avoids coarse regrowth—unlike the razor which only makes the hair grow faster and thicker. 2/6 and 4/- (double size) at all Chemists and Stores.

"AGONY WITH STOMACH TROUBLE"

"I feel so grateful for . . . TWIN SODA. I suffered agony for years with stomach trouble and constipation. Since taking TWIN SODA I feel a different person," writes Mrs. G.P. of Eumunderie, via Mudgee (the originator of this unsolicited tribute is on file). This is because TWIN SODA has a double action. First, it neutralises all excess stomach acids and thus ends pain instantly. Secondly, its gentle laxative action restores normal functioning. Buy TWIN SODA from your chemist. 1/6 large size, 2/9 giant family size.***

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

HOME MAKER

November 5, 1938 — A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers — Page One

EATING FOR a *Radiant* COMPLEXION

First of a series of articles on new beautifying diets.

☆

Foods that help to overcome skin problems. Perhaps yours is too dry . . . or too oily . . . or you are worried with blemishes . . . Then try the diet suggested here and rejoice in new skin health.

By JANETTE

THIS LOVELY GIRL is famous for her beautiful flawless skin. She is Anita Louise, Warner Bros. actress, who follows a strict diet for beauty. (Top left) Myrna Loy, M.-G.-M. star, starts off the day with grapefruit, which is noted for its cleansing qualities.

A HEALTH-GIVING salad made of fruits and vegetables together with wholewheat bread and a glass of pure fruit juice is the daily lunch of Joan Woodbury, R.K.O. actress, who believes in dieting for her complexion.

In last week's issue of The Australian Women's Weekly an outline was given of the dietary principles of Benjamin Hauser, noted American nutritionist and beauty dietitian.

Dr. Hauser, who evolves diets for leading film stars and other beauties, believes that corrective diets will overcome many beauty problems as well as improve general health, looks and vitality.

By eating certain foods, for example, you can obtain a radiant complexion, surely the earnest desire of every woman.

The skin, which is one of the most important organs of the body, needs proper nourishment and one of its needs is sulphur.

But it is not necessary to resort to the old-fashioned sulphur and treacle tonic our grandmothers used every spring.

You can get all the rich organic sulphur you need by eating everyday foods that are rich in sulphur.

Sulphur Foods

THESE include onions, celery, cauliflowers, radishes, red cabbage, asparagus, tomatoes, lettuce and white cabbage.

But you must remember to eat these foods raw.

For instance, have a salad every day for lunch made with, say, equal amounts of chopped pineapple, shredded carrots, and crisp lettuce, with cream cheese dressing.

Or you can combine chopped cabbage, chopped pineapple and lettuce.

To make the dressing, whip a mild cream cheese into a creamy consistency, mix with orange juice, grapefruit, or pineapple juice and add a little vegetable salt.

Another complexion problem is the dry skin. This is caused by a lack of vitamin G, which makes the skin tough and dry with a tendency to fine lines and wrinkles.

So you may be sure that if your skin is dry and lined there is a lack or insufficiency of this precious vitamin in your diet.

Foods which contain vitamin G are fresh milk, fresh butter, fresh cream, peas, string beans, wild rice, whole wheat, fresh fruits, young vegetables, lima beans and yeast.

For a dry skin, then, include these foods in your daily diet, but remember that vitamin G is soluble in water and is therefore lost in cooking.

This is why vegetables should be cooked in little or no water—steaming is better.

The oily skin is a complexion bugbear with many, especially with girls in their teens. This is often due to eating too many fats, and starchy food, such as pastries, together with sluggish elimination. To overcome an oily skin, you must give up fats and pastries altogether and take plenty of fruit and vegetables as well as fruit and vegetable-juice cocktails.

Orange juice is excellent and so is carrot juice.

The juice of raw, young, unpeeled cucumbers also helps. Add grapefruit or lemon juice to taste and drink two glasses every day. Your skin will show an extraordinary improvement.

Some complexion troubles are caused by improper elimination, and if you suspect this is so in your case a flushing regimen will help to correct the fault.

Start by drinking a pint of potassium broth every day for a week or ten days. Drink it any time during the day with or between meals. It is marvellous for clearing the complexion.

To make the potassium broth, take a bunch of celery, a bunch of carrots, a handful of spinach, a pinch of parsley, one teaspoonful of vegetable salt or one tablespoon of meatless bouillon.

Cut the vegetables finely or put through a mincer. This should give you approximately three cups each of celery and carrots, one cup of spinach, and a quarter cup of parsley. Add two quarts of warm water and cook for twenty minutes.

After the broth has been cooked add a level teaspoon of vegetable salt or a tablespoon of meatless bouillon according to your taste, and also a cup of tomato, celery or spinach juice.

Don't Peel Vegetables

MAKE sure that your diet includes each day for breakfast some fresh fruit juice; for luncheon a large substantial salad in which vegetables and fruits predominate; for dinner at least two cooked green vegetables with your meat and dessert of fruit.

During the day have glasses of fruit juice and try to add also to your daily diet raw cabbage, raw celery and raw fruits.

Don't make the mistake of peeling fruits and vegetables that are to be cooked, for underneath the skins are the most important parts of these foods, the mineral salts which are invaluable for the complexion and health.

Next week we will give you further beauty diet principles, including diet for the overweight.

"I'm a ONE Brand woman now —

From 4/11 to 7/11 . . I buy Kayser MIR-O-KLEER stockings . . RINGLESS, SHADOWLESS . . Super Sheers . . Sheers . . or Service Weights . . that give me complete satisfaction for any occasion. Kayser quality lasts longer, saves money and does wonderful things to my legs.

And now 'Crepe Mist' the new Kayser Sheer — a genuine Crepe from top to toe — At only . . . 5/11

"I insist on KAYSER"

PURE SILK HOSIERY . LINGERIE . GLOVES

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By Mary Truby King

FOR YOUNG WIVES and MOTHERS

Need for Efficiency in Motherhood

AN essential cause of modern human inefficiency is faulty rearing of our young—women not having been brought up with a view to motherhood.

If we regard serious decay of the teeth as constituting inefficiency, our inefficiency rate is over 90 per cent. Judged on this standard, we have been rearing our population very badly, for an insufficient study of nutrition shows itself nowhere more clearly than in the teeth of the children we rear.

While bad housing, poverty, drink, and social diseases contribute to failure, by far the greatest factors telling against the future of man or woman are unpreparedness for motherhood, lack of the necessary knowledge among all classes, and ignorance and neglect of the simple essentials for healthy living and normal growth.

Wealth is no safeguard if the mother is untaught for wifehood and motherhood.

As far back as 1919, Sir Truby King urged all mothers to make themselves the competent executives in their own homes. He pointed out that the services of all others—doctors, nurses, relations, friends and domestic helps—however valuable, were not the prime essentials.

The mother is on duty all the time.

It is she who must have adequate, reliable instruction as regards the needs of herself and her children, if the coming generation is to be efficient.

The child is primarily entrusted to the mother, who is the "eternal executive."

Wherefore the urgent need at the present time for direct, personal, intimate teaching of all mothers by specially qualified nurses or health visitors who have been trained for the purpose, on sound, consistent, reliable, authoritative lines. Help should be given freely to those societies aiming to send trained infant welfare nurses into the homes of the people to give advice, free of charge, to all mothers seeking enlightenment.

Need for Clinics

SECOND in importance comes the establishment of infant welfare centres, where mothers and mothers-to-be may attend classes or be given individual instruction as to the needs of themselves and their babies.

Much progress is being made in this direction, but much more could still be made if the public would realise the need for an infant welfare clinic in every suburb of large cities, and in each country township.

The health visitor to a home confers many benefits which are perhaps not fully realised by some women. She supplies the essential teaching on pre-natal care; gives intelligent help as to ventilation, heating, cleanliness, prevention of infection, and the safeguarding of food and drink, particularly necessary during the summer months.

Such a person helps the mother to keep up a high standard of physical and mental fitness in her home, thus avoiding debility and disease, with their train of lowered vitality, unhappiness and unnecessary expense.

Everyone should understand the science of correct eating.

That this common-sense knowledge is as much required by the upper as the lower classes is demonstrated by the fact that malnutrition is even more prevalent among the children of the rich than the children of the poor.

It is not that the rich do not have sufficient to eat, but that their money is wasted on devitalised foods which the poor (fortunately) cannot afford to buy.

So far as motherhood and babyhood are concerned, there is as much need for practical reform and "going to school" on the part of the cultured as there is on the part of the so-called "poor and ignorant."

Those who cannot take the advantage of visiting a nearby infant health centre, and also those who are unable to procure the services of a health visitor, should take advantage of the free instruction by post which is offered all expectant and actual mothers by the Australian Mothercraft Society, whose headquarters are at 283 Elizabeth Street, Sydney. By simply writing to this society, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope, one may procure by return post printed and typed leaflets on any or all of the following subjects:

Essentials For the Expectant Mother.
The Treatment of Thread Worms.
How To Increase your Breast Milk Supply.
The Treatment of Diarrhoea.
The Prevention and Treatment of Constipation.
How To Make Humanised Milk.
How To Breast-Feed Successfully.
How To Wean Baby at Eight or Nine Months.
Guide to Baby Feeding.

When all this information is free for the asking, it behoves every mother to take advantage of it.

Mothercraft Advice Coupon

IF you wish to get advice on your mothercraft problems, fill in the following particulars and post the form, together with a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4190YY, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W. Endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

Baby's Age .....
Birth Weight .....
Present Weight (without clothing.) .....
Have you written before? (Yes or no) .....

THIS LITTLE GIRL has every chance of growing into sturdy womanhood because her mother has a proper knowledge of food values and carefully supervises her children's meals.

"Gee, I'd hate to be you, Jocko! That get-up may be peachy for collecting pennies, but you couldn't hire me to wear it on a day like this. The prickly heat breaks right out on my neck to think of it!"

"Boss won't let you take it off, eh? Well, that's life . . . many's the time I've been rammed into a sweater. Only thing makes 'em bearable is Johnson's Baby Powder. It always fixes those prickles!"

"I could stand a sprinkle myself—this carpet's itchy . . . how about some soft silky Johnson's Baby Powder for both of us, Mother? Jocko says he'll do his best monkey-shines for you. And I'll do mine!"

Johnson's Baby Powder is soft as satin. It is made from the very finest talc. It is recommended by doctors and nurses as the best babies can have.

Johnson's BABY powder
"Best for Baby - Best for you"

Johnson & Johnson — World's largest manufacturers of Surgical Dressings. Johnson's Baby Soap and Cream, Tek Toothbrush, Modess, etc.

B7-38

What My Patients Ask Me

By A DOCTOR

PATIENT: What is the cause of hives and how should the complaint be treated?

THIS is the time of the year when many persons are afflicted with a distressing condition of the skin known as "hives."

Hives, or "urticaria" as the doctors call it, is an ailment usually associated with some sensitivity to certain foods or other substances, and is known as "allergy."

The victim of hives has numerous small, firm whitish swellings on the reddened skin.

Such eruptions or patches suddenly appear on the face, legs or back. The swelling or "wheal" gradually increases in size.

The spots sting, causing marked discomfort. Often they are confused with mosquito or insect bites which they closely resemble. But, unlike a mosquito bite, the swelling persists and the trouble spreads to other parts of the body.

Fortunately, not all persons are afflicted with this sensitivity. As a rule those who have it are susceptible not only to hives, but also to hay fever, asthma or some other so-called "allergic" disturbance.

Almost always the sensitivity is associated with some protein substance.

Not only food, but also some articles of clothing, household appliances, like bedding or drapes, may be the offending substance.

At times it may be difficult to determine the actual thing responsible for the disagreeable symptoms. By close observation the victim can often determine the offending substance.

He does this by checking on the foods he has taken just prior to an attack of hives.

Persons who are sensitive to strawberries or shellfish often break out in a rash after eating them. This form of hives can be prevented by avoiding the offending food. Others cannot tolerate any fried or greasy foods.

Some persons have a rash if exposed to silk garments. They must avoid this material in order to be free from trouble.

Once the rash appears, relief from the discomfort can be obtained by the application of calamine lotion or a solution of hyposulphite of soda.

If the rash is extensive, a warm bath containing baking soda may be soothing and beneficial. Take a mild laxative and drink copious amounts of water.

If the trouble persists it is wise to have skin tests made. Your doctor will tell you about these.

Je ne vire pas.

★ITS SHADES ARE FAST!

Lentheric of Paris, the master perfumer, has created a lipstick which gives day-long color to your lips. A lipstick that is indelible and doesn't alter. It lasts all day. Choose from seven thrilling shades.

Prices: 1/9d, 8/6d
Refills: 2/6d, 3/9d.

LENTHÉRIC
PARIS

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NEW COLOUR! NEW STYLE!! DOUBLE THE WEAR!!!

This Dri-Glo design is "077", in green, blue, brown or gold.

"DRI-GLO" REG. FAST COLORS MADE IN AUSTRALIA

Here's why Dri-Glo gives double the wear!
All DRI-GLO towels are woven on a base of double-warp or two-fold yarn. This two-fold yarn puts double strength into every DRI-GLO towel. Double strength means double wear. Your guarantee of getting full DRI-GLO quality is this label. When you ask to see the new DRI-GLO designs look for it immediately. It is attached to the corner of every genuine DRI-GLO towel.

. . . in these new DRI-GLO'S

Smart as the priciest imported towels! Costing no more than any ordinary towels. Giving twice the wear of any towel at the price! Popular stores everywhere are making big, gay showings of these lovely new DRI-GLO designs introduced for the first time this Spring. Smart women are buying up armfuls to bring sparkling colour into their bathrooms at little cost . . . And you'll enjoy a new drying luxury, we promise you, with these deeper-textured, faster-drying and marvellously "cushiony" DRI-GLO towels . . . Insist on DRI-GLO.

You'll see this luxurious 24in. x 48in. hemmed Dri-Glo (No. 077) on prominent display this week in stores everywhere throughout Australia always at the standard price of

2/11

DRI-GLO TOWELS

ALL AUSTRALIAN MADE

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WALL LIGHTS and a lighted niche displaying flowers add to the attractive appearance and charm of this lounge-room.

Is Your Home Well Lighted?

PROPER illumination will make your rooms far more attractive . . . It will create a restful atmosphere— and give you far more comfort, too. And it will protect, instead of strain, the eyes.

By OUR HOME DECORATOR

THE average home is lighted very inadequately. This has been proved by recent scientific tests conducted in laboratories and homes by lighting experts.

This is proved even more convincingly by the fact that one in five school children and three in five middle-aged persons have defective vision caused in the majority of cases by reading, studying and playing under conditions which contributed to eyestrain.

It is obvious, therefore, that lighting the home is more than a casual matter of putting a few lamps round the room . . . sufficient to dispel the dark maybe, but probably inadequate for most visual work.

This is a haphazard and ultimately costly method. A proper understanding of the principles of good lighting will result in a home which is more attractive in appearance, more delightfully restful and which will protect, rather than jeopardise, the eyes of every member of the family.

Scientists measure light in terms of footcandles. A footcandle is the amount of light a candle casts on a surface a foot away.

Outdoors, on a bright day, we work or play in about 10,000 footcandles. If you read a book in the shade of a tree you have the benefit of 500 to 1000 footcandles of softly diffused light.

But when night comes and you take your book to an easy chair, you may expect to find, in the great majority of cases, not more than three footcandles on the printed page.

And, instead of the diffused, even light which made reading so pleasant in the shade of a tree, you are confronted by a glaring white page surrounded by the comparative darkness of the rest of the room. The harsh contrast between the two extremes is a further irritation to the eyes.

THE EYESIGHT of young children is very precious. Guard it carefully by seeing that they read or study in a proper light falling on to the printed page.

The aim of modern home lighting, therefore, is quite specific:

To provide light of the correct amount, whether for fine work, such as sewing, for reading, for card-playing or simply for normal seeing; to eliminate glare from unshaded or poorly shaded bulbs; to create a soft diffused light through the room which will help banish harsh contrasts—the very common result of having pools of light at various points in an otherwise dark room.

And to-day lighting the home in this way is quite a simple matter.

Resulting from years of careful, exacting research conducted by the leading experts, modern lighting is now as much a "system" as are heating and plumbing.

The hard work of finding out the facts about light and its application has been done; all you need do is to learn what these facts are and how they can be used in your own house.

Quantity and quality are important in good lighting, and must always be considered together—quantity being the amount of light, and quality the way in which light is distributed.

There must be plenty of light on the printed page, but it must not be harsh and glaring.

Intelligent Lighting

THE light in the home must be soft and pleasing, but you must have the facilities to control its intensity according to the requirements of your various activities.

Lighting experts, therefore, recommend a combination of two kinds of lighting.

The first is called local, and is typified by the direct light of the reading lamp or desk lamp; the second, called general, is the illumination throughout the room afforded by light reflected from walls or ceiling, or from some special reflector which serves the same purpose.

In other words, the primary source of light for reading, studying, sewing, etc., comes directly from the light in exactly the required amount, this amount being controlled by the number and wattage of bulbs used in the lamp, and the distance from the lamp to our work.

WHEN LIGHTING adds great beauty—hall lighting and a quaint lantern over the door supported by wrought-iron brackets combine to throw into the the exquisite design of a door in wrought ironwork.

TOP: Lounge room in which wall brackets and table-lamps supplement the central lighting and form part of the decorative scheme.

Secondary illumination, which serves for ordinary seeing, comes indirectly from the light source. It is extremely important in that by its soft diffusion it eliminates harsh contrasts, heightens the decorative effectiveness of the room, and enables you to use plenty of light in reading lamps, without the strain which would be experienced if there were insufficient general illumination.

Easy to Correct

THIS ratio between local and general lighting is important. When you hear a complaint that there is "too much light" in a room, the fault usually lies not in excessive quantity but in poor quality; that is, poor distribution and diffusion.

It has been found that a ratio of 10 to 1 between local and general illumination is the minimum contrast for eye comfort.

For example, if 20 footcandles of light are provided by a desk lamp, there should be two, or, better still, four footcandles of light in the surrounding area of the room.

But how are you to measure the light in your home? Eyes are found to be unreliable in estimating the quantity of light on a printed page. It may seem to be sufficient yet prove inadequate when you use it for a time.

The best and most reliable method of checking actual conditions is to avail yourself of the advice which is at your disposal free of charge from all electricity undertakings.

In response to a call, the expert will be sent to your home to measure the quantity of light in each room, and at each desk or reading lamp.

Once you know with certainty the weaknesses in your present lighting system you will find it neither difficult nor expensive to correct it.

Taubmans Solpah Paving Paint gives a gleaming finish that's as hard as iron. Solpah any wood or cement surface. Solpah re-colors linoleum and makes it like new.

Ask for Taubmans Solpah wherever paint is sold

FREE

Anne Stewart, Taubmans Home Decorating Service, 75 Mary Street, St. Peters, Sydney, N.S.W.

Please send me free your enlarged and entirely new book, "The Colorful Home." I enclose 2d. in stamps to cover postage and handling.

NAME ..... ADDRESS .....

AOZ

For soft, smooth hands

Your hands needn't be rough and wrinkled, no matter how busy you are all day. You can keep them soft and smooth . . . with Pond's Cream Hand Lotion, containing the same active "skin-vitamin" ingredient as Pond's two creams! Housework, weather and water are constantly taking the "skin-vitamin" out of your skin. Now Pond's puts it back!

● *Use Pond's every time you wash your hands.*

Only 1/- a bottle at all stores and chemists.

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BE YOUR *Own* GARDEN DOCTOR!

Learn how to prevent and cure plant diseases — how to eradicate pests—how to keep your garden clean. You will be well repaid for your trouble

—Says The Old Gardener

WATCH YOUR GARDEN carefully for any signs of disease or pest and also take preventive measures by spraying. When cutting flowers make sure the blooms are clean.

ENTHUSIASTIC home gardeners are working at present for their summer display—digging and manuring and planting.

And the results of their work will be—it is hoped—a glorious display of color.

However, work alone will not give the results hoped for.

To be a successful home gardener it is absolutely necessary to thoroughly understand the care and treatment of plants during their growing period, and one of the most essential factors is the diagnosis of all troubles, diseases, etc., that attack plants.

During the summer months there are many complaints, and a plant that is suffering can very easily be detected by its unhealthy appearance, such as discoloration of the leaves, stunted growth, and wilting appearance.

A strong, healthy plant will show that rich green color and robust growth which are a pleasure to look upon.

Destructive Disease

RUST is one of the most devastating and destructive diseases. It makes its appearance on the leaves of the plant in a dark or rusty form, and if not checked will spread very rapidly throughout the bed. Should one of the plants show signs of this trouble do not try to cure it, but pull it up immediately and burn it.

It is better, however, not to wait until your plants have been attacked, but spray right from the start, for the old saying, "Prevention is better than cure," certainly applies in the garden.

Zinnias, asters, chrysanthemums, carnations, phlox are all subject to rust, not forgetting the geranium.

After planting a bed of the flowers mentioned, spray them at least every fourteen to sixteen days with Bordeaux mixture, lime sulphur, or colloidal sulphur.

Use Bordeaux mixture and colloidal sulphur according to directions on the packets. But with lime sulphur make the solution sixty to one, adding to every gallon of solution one teaspoonful of kerosene. This will make the mixture more adhesive when sprayed on the plant.

Another disease which finds its mark during the summer is mildew. This makes its appearanace on delphiniums, larkspurs and especially roses.

In the vegetable line it attacks pumpkins, cucumbers, squash and melons. Grape vines are also susceptible to it.

The only treatment for this disease is sulphur. Shake the sulphur over the plants early in the morning while the dew is on them, or in the evening after they have been watered and while they are still wet.

If that is done periodically, the rest of the plants in the garden will be preserved from attack.

The wilting of plants such as asters, snapdragons, and, in their season, stocks and cornflowers, has caused a deal of worry to many gardeners. I have found from experience that watering the plot a few days before transplanting with a solution of formalin, mixing it at the strength of 200 to 1, has had good results.

Wilt is caused through a fungus in the soil which attacks the root of the plant, and the formalin not only appears to kill the spores in the soil, but it also seems to benefit the fertility.

Beneficial Treatments

THOSE who have suffered losses through wilt in the past would do well to give this treatment a trial. I have also found this beneficial in the growing of tomatoes.

Another experiment that I have tried and found to be beneficial is watering the ground periodically with Condys crystals or permanganate of potash. The strength used is one-quarter teaspoonful to two gallons of water. This can be done throughout the growing period of the plants without any fatal results.

I also spray from time to time the foliage of the plants, tomatoes particularly, adding a teaspoonful of kerosene to each gallon of solution.

Aphis is a sucking insect which causes destruction to various kinds of plants. Chrysanthemums are often attacked right from their young growth up to flowering stage. These can be easily detected, as they appear right on the extremity of the plant. They are black in color and if not checked will suck all the substance from the plant with the result that it wilts and becomes useless as a flower producer.

Black leaf 40 (nicotine) is one of the best mixtures to use. The strength should be one teaspoonful to each gallon of water. Washing soap and kerosene emulsion, mixed to the strength of one cake of soap cut up and melted and one dessertspoonful of kerosene to two gallons of water, is good.

Spray this on while warm and within a few minutes all aphis will be killed.

Green Aphis

GREEN aphis on roses cause a deal of worry. The same mixture and methods of spraying are also used to eradicate this pest.

Indian wax scale on orange and lemon trees can be quickly removed by using one pound of soda to two gallons of water and one dessertspoonful of kerosene thoroughly stirred with it. Spray this on while warm.

The spraying material known as Harbas mixed with glue perls is being widely used with beneficial effect.

For all leaf-eating insects—that is, the insect that chews and swallows—a poison must be used. Arsenate of lead mixed to the strength of one teaspoonful of powder to each gallon of water and a teaspoonful of kerosene added will prevent further destruction.

Cabbage Moth

IN the vegetable garden, the cabbage moth causes a great deal of destruction. The best preventive is Derris Dust. This is in powder form and very economical to use. Just sprinkle over the plants early in the morning when the dew is on them and every cabbage moth will disappear.

Those who are growing tomatoes this season should be prepared for the tomato blight which each year causes havoc among crops.

Spray continually every ten to fourteen days from the moment the young plants are placed out in the beds, with either Bordeaux mixture made in the strength according to instructions on the packet, or lime sulphur, mixing in 60 to one strength as already stated for other plants.

The spraying of the tomato plants with Condys crystals to the strength already mentioned will also help.

Keep an eye on the beans where rust may make its appearance and spray them also with the same mixture.

A clean garden spells success and nothing succeeds like success. Keep your garden clean.

If You've a Baby

Give him the gentle, safe aperient used by mothers for 100 years—Steedman's Powders. They keep habits regular and bloodstream cool during teething. For children up to 14 years.

"Hints to Mothers" Booklet posted free on request.

Give STEEDMAN'S POWDERS FOR CONSTIPATION

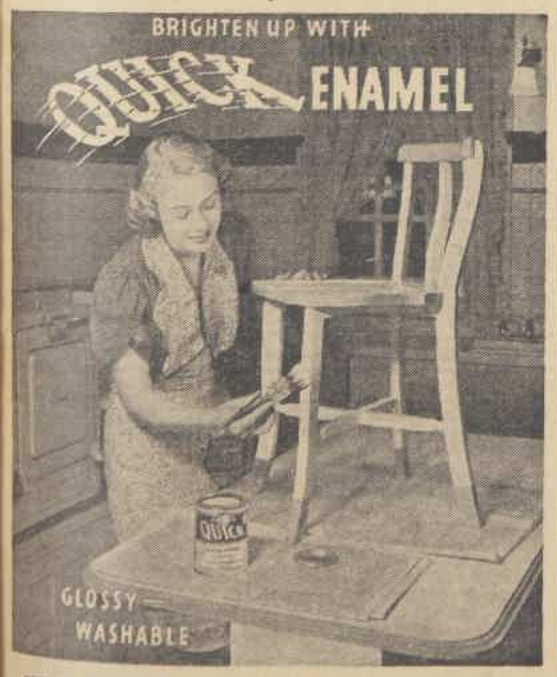
John Steedman & Co., Walworth Rd., London, Eng.

THE IDEAL LUBRICANT for household appliances

Sewing Machines, Sweepers, Fans, Tools, etc.

LUBRICATES CLEANS PREVENTS RUST

3-IN-ONE OIL



"QUICK" Enamel is easy to use and dries perfectly with a glossy, washable finish that requires no effort to keep clean.

All paint and hardware stores sell "QUICK" Enamel.

Made by LERIS BERGER & SONS (Australia) PTY., LTD., SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO. (Aust.) PTY., LTD., ROGERS PAINT & VARNISH CO.

A 10-66 PRODUCT (TRADE MARK REGISTERED ALL OTHERS)

My great great grandmother was right

SHE came to Australia just over 100 years ago and among the treasures tucked away in her "glory-box" between sprays of fragrant lavender she had a dozen Horrockses sheets . . . even in her day Horrockses had a name for true quality. The years proved how right she had been in her choice. I know she was right, because I use Horrockses sheets, too . . . they're lovely!

QUALITY + COMFORT + ECONOMY are assured when you insist on

Horrockses REGD.

SHEETS AND PILLOWCASES

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PAIN YOU'VE GOT TO KEEP TO YOURSELF

When pain, muscular cramps, headache or "sick-feeling" seem too severe to be relieved by any ordinary aspirin or a.p.c. — try **Myzone.**

Already, five out of every nine women in this country are blessing its wonderful — more lasting — relief.

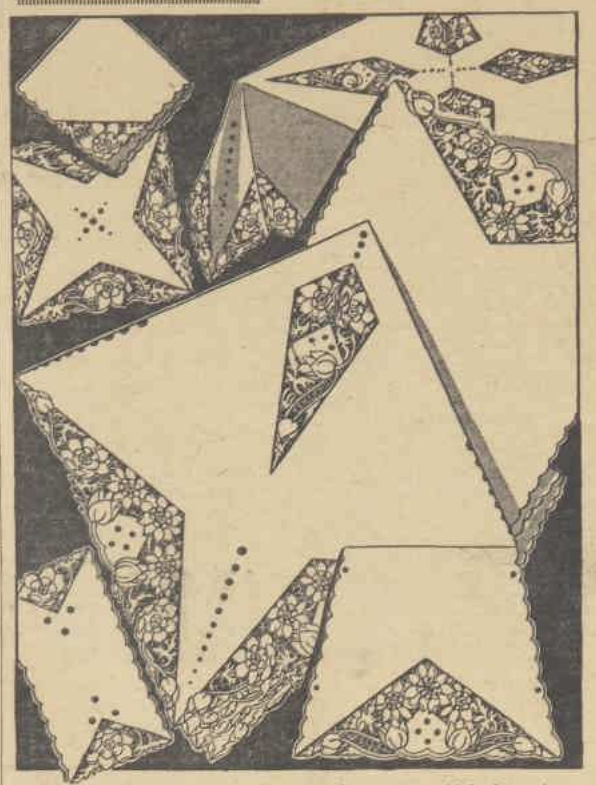
Myzone contains the amazing ***actevin*** (anti-spasm) ***compound*** — that brings complete, 7-minute relief from the pain and that sick-feeling. Just take a couple of **Myzone** tablets with a cup of tea, or water, any time. Try **Myzone** on your next bad headache! 2/- a box. All Chemists.

Aust. Agents, Turnleys, Melb. & Sydney.

Needlework Notions

ADORNED *with* ANEMONES

Linen luncheon or supper set in a new and fascinating design. Work it now and let it grace your table for summer entertaining



THIS ANEMONE linen supper or luncheon set would look particularly lovely in all white or in cream linen with cutwork done in ecru. Colors would also be effective with embroidery either matching or in contrasting tones. Complete set or separate pieces are obtainable already traced for working from our Needlework Department.

THIS anemone supper or luncheon set is one of the most charming, and looks most effective when completed. Yet it is very easy to work.

If you get busy and work a set now you will probably find plenty of use for it over the holidays, now not so far distant, when friends drop in for lunch or supper.

You can obtain the complete set traced all ready for working from our Needlework Department, or you may buy the pieces separately.

The material is pure Irish linen in white, cream, blue, yellow, pink or green.

Prices are:
Cloth, 36 by 36 inches, 7/6.
Cloth, 45 by 45 inches, 8/9.
Cloth, 54 by 54 inches, 11/6.
Serviette, 11 by 11 inches, 1/-.
Serviette, 15 by 15 inches, 1/6.
D'oyley, 8 by 8 inches, 1/-.
D'oyley, 5 by 11 inches, 1/-.
Traymobile cloth, 14 by 25 inches, 4/6.

Send to This Address!

Adelaide: Box 288A, G.P.O. Brisbane: Box 490F, G.P.O. Melbourne: Box 185, G.P.O. Newcastle: Box 41, G.P.O. Perth: Box 481G, G.P.O. Sydney: Box 4250TT, G.P.O. Mailing, 168 Castlereagh Street or Dalton House, 115 Pitt Street. Tasmania: Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne. New Zealand: Write to Sydney office.

Tea-cosy, 15 by 10 inches, 2/6. Postage free.

TO EMBROIDER

The flowers in the anemone design are worked in buttonhole with the spots either in eyelets or French knots. The bars are worked in buttonhole and the leaves in buttonhole and stem-stitch.

Be careful to thoroughly damp and press the work before attempting to cut the material.

Broder cottons for working the supper or luncheon set may be obtained from our Needlework Department, price 3½d. a skein.

Pyjama or Nightdress Sachet

OBTAINABLE in cream Irish linen with designs already worked in buttonhole-stitch.

All you have to do is to order initial required and work it on in satin-stitch.

WHY NOT decide on some of these sachets as Christmas gifts for friends? As they are already embroidered, all you have to do is to work individual initials on each. Order now from our Needlework Department.

Sachet measures 18 inches wide by 15 inches deep when completed, and provides ample room for pyjama suit or nightdress.

Price, 5/6 complete, postage free.

When ordering state whether No. 1 or No. 2 design required, and initial desired.

A Cæsar Fabric . . . 36 inches wide, 1/11½ yard at all stores

For Your Little Girl

Useful romper suit all ready for making up and working.

FOR tiny tots there is nothing more practical than an ample supply of rompers in which they can play happily without fear of spoiling their clothes.

This pretty romper, illustrated below, is obtainable from our Needlework Department in Linora in shades of cream and blue.

Sizes are for infants to 18 months.

The romper is cut out ready for making up, and is also traced with design for embroidery.

The Linora washes and launders perfectly, is very hard-wearing, and does not fade. So you can always be sure that this garment will look clean and fresh after a quick tub.

Price of romper, 2/3, postage free.

Paper patterns for rompers in sizes infants to 18 months may also be obtained from our Pattern Department, price 10d. each

THIS USEFUL romper is obtainable in cream and blue Linora ready for making up and traced with design ready for working.

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HANDY HINTS SCRAPBOOK . . .

BE SHOPWISE

CUT out these handy hints and new ideas from this page every week. Paste them in a scrapbook under their headings in alphabetical order, and you will find your book an ever-ready source of help and information.

TEA STAINS—If you have the misfortune to spill a cup of tea over the tea-cloth, remove the cloth at once and place it over a basin. Pour boiling water over the stain. Continue until the stain has completely disappeared, and then wash the cloth in soapy water and rinse well.

Stubborn tea stains which have been left on for some time are best treated with a little weak chloride of lime. It is, of course, always best to remove the stains at once.

INKSTAINS ON SILVER—These can be removed by rubbing the stain with a mixture of whiting and sweet oil made into a thin paste. Leave on for 24 hours and afterwards wash and dry silver carefully. Polish in usual way.

INK ON RUGS—To remove ink on rugs soak with milk and wipe with absorbent cotton. Repeat until clean.

COLOR IN GREEN VEGETABLES—A lump of sugar put in to boil with green vegetables will preserve the color and improve the flavor.

KEEPING TEA—To keep the tea from becoming stale, and to give it a really delicious flavor, keep a piece of orange peel in the caddy.

MARKING LINEN—Writing the letters on linen in soft lead pencil before using marking ink will prevent the ink from running.

WALLPAPER TEST—Before deciding on a wallpaper for any room, try out a piece about two yards long on the darkest corner of the room. Wallpapers have a way of looking quite different when they are on the walls from what they appear in the book of patterns.

BROKEN EGGS—If an egg is broken accidentally, it may be kept for two or three days by removing the shell, dropping the egg into a bowl, and covering with cold water.

CRACKED EGGS—To boil cracked eggs wrap in tissue paper and start in cold water to which salt is added.

MICE—You can drive mice away with the odor of turpentine. Soak a rag and press into the mouse hole.

SCRATCHES ON FURNITURE—These marks may be treated with a pad of flannel soaked in linseed oil. Tie the pad tightly over the scratch and leave it for some time. The scratch will not disappear entirely, but the soaking in of the oil will make it less noticeable.

STIFFENING FELT—A felt hat may be stiffened by placing a wet cloth on the brim and passing a hot iron over this until it is dry. Pulling away the cloth will raise the nap.

WASHING BRUSHES — Before washing a wooden back brush, rub vaseline into the polished wooden back to prevent its cracking.

FOOD TOO SALTY—Over-salted food can still be saved by dropping a clean piece of sponge into the saucepan.

SPECTACLE LENSES—Glasses do not get steamy in wet weather if they are occasionally rubbed with dry soap and then polished.

TO MEND THIMBLE—Sealing wax will mend a thimble. Melt a stick of it in the flame of a candle, and let a little of the hot wax drop inside the thimble. With your fingers gently but firmly press inside, so that it fills in the crack.

TO WHITEN HANDKERCHIEFS—Add one teaspoonful of peroxide of hydrogen to the water in which white handkerchiefs are washed. This will keep them white and will also remove any fruit stains.

LINEN BLINDS—To clean linen blinds take them down and rub with a mixture of salt and bath-brick.

TO CLEAN BATHS—Baths with a porcelain finish should be rubbed round briskly with a cloth soaked in paraffin. It will make them beautifully white.

MINCERS AND BEATERS—Smear a little glycerine over the bearings of your mincer or egg-beater if it is not working properly, and it will run freely.

SHOE WISDOM—Never place wet shoes near the fire to dry; this ruins the soles very often, and damages the leather. Let them dry slowly in the warmth, but away from the direct rays of the fire.

BURNT PUDDINGS—No need to despair over a milk pudding burnt on the top. After removing the burnt skin from the top, add more milk and butter and rebake the pudding in a slow oven.

MAILING FLOWERS—Flowers can be sent through the post without fading if their stems are stuck into holes cut in a raw potato.

SILVER TEAPOTS—Keep unused tealeaves in the silver teapot when it is not in daily use. This does away with mustiness, and the flavor of the tea is not spoiled when the pot is brought to the table.

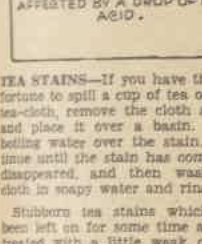
BUTTER ECONOMY—Don't throw away butter that has become rancid. Cut it up into quite small pieces, and cover in a dish with fresh milk—but only just cover. Let the butter remain in the milk for an hour, take out, and leave to drain. It will then be quite sweet.

KEEPING BREAD—Use cellophane over the cut surface of bread and cakes to keep in good condition.

ONION ODOR—A piece of celery rubbed on the hands after peeling and cutting will remove the smell.

EGG STAINS ON SILVER—These can be removed from spoons if rubbed with a piece of cork or salt.

POLISHING SILVER—Silver plate will take on a bright polish if the powder is applied with a cork.


Baby Drummond
Winner of Open Championship at Sydney Baby Show.

GIVE BABY LOVELY CURLS
THIS SIMPLE EASY WAY

Gently rub Curlypet into Baby's hair and watch it grow into delightful waves and curls. Curlypet strengthens the hair and makes it beautifully soft and thick. Read what Mr. and Mrs. Drummond say of Curlypet and how it helped their baby to win the Open Championship at the Baby Show in Sydney.

"Curlypet has done wonders with our Baby's hair. It used to be straight—but after a few applications of Curlypet, we were delighted with the change. Baby now has a mass of curls greatly admired. At baby shows the judges always remark on his hair, and we say, this has been one of the reasons towards his repeated successes."

Get a tube of Curlypet from your Chemist to-day. One full month's supply, 5/6.

CURLYPET

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney

Baby has a Windy Pain

For over a hundred years Mothers and Nurses have relied upon DINNEFORD'S PURE FLUID MAGNESIA to help Baby digest his food, ease his colic and windy pains, soothe him when fretful and feverish. DINNEFORD'S is also the gentlest and most natural of laxatives. Recommended by doctors everywhere because it is so safe, so reliable. Made only by Dinneford & Co. Ltd., London, England.

Get the DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA

D.N.Z.25

Orange Blossom for LUX CHANGE-DAILY GIRLS

Romantic courtships . . . happy and brilliant marriages . . . these come soon to dainty Lux Change Daily Girls. They never fail to Lux undies and stockings every night—they never risk unpleasant perspiration odour.

Just 4 minutes to LUX Stockings and Undies!

What if you *are* tired? Luxing takes only 4 minutes. What if the water *is* only lukewarm? Quick-dissolving Lux makes a rich, creamy lather in an instant! Then (1) squeeze, (2) rinse—and they're done! By Luxing out perspiration acids straight away, you keep undies new and pretty far longer . . . and save stocking ladders. And don't forget your girdle! Leading corset manufacturers recommend regular Lux care.

Lovely Undies and Stockings so safe in LUX

You can't afford to ruin your undies and stockings with ordinary slow-dissolving soap. In spite of careful rinsing, invisible soap particles cling in the weave—and cause faded colours and weakened threads. Very soon undies look shabby, stockings go into ladders. But Lux is absolutely safe, because the delicate flakes dissolve instantly in lukewarm water—and with two quick rinses, every trace of lather is out.

Creamy, gentle LUX suds safeguard delicate silks and rayons, preserve stocking elasticity. *There's no soda in Lux!*

Only LUX dissolves instantly in LUKEWARM water
Therefore only LUX is safe

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BABY
Contented and Happy

"Teething without Sickness"

Mrs. J. MANSFIELD writes:—"I have proved the value of Ashton & Parsons' Infants' Powders in cases of babies starting teething with diarrhoea and sickness, and speaking from thirty years' experience, I have found them wonderful. My little grand-daughter has taken Ashton & Parsons' Infants' Powders since she was one month old, and she is one of the most contented and healthy babies you could find."

ASHTON & PARSONS' INFANTS' POWDERS are intended to ease pain and soothe the child, check stomach disorders, correct the motions, relieve fever, restlessness, fretfulness and similar troubles incidental to the teething period, and are useful in delayed and prolonged dentition.

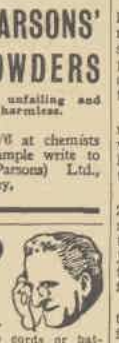
Mothers ensure the best Protection and Comfort for their children by using

ASHTON & PARSONS' INFANTS' POWDERS

which are safe, reliable, unfailing and guaranteed perfectly harmless.

Box of 20 Powders for 1/6 at chemists and stores. For *free* sample write to Phosferine (Ashton & Parsons) Ltd., Box 34 P.O., North Sydney.

DEAF?



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NOVEL IDEA WINS *First* PRIZE

Dinner from thermos flasks is selected this week as the outstanding entry in Our Best Recipe Competition . . .

THIS GIRL, who is busy all day, manages to entertain her friends to dinner by preparing the meal the night before. See recipes on this page.

IN the prize-winning recipes this week you are offered some really useful and novel ideas ranging from a dinner you can make the night or morning before required to new notions for savories.

Now we want to see your favorite recipe. What about writing it out and sending to us? Remember that every week we offer first prize of £1 for the best recipe and 2/6 consolation prize for every other recipe published.

THERMOS FLASK DINNER

This meal can be prepared the night or morning before it is required—an idea for the bachelor woman who wants to entertain friends at dinner or supper after she returns from business.

Menu: Tomato Soup, Savory, Sweets with a fruit sauce, Vegetable au gratin, Coffee.

Tomato soup is prepared the night before from beef stock and well-seasoned tomato puree (or a tin of tomato soup). Reheat in the morning and pour into (A) flask.

The savory is finely cut steak and kidney seasoned well, stewed with mushrooms, then thickened. Boil some green peas in another saucepan with mint, then next morning add to the savory and place in (B) thermos.

For a plum pudding, made in a nut-loaf tin, a wide-mouthed flask would be required. This retains the heat for 30 hours. Slip it from the tin into (C) thermos quickly.

Fruit sauce is made by blending 2 level teaspoons of cornflour with a cup of cold water. Add 2 heaped tablespoons of jam, or a cup of fruit juice, bring to the boil, stirring all the time. Strain, then pour into the flask (D).

Cube and boil vegetables, carrots, turnips, parsnips, potatoes, cauliflower, with salt, strain, cover with a thick cheese sauce.

To make the sauce, place a tablespoon of butter in a saucepan. Add a little finely-shredded onion, fry lightly, add two level dessertspoons of plain flour, smooth and cook. Add 1½ cups cold, strong stock, and ½ cup of grated cheese. Stir over a low heat till thick, season to taste. Pour over the cooked vegetables, reheat in the morning and put into the (E) flask, a wide-mouthed one.

Prepare the coffee percolator, and whilst this is boiling dish up the meal. Milk must never be added to anything to be "thermosed." Wrap the cork with silver paper and have boiling water in each thermos, to be emptied out when the food is to be poured into it.

First Prize of £1 to Miss M. Bell, 19 George St., Stepney, S.A.

FLAPJACKS

Cream 4oz. butter with a tablespoon of demerara sugar, add two tablespoons of golden syrup and beat well, put a pinch of salt into half-a-pound of rolled oats, add to the creamed butter, and knead well, turn into a shallow greased tin and bake in a moderate oven for half an hour.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Jessie G. Brown, Victor St., Holland Park SE3, South Brisbane.

NOVEL PARTY IDEA

Halve the whites of hard boiled eggs crosswise, vandyke the edges, and put them in a wide, shallow bowl. Surround the bowl with about four small bowls of various fillings, and let the guests fill the shells themselves with any of the following suggestions:

Sardine and Egg Filling.—Combine 4 hard boiled egg yolks minced finely with contents of a small tin sardines (mashed), 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 2 tablespoons mayonnaise, and 1 tablespoon garlic, flavored french dressing.

Ham and Olive.—Combine ½ cup cooked ham (*minced*), with ½ cup finely chopped stuffed olives, 2 tablespoons minced parsley, 1 tablespoon any good sauce.

Pineapple and Chicken.—Mix well ½ cup crushed pineapple, ½ cup chopped cooked chicken and 2 tablespoons mayonnaise.

Cream Cheese and Egg.—Blend a 3oz. packet cream cheese with 4 hard boiled egg yolks, 1 teaspoon vinegar, 2 teaspoons made mustard, 1 tablespoon chopped green pepper, salt and a teaspoon paprika to taste.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Yates, 13 Thomas St., Port Pirie, S.A.

BURNT ALMOND CHARLOTTE RUSSE

Half an ounce of isinglass, ¼ pint water, grated lemon rind, 1lb. castor sugar, 2oz. ratafia biscuits, 6oz. savoy biscuits, 1oz. ground almonds, 2oz. whole almonds, 5 egg yolks, 1oz. glace cherries.

Put the isinglass, ground almonds, a little grated lemon rind, 2oz. sugar, and water in a saucepan over the fire, and boil for 20 minutes. Beat up egg yolks, let the other mixture cool a little, then pour it over the eggs. Blanch and chop the almonds, let the rest of the sugar get red hot in a clean pan. Stir the almonds into it and stir it over the fire for 5 minutes. Crush these burnt almonds, add to the custard, and stir all together over the fire for a few minutes. Grease a plain mould, decorate the bottom with the cherries, line the sides with savoy biscuits, and half fill with broken savoy biscuits and ratafias. Pour the custard carefully over, let it get cold, and turn out when wanted.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. W. Millingen, Sackville St., Balmoral, Brisbane.

MELTING CHEESECAKE

One 2oz. packet cream cheese, 4oz. castor sugar, ½ teaspoon vanilla essence, 6oz. shortcrust, 4oz. butter, 4 eggs, 2oz. sultanas, pinch salt, milk.

Roll out shortcrust thinly and neatly line and ornament a large pie plate. Prick bottom with a fork. Beat butter and sugar to a cream. Stir in crumbled cheese, 4 beaten egg-yolks (reserving enough egg-yolk to glaze top), vanilla essence, salt and sultanas. Beat egg-whites to a stiff froth. Fold into mixture. Pour into pastry case. Dab with remaining egg-yolk mixed with a teaspoon milk. Bake in a hot oven at first, then reduce heat and cook in a moderate oven till filling is set and pastry golden brown.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Meehan, c/o J. James, Temple Court Lane, Melbourne.

"GUESS WHAT THEY ARE" SAVORIES

Take a quantity of small white pickled onions. Heat a little olive oil in a frying pan, then add the onions. Turn frequently in the pan and cook until a golden brown. Drain the oil from them. Place a toothpick through each onion. Serve cold.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss M. Llevain, 168 Hopetoun Ave., Vaucluse, N.S.W.

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Good health is undeniably the basis of good looks. And good health is very largely a matter of proper nutrition—of the right food, adequate in its proportion of the vital qualities which are necessary for clear, attractive skin . . . strong, well-formed teeth, and that captivating vivacity which only a sense of buoyant fitness can impart.

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There's no substitute for

Butter

THE VITAL FOOD

THIS WEEK

FRUIT RECIPES

FRENCH PINEAPPLE TART

Six ounces good shortcrust, 1 tin pineapple, 1 lemon rind and juice, 2 eggs, water, 1½oz. arrowroot, 1oz. sugar, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon butter, 1oz. castor sugar or icing sugar.

Make good shortcrust and roll out thin, prick all over and bake 20 minutes. Put liquid from pineapple and enough water to make ½ pint on to boil with butter, grated rind and juice of lemon. Mix arrowroot, sugar and salt with a little of the liquid till smooth and break in eggyolks and beat well.

Stir this into liquid till boiling and cook three minutes. Add finely-diced pineapple and put all this onto the pastry. Beat whites of eggs to a stiff froth and pile on top of pineapple filling. Sift castor sugar or icing sugar on top and put in oven to set.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Molly Macrow, Don, Tas.

GLACED ORANGES

Divide oranges into sections and remove every scrap of pith and peel, then dry them in cool oven for four hours.

Take 1lb. sugar and ½ cup water and boil until a drop, when put into cold water, snaps like glass. Now stand pan inside another containing hot water so that the syrup may remain hot without further cooking.

Tip sections of orange into syrup, one at a time, lift out with a fork and arrange on oiled paper. Let them become quite hard and dry, then store in tins with white paper between layers. Apples and bananas can also be glaced in the same way.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss G. McCure, Altona, Ararat, Vic.

FRUIT-STUFFED PORK

Loin of pork, 2 cupfuls dried apricots, 1 lemon, 1 orange, ½ cupful butter, 4 cupfuls breadcrumbs, ½ cupful walnuts, pepper, salt to taste.

Soak apricots overnight, then chop up and stew with the grated rind and juice of orange and lemon. Stir in the breadcrumbs, which should be fresh. Add walnuts, pepper and salt to flavor, and butter. Work well together and use as stuffing for the loin of pork, which should be boned. Spread over thickly and roll up meat, and skewer. Cook well in a hot oven, basting frequently.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. Forster, Marmong Point, Lake Macquarie, N.S.W.

STUFFED LOQUATS IN JELLY

Choose large loquats, wipe, remove stones carefully.

Trim and mince 12 shrimps. Add lemon juice and dust with cayenne. Mix in 1 tablespoon butter, and a dessertspoon anchovy sauce. Mix and stuff each loquat. Place them in mould, warm pint of clear stock, add ½oz. gelatine. When dissolved, pour over loquats. Set on ice, unmould. Serve in neat pieces on lettuce leaf.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss M. Bell, 19 George Street, Stepney, S.A.

IGNORANT PEOPLE

No. 4 The man who thought That the GREAT AUSTRALIAN BIGHT was caused by a large mosquito

—but he KNEW that Peck's ANCHOVETTE IS THE BEST FISH PASTE

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CAN YOU *Make* *Good* COFFEE?

IT'S an art worth mastering . . . Learn how to prepare the perfect after-dinner coffee—the satisfying round-off to the perfect meal . . . or a fragrant between-meal beverage . . . Here are recipes.

By MARY FORBES

Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

TOP: The demi-tasse or after-dinner coffee served black in small cups forms the perfect finish to a dinner. Above: June Lang, 20th Century-Fox actress, likes coffee with milk for breakfast.

THERE is no more satisfying finish to an appetising dinner than the perfectly-prepared demi-tasse or after-dinner coffee.

Indeed, a good cup of coffee is "sheer black magic," claims a well-known gastronomer.

Coffee that has real fragrance and is full of flavor brings a threefold appeal to the senses—exciting aroma, thrilling taste and an exhilarating effect.

There are three ways of making coffee—boiling, steeping, and percolating, which is sometimes called the drip process.

When making coffee (whichever method used) always measure the coffee and water accurately. The quantity of coffee used depends upon the person's taste.

As a general rule use for black coffee about 1 dessertspoon to each 1½ cups of water, and for white coffee 1 dessertspoon to each cup of water. After which the essence is added to milk to the strength desired.

ICED COFFEE served in glasses with straws, with or without whipped cream on top, is a popular beverage for summer afternoons.

WAYS OF SERVING COFFEE

1. Serve black in coffee cups.
2. Serve black in coffee cups with small jug of thin or whipped cream or slice of lemon in saucer.
3. Add black coffee to milk, boil together. Serve in coffee pot.
4. Serve boiling coffee and milk in separate jugs, pour into cups together.
5. Mix black coffee with milk. Chill. Serve in tall glasses topped with whipped cream.

COFFEE WITH MILK

One dessertspoon coffee, ½ cup water, pinch salt, ½ cup boiling milk.

Put the coffee, water and salt into a small saucepan and bring slowly to the boil. Boil 1 minute, strain through muslin or fine strainer. Boil the milk and serve in separate jug or heat the two together, using quantity of coffee according to the strength required.

BLACK COFFEE

One dessertspoon coffee, 1½ cups water, salt, pinch mustard.

Put coffee, salt and mustard into jug. Pour on the boiling water. Allow to stand till cold. Strain through muslin. Reheat and serve in small coffee cups.

"DRIP" COFFEE

Put 2 dessertspoons of coffee into percolator. Pour over gradually 2 cups of boiling water. Stand the percolator on a warm part of the stove, allowing it to slowly drip through. Serve with cream or lemon in coffee cups.

ICED COFFEE

Strong coffee, milk, whipped cream.

Add the strong coffee to the required quantity of milk till strong enough. Place in a jug and stand in the ice-chest till very cold or ready for use. Three-quarters fill tumblers with the coffee. Place a dessertspoon of whipped cream on top and serve immediately.

COFFEE MILK

One cup milk or unsweetened condensed milk, ½ cup cold black coffee, ½ cup water, nutmeg, cream.

Strain coffee through fine muslin to free from all grains. Put milk, coffee and water into bottle. Cover and shake thoroughly till well mixed. Chill. Pour into glasses and top with cream and grated nutmeg.

BOILED COFFEE WITH EGG

Use 1 heaped tablespoon ground coffee and ½ tablespoon beaten egg for each cup (½ pint) cold water. Combine coffee and egg in pot and mix thoroughly. Pour in water and bring slowly to a boil, stirring coffee down occasionally. Remove from fire immediately and let stand in warm place three to five minutes. Pour ½ cup cold water into pot to settle. Strain from grounds through a fine wire strainer, muslin, or cheesecloth.

"Boiled" coffee may also be prepared without egg, but it is less clear. The advantage of this method lies in the ease with which large quantities may be made.

AFTER-DINNER COFFEE OR DEMI-TASSE

Use 1½ heaped tablespoons ground coffee for each cup (½ pint) of water. Make by any method desired. Serve black with or without sugar, either at the dining-table or in the living-room. If desired, also serve a liqueur, such as Contreau, Cognac, Benedictine, Curacao, or Grand Marnier.

VIENNA CAFE AU LAIT

Use 1½ heaped tablespoons ground coffee to each cup (½ pint) water. Make by any method desired. Have ready a pot of hot milk. When serving, pour milk and coffee together into cup in equal amounts. Top with teaspoon of unsweetened whipped cream.

DEVILLED COFFEE

Two lumps sugar for each serving, ½in. cinnamon for each serving, 2 cloves, 2 pieces lemon peel, ½ jigger brandy to each serving.

Place sugar, spices, lemon in bowl. Add brandy and ignite it. Let burn for 15 to 25 seconds, stirring constantly with a glass rod or silver spoon. Then add hot coffee—two-thirds demi-tasse for each person, stirring until brandy burns out. Serve in small after-dinner coffee cups. If desired, top with whipped cream. Serves eight.

"It's so strange, doctor—Alan seems to fail in his morning subjects and do much better after dinner."

"What does he have for breakfast?"

"Well—he really doesn't have much—he doesn't seem to fancy anything."

"There's the trouble," explained the doctor. "He doesn't get enough nourishment to carry on the morning's work. If he's fussy give him Kellogg's Rice Bubbles—children seem to like that funny little 'SNAP,' 'CRACKLE,' and 'POP' that Rice Bubbles make when the milk is poured on. My children have Rice Bubbles every day."

Now Alan has two big bowls of Kellogg's Rice Bubbles at breakfast time and has gained in weight and improved at school. Rice is one of the most nourishing and easily digested cereals—that's why doctors recommend it for growing children. And Rice Bubbles just "SNAP," "CRACKLE" and "POP" with crisp, delicious goodness. Order some to-day from your grocer.

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For summer menus cool and tempting

JUST add some Kraft Cheese . . . and there's exciting new flavour, extra food value, to make any summer menu more appetising and more sustaining. Kraft cheese is a first class protein and energising food . . . rich in Vitamin A . . . and calcium and phosphorus, the milk minerals essential for building strong bones, sound teeth. It takes a full gallon of milk to make a single pound of Kraft Cheese. Remember that! And, cooked or plain, Kraft is as digestible as the milk from which it is made.

New way with Cauliflower

That luscious-looking salad illustrated above is just as simple as A.B.C. to prepare . . . a whole cauliflower, cooked tender, and garnished with Kraft Mayonnaise, shredded Kraft Cheddar, green peas, carrots, cucumber or any other vegetables you fancy.

•

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Deep Furrow

By . . . .
JOYCE
WEST

Australian Women's
Weekly NOVEL
November 5, 1938

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DEEP FURROW

By JOYCE WEST

JOHN MARCHANT was dying when they carried him ashore from the boat at Tauranga. He turned his fever-bright eyes from the sea to the hills, and murmured a few words.

". . . so far from home."

Selina hurried after him anxiously, so that she might have fallen, and a man in a weather-stained scarlet jacket and uniform trousers helped her over the wet stones, and the drift and seaweed.

It was a fine night. The lights at masthead and bow of the men-o'-war lying at anchor quivered like pale flames against the silver. The silence was abruptly broken by keen martial sweetness of bugle notes.

"Madness to bring a lady here at this time!" said the man in the Queen's uniform. "The harbor's blockaded . . . all the whites away who can go . . . port given over to military law . . ."

"It is my business if I choose to accompany my father," said Selina wearily and coldly. She was wearing a long grey cloak and a grey bonnet that shadowed the ash-blonde of her hair, her delicate fairness, the darker curve of her brows.

There was a man with a bony patient, horse hitched to a cart. The harness was tied up with knotted rope and flax.

"We wish to go to Mr. Herbert's," Selina said. "Would you be good enough to ask him if he knows where Mr. Herbert lives . . . he is clerk or something to Mr. Smith, the Civil Commissioner."

The man in the cart nodded.

" 'Tain't only a few steps."

The bony horse settled patiently into his collar. They climbed the hill and left the beach behind. A man was ploughing a strip of ground, his horses' heads bent, their feet plodding through the dusk. Encampments of bell tents gleamed white. There were raw yellow clay parapets that half-masked menacing gun-mouths. From the tall staff above the blockhouse the dark folds of a flag hung idly silhouetted.

Always afterwards Selina could remember the man ploughing, and the mouths of the guns at the redoubt, and the pale silver of the sea in the background.

Herbert's house faced the sea. It was built of wood, with a wide verandah and an iron roof. A barbed-wire fence surrounded its enclosure. It was almost dark, and a warm yellow glow shone from the uncurtained windows. The travellers came in to the warmth and comfort of the lamp-lit kitchen. Mrs. Herbert moved anxiously and protestingly around them, dragging out a cushion for Marchant, unloosening Selina's bonnet-strings, fidgeting over the fire.

Marchant lay down on the couch in the twinkling firelight with a long sigh.

"Well, you see, Stephen," he said, with an abrupt movement of his thin brown hands.

"No!" Herbert said, with some violence, "just wait and see what our sunshine will do for you . . . you never saw anything like the wonderful cures. . . ."

He was a small man with an irritably-lined, quizzical face. He was deeply distressed, and he tried to hide his distress. Selina, watching wearily from under the shadow of her loosened bonnet, was sorry for him.

"The air feels good, keen, sweet," Marchant said gallantly.

"The air is good here . . . the only good thing about the place!" Mrs. Herbert said succintly.

"Oh, why," . . . John Marchant protested. "It looks a good country."

"Good bush, that's all," said Mrs. Herbert bitterly. "Bush, and bush, and nothing but bush . . . and savages waiting out there for the right moment like a keg of gunpowder ready for the match."

Stephen Herbert shrugged his shoulders irritably.

"What's the good of talking like that in front of Selina? What's the good of talking like that at all? It's our job. . . ."

"Don't begin to talk about the Empire to me!" said Mrs. Herbert. "What do we want with an Empire, anyway? Look at India! I'm sure we should all be much happier at home."

"Selina's used to talk of fighting," Marchant said, with his affectionate, sunken eyes on her face. "She's not very easily scared."

"The fighting's all over in the Waikato!" Marchant declared. "All this talk of an attack is bluff. What can they do against Cameron's artillery and all these men here?"

"And I suppose it was bluff the Government sending the boat on Friday for the white people that wanted to get away?" Mrs. Herbert said significantly. She was beating a frothy egg mixture, and she poured it into an omelette pan over the glowing fire.

There was no maid. Lizette, who was much Selina's age, brewed the tea in the big brown earthenware teapot, and Mrs. Herbert moved round the table and served her family and her guests.

"Did you have a good voyage out?" Herbert said, clearing his throat, trying to say the obvious, commonplace thing.

"Good weather most of the way," Marchant said, "but head winds. It seemed a long voyage. . . ."

His voice trailed off, wearily. Selina looked at him with a quick, vague, anxious glance.

"We were very lucky," she went on, for him, "we had just landed in Auckland, and we heard about this ship coming down here with supplies for the troops, and father made inquiries and obtained permission for us to come down with her."

"And so they should have been glad to have had such a distinguished passenger as Captain Marchant," Lizette said saucily, with a smile that rallied Marchant sufficiently for him to smile back.

"These people are tired, Mother . . ." Herbert said anxiously. "A good night's rest . . . and to-morrow we'll have Doctor Manly look at you, John . . . he's very good, they say . . ."

"Yes, I'll be better in the morning," Marchant said, still smiling valiantly.

He turned to get up, and then went to his knees, and his hands and Selina's as she caught at him, and her white dress and the edge of her grey cloak were stained brighter than the firelight in the welling tide of crimson.

"Selina . . . Selina . . ." John Marchant said in a whisper of agony, "Why did I bring you so far from home . . .?"

They carried him into the front room which had been prepared for him with such anxious and hospitable care, and laid him down on the white bed that was covered with Mrs. Herbert's best embroidered spread. Herbert ran all the way to the camp, and brought back Doctor Manly.

Manly was brief and regretful.

"A great fighting name, Marchant. An old wound like that . . . at Delhi Gate, with Nicholson? . . . No, don't apologise for bringing me out. As one soldier to another . . ."

. . . . . .

But John Marchant did not die that night. He was alive in the morning. A brief, miraculous rallying had set in.

It seemed to Selina, looking back afterwards, that she lived through a transcendental period of days, a spell of time given from another planet. Nothing was quite real. She remembered the sea and the sun, the thin, clear autumn sunshine that seemed to run in John Marchant's veins like some vivifying fluid. Selina sat with him on the verandah watching the sea; walked with him when he moved slowly up and down the sandy, level road by the camp. The nights were clear, without chill, twilight yielding reluctantly to dusk, and dusk to darkness, dawn coming keen, with bars of gold in the east.

"I told you we'd set him up!" Herbert said cheerfully.

Selina remembered only detached hours and periods. She remembered that they watched a man ploughing in a field, to all appearances the same man, and the same horses, and the same fields they had seen the first night.

Also Selina remembered the ball.

Lizette came in one morning, all excitement, swinging her hat by its strings.

"There is going to be a ball to-morrow night! The officers are giving it, and we

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DEEP FURROW

will go, and Selina will be the belle of the evening . . ."

"Oh, no!" said Selina, "I couldn't go!"

"Why not?" said Marchant; "have you no ball gown? Or are you too burdened down with cares and anxieties . . . at seventeen? Most certainly she will go, Lizette . . . though whether she will be the belle of the evening is debatable . . ."

"Oh, Captain Marchant," said Lizette.

. . . . . .

The night of the ball was fine and clear. The girls dressed in Lizette's bedroom with the windows open to the sea. From the lines of the 43rd drifted trampling of horses, and men's voices. Behind the grim mouths of the Redoubt guns someone was whistling an English love song.

Selina held her skirts carefully, and surveyed herself in the dim mirror. She was in white, the satin-smoothness of her white young shoulders rising regally above the ruffled decolletage of her gown, her crinolined skirts sweeping the ground in a rustling billow. The thistledown fairness of her hair was caught in a knot at the nape of her neck. Her eyebrows slanted fine and thin and dark; her lashes swept her cheeks. The curves of her mouth were imperious.

"My dear Selina!" said Lizette, gasping. "You will be the belle of the ball!"

Selina surveyed herself carefully over one shoulder, unfurling her fan.

"It is very nice of you to say so, Lizette. But not, perhaps, very true. I am not supposed to be beautiful."

"Well, there are so few girls in Tauranga, you see . . ." Lizette said candidly. She held her breath, and wrestled with the hooks on the bosom of her rose-pink silk gown. "Dear me, you don't know how lucky you are to be slender!"

She rustled her rose-pink skirts discontentedly.

"Anyway, I know one person who will think that you are the belle of the evening!"

"Who?" said Selina in an attitude of detachment.

"Who!" said Lizette cheerfully. "Just listen to her! Have you any more strings to your bow? Who, indeed, but Lieutenant Chapman?"

Selina settled her fan to her satisfaction. "What nonsense you talk, Lizette! Lieutenant Chapman is nothing to me."

"H'm!" said Lizette. "Are you not going to wear his flowers, then? And I know where he got them, too . . . he stole them out of the Mission House garden, and he should be ashamed of himself, should your Lieutenant Chapman!"

Selina surveyed the late pale-pink roses in their jar on the home-made dressing-table with irresolute eyes.

"Will you not wear some, Lizette?"

But Lizette's attention had wandered. She had drawn aside the curtain and was leaning on the window-sill. Selina came to her side.

"What are you looking at Lizette?"

There was no moon, but the tents of the encampment gleamed vaguely white. The mast-head light of Her Majesty's ship Esk burned steadily like a guardian star.

"I wonder if it is true . . ." Lizette said in a whisper.

"What?" Selina demanded.

"That General Cameron received a letter saying that the Maoris were going to attack here to-morrow . . ."

"Well, surely there should be enough men to fight them if they do," Selina answered practically.

Lizette looked at her with eyes darkened, for an instant, by fear.

"But there's a whole country full of Maoris . . . and it seems like just a handful of white people set down here on the edge of the sea . . ."

The keen sea air was blowing on Selina's bare throat and shoulders, and she shivered a little as she closed the window.

"It is only because I am cold," she explained.

"And, after all . . ." said Lizette, her volatile spirits beginning to rise as she watched Selina arranging her roses, "If they had not sent the troops here, you would never have met your Lieutenant Chapman."

"He is not my Lieutenant Chapman!" said Selina with something like a stamp.

"I don't see what you have against him," Lizette objected reasonably. "I think he is very nice and handsome. I always did like men in uniform . . . the red coats are so dashing . . . and you must admit that he has beautiful manners . . . and his legs look so nice in his boots . . ."

Selina, outraged, swept to the door, leaving Lizette in her wake. In the doorway she paused with a rustle.

"After all . . ." she said loftily. "Why should his being a soldier excite me? The Marchants have always been soldiers . . ."

. . . . . .

The dance was held in the big military store shed down by the water's edge. Swinging lanterns lit the uneven wood floor, and piles of sacks of flour, tent canvas, and cases of foodstuffs were piled almost to the roof across the one end. The band of the 68th played a waltz tune on martial instruments.

Selina danced once with a man in naval uniform, and then with Lieutenant Chapman. Her hand lay on the scarlet of his sleeve, and his lean, dark, pleasant face was bent to hers.

"I saw you out with your father this afternoon . . ."

"Yes, we walked along the beach."

"You are wearing my roses."

"It was very kind of you to send them."

The floor was rough, and the band played with vigorous precision. The toes of Selina's small white slippers, just visible under her skirts, kept pace with Lieutenant Chapman's well-polished boots. A gay young marine, for want of a partner, waltzed down the room with a gunner in his arms. Selina had a glimpse of Lizette circling spiritedly in the gold-braided arms of some gentleman of naval importance.

"It's very warm," Lieutenant Chapman said. "Shall we sit the next out?"

Selina might have demurred, but he had already turned aside, and was leading her through the side door into the calmness of the night outside. The ripple was breaking on the beach with a soft monotonous sigh and splash. The bulk of the Mount was dark against the starry sky. It was dark and cool, and the laughter and talk, the shuffling of feet, and the strident music came to them dimmed and pleasantly muffled.

"Mrs. Herbert will be wondering where I have gone," Selina said.

"She will know that you are all right with me," Chapman said confidently.

"Will she?" Selina wanted to know.

They leaned on the rail of the wooden fence. Selina's white skirts blew idly, gently.

"Miss Marchant, your father is looking much better," Chapman said abruptly.

"He is better!" Selina said with a kind of defiant swiftness. "I haven't seen him as well for months."

"He has been ill a long time then . . ." Chapman asked hesitatingly.

"Seven years," Selina answered. "He was wounded on Indian service . . . during the Mutiny . . . the Ridge, Delhi. Of course, he wasn't always as ill as this. He became worse, and the doctors suggested a long sea-voyage. He chose New Zealand because Mr. Herbert and he have been lifelong friends, and because people said New Zealand was sunny and healthy. On the ship he became worse again; sometimes I wondered . . ." her voice was strained and tense; "sometimes I wondered if he could live to land here."

"You're cold. We'll go back . . ." Chapman said, but he did not move.

"There's only just the two of us . . ." Selina said. "My mother died when I was a baby; I have no brothers or sisters. And we've had such good times together . . ."

Lieutenant Chapman's hard brown fingers closed over hers as they lay on the rail. His grasp was strong, and not quite steady.

"Selina . . . if ever you need anyone . . . I am always here."

"But I've got my father!" Selina said wildly, passionately. She snatched her hand away. "Of course I've got my father . . . he'll soon be well again . . ."

The door was open, and the strains of the band came to them in martial cadences.

"Selina . . . Selina . . ." Stanley Chapman whispered.

Two young marines, laughing at some joke, brushed past them, and Selina laid her hand back on Chapman's sleeve.

"Let's dance again . . ."

They were back in the lantern light, swinging, circling. Over the shoulder of a captain of the 43rd Lizette smiled at her knowingly.

Selina was afterwards never quite sure of the precise moment in which she became aware that something was happening. She saw two officers talking in the doorway. Presently the man who was dancing with Lizette had led her to a seat. As they circled she interrupted a glance intended for her partner, and then she saw two more men leaving the floor, and then Chapman, with an elaborate excuse, was handing her over to Mrs. Herbert.

She thought irrelevantly how fine he looked as he went striding across the floor, with his broad shoulders in his scarlet coat, his sword swinging at his narrow hips, and his dark head held so gallantly in the light of the swinging lanterns.

The band went on playing, though no one was dancing. There was no panic. Groups stood and whispered and waited. Mrs. Herbert had been knitting, and she went on making the motions of knitting, without catching the wool on her needles.

Chapman came back after a few minutes. The other officers were moving through the groups on the floor.

"It's quite all right," he said. "There's nothing wrong, but the General thinks we'd better give this up and get you ladies into cover in the blockhouse, or along at the mission."

Mrs. Herbert put her knitting carefully into her bag, and hung her bag over her arm. Lieutenant Chapman's hand closed gently on Selina's elbow.

"It's all right . . . but, then, you're plucky. This sort of thing doesn't frighten you."

"I'm not afraid," Selina whispered. "But my father. . . ."

"He'll probably be there before we will. We've sent men to all the houses."

They joined the small parties moving to the door. Mrs. Herbert insisted upon finding her coat for Lizette, whose teeth were chattering.

"There's no need to die of pneumonia as well," she said firmly.

They went out into the quiet, starry night. By the door an armed escort of marines awaited them. Behind the band blared loudly and defiantly.

. . . . . .

As soon as Selina saw Herbert's face in

and long tulle veil and hurry | It reflects your own

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the lantern light she realised what it was that he had to tell her.

"My father?" she said sharply.

Herbert nodded, turning aside a little.

"Yes, yes, Selina . . . he's not as well . . . he's had a kind of a bad turn . . . we were just sitting by the fire . . . before the news came. . . ."

"Where is he?" Celina said, looking around her a little vaguely. It was more like a dream than reality . . . the lantern light, and the gleam of the accoutrements of the armed men . . . a child crying hysterically . . . and Herbert's face, lined and worn and haggard with trouble.

"He's here at the mission house," Herbert said. "We carried him up when we got the General's orders. The Archdeacon has been very good, most of us are billeted in the church and the hall, but your father has a room in the house. I'll take you to him."

. . . . . .

The pickets on duty closed the white wooden gates. In the keen air of the night there was the sweet spiced scent of mignonette. Selina never afterwards could smell mignonette, without seeing the two men with their long rifles, dim in the lantern light, and the sprays of the late rose that were the same as she wore on her frock.

"I'll have to go, Selina," Herbert said. "I've work to do. Doctor Manly has been, and he'll come again. I'll be back when I can."

. . . . . .

In the small upstairs room with the peaked gable windows facing the sea, John Marchant lay still and quiet and unsmiling. Selina knelt by his bed, still in the white filmsy stuff of her ball gown, the satin gleam of her shoulders bare, her fair hair disarranged in a soft, slipping knot at the nape of her neck.

People came in and went out, said kind things to her, and brought her a coat, and brought her hot tea to drink. She thanked them all, but they were as little real to her as the Chinese figures on the screen by the window, and she was alone presently, but for Mrs. Herbert, dozing wearily in a chair in the corner, and she knelt and watched the dawn come in.

The clear sharpness of the night was blurred by a grey smear of rain. The sea was grey, and a mist of rain crept against the window panes.

When the bugle notes of Reveille came sharply across from the camp, John Marchant opened his eyes.

"At mess last night . . . the colonel said . . ."

His eyes, wandering a little, met Selina's.

"Selina. . . ."

"Yes, father."

"There's a hundred pounds. Herbert has it. And then there's some mining securities at home, but the solicitors say they're no good. My pension stops with me."

"Yes, father."

. . . . . .

Some time during the morning Dr. Manly came in, brief and brisk and courteous.

Selina followed him to the head of the twisting staircase.

"Dr. Manly . . .?"

He saluted her, one foot on the top step.

"Miss Marchant . . . at your service!"

"Is my father dying?"

Manly examined the grain of the wood in the newel post at the top of the staircase.

"I can see, Miss Marchant, that it is of no use my trying to deny the truth to you. I must regret to give it as my opinion that your father cannot live more than a day or two at the longest."

"Thank you, Dr. Manly," Selina said gravely.

In the afternoon Mrs. Herbert succeeded in constraining her to walk in the garden for a few minutes, while the Archdeacon, grave and troubled and absorbed, sat in Marchant's room. Selina donned her cloak, and they walked to and fro in the misty rain, under the trees, among the rain-wet roses, and the sweet sprawling mignonette and lavender.

There were armed guards at the gates. Beyond in the camp seemed signs of unusual activity.

"They have been at work all day taking the guns farther inland," Mrs. Herbert said. "They say that the General means to attack the fortifications at Gate Pa to-morrow."

Selina heard her with a part of her brain.

"How is Lizette?" Selina said.

"She's quite all right, and not making any fuss about things. There's a nice young man, just out from England, who has been very good to us. A Mr. Stratton. . . . I was quite forgetting; he is very anxious to meet you, because he knows some of the Marchants at home."

"Fancy!" Selina said.

"He is quite a gentleman," Mrs. Herbert enlarged, "and he has really beautiful manners."

Selina went in out of the rain and the flower-scents, and took off her wet cloak, and Archdeacon Brown, roused from his own troubles, patted her shoulder inarticulately.

There was a dinner-party at the mission house in the evening. The room was well away from Selina's, and she heard very faintly the laughter and voices, the clink of silver and glass and china. Mary, the maid, told her that the Archdeacon and Mrs. Brown were entertaining some of the officers who were to lead the attack on Gate Pa in the morning.

"They're that handsome . . ." Mary said, "All the gold braid and ribbons and all . . . Captain Hamilton from the man-o'-war, that's the one I like, such a smile as he gives everybody . . . and to think, miss, that this time to-morrow they may all be lying dead in that there wretched Gate Pa they talk so much about . . . and all sitting and laughing here now . . ."

"Yes, it is terrible," Selina said dully.

A flurry of rain beat upon the window-panes. Marchant appeared to be sleeping; his pulse and breathing were very slow.

Some time about midnight Herbert appeared, and stayed until dawn. Very early Selina had a letter, folded into the shape of a cocked hat, handed from the guards at the gate to the maid, and from the maid to Mrs. Brown, and sent up on Selina's breakfast tray.

She opened the note slowly. It was written in pencil, in obvious haste, upon the back of a list of military requirements. It began abruptly:

"I had hoped to see you, but I have been on duty all day, and I have the honor to be chosen to lead one of the storming parties to attack at Gate Pa to-morrow. Words seem useless, but you will believe me when I say that I grieve for you in your great trouble, and if there is anything in the world that I can do for you, I will do it. Remember that always. May God go with you, and also with

"Yours to command,
"STANLEY CHAPMAN.

"General Cameron has some papers of mine."

Selina read the letter again slowly, read the last puzzling line, and folded the paper carefully into its creases.

The day was wet, grey, foggy. A strange silence seemed to encompass the world, a silence that seemed tensed and emphasised by the sound of the guns' low, dull thunder that punctuated the minutes.

In the afternoon the young man, Stratton, come to see Selina. He was lean-built, with English-fair hair, and a rather lined, courteous face. His clothes were of good material, and fitted him with the ease of expensive tailoring. He made no clumsy attempts at sympathy. Wrapped in her cloak, Selina walked with him for a few minutes in the rain.

"I knew your cousins," he said hesitatingly.

"Bettina and Charles," Selina said politely. "Were they well when you saw them last?"

"Oh, yes . . . it was at a house-party in Devonshire . . . near Thuristone, to be accurate."

"Thuristone!" Selina said. "Do you know Thuristone?"

"I spent my childhood there . . ." Stratton said.

Selina closed her eyes, misted with slow tears. The scent of clove carnations wafted up to her from cottage gardens . . . there were thatched eaves and red chimneys warm in the misty sunshine . . . cats playing on paving-stones, and an elm tree shaking its lacy shade into the roadway . . . and in the fields the men were harvesting, with the sun on their sickles, and the air full of the breath of drying clover.

Suddenly Selina was crying, her face hidden in her wet cloak, and her hands clinging desperately to the young man who was called Stratton.

"Let's go in," she said. "Let's go in . . . I must get back to my father . . ."

He had his arm around her, and he led her, and she went blindly with him, back to the door.

"Good-bye, Miss Marchant . . ."

Selina looked at him then and she saw that his eyes were kind, and his mouth twitched.

"Good-bye, Mr. Stratton . . ."

She went upstairs, stumbling a little. The archdeacon came in, his face grey and old in the fading light, and he prayed, and Selina knelt by the window where the grey rain beat.

John Marchant, who had been quiet for hours, opened his eyes suddely. He saw Selina, and smiled at her.

"I've been worrying," he said. "Leaving you so far from home. But I can see now how close it is to Home . . ."

Not until the archdeacon came and led her gently away did Selina realise that she was fatherless. Her vigil of two days and nights had taken its toll of her endurance, and she lay in a sleep that was more than half stupor through the long hours of the night.

In the morning the news could no longer be withheld from the little settlement confined within the mission gates.

The glorious assault upon Gate Pa had been a ghastly failure. The attack, in the mist and gun-smoke and gathering darkness, officers down to a man, and assaulting columns and reserves packed into the rabbit warrens of the Maori entrenchments, had been rout and disorderly retreat. The British casualties were more than one-third of the force engaged. Captain Hamilton of the Esk was dead. Colonel Booth was dead. Commander Hay was dead.

When the roll of the officers and men killed in action was posted, the fourth name

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on the list was that of Lieutenant Stanley Russet Chapman of the 68th Durham Light Infantry.

A WEEK later Stratton asked Selina to marry him.

Stephen Herbert was to be transferred, very shortly, to Auckland. Both he and Mrs. Herbert took it as a matter of course that Selina should go with them.

"It'll be so nice for Lizette to have someone of her own age," Mrs. Herbert said carefully in Selina's hearing.

Selina had discovered the meaning of the mysterious last line in Lieutenant Chapman's letter. General Cameron came to see her, and brought the papers. They were title deeds, and particulars relating to a section of land which Chapman had bought at the modest price of four shillings an acre from a disgruntled settler who was glad to leave Tauranga for some more secure and peaceful abode. The section was described as a hundred acres with a cottage, situated on the waterfront, across the arm of the harbor. In a letter Chapman intimated that, in event of his untimely death, he wished his worldly possessions, consisting of the land, £50 in gold, and his sword, to go to a lady for whom he had the greatest regard, and whom he had respectfully hoped to make his wife, Miss Selina Marchant. His will, written on a torn scrap of paper, and witnessed by two of the men of the 68th, confirmed this.

"He was a fine man and a fine soldier," General Cameron said stiffly, and bowed, hand on sword-hilt, and saluted Selina as he went.

"Land!" Stratton said. "That's the language we're going to talk in now. Not money . . . not birth . . . not position. The man that owns land, he's going to found the aristocracy of New Zealand. To buy now . . . before peace comes . . . if I had money . . ."

He was very good to Selina. He walked with her along the waterfront, she wrapped in her grey cloak, with the wind blowing her fair hair and her eyes fixed on the grey, far horizon. He came to see her in the evenings, and they sat by the wood fire, and he talked of his own people, and his childhood home in lovely tranquil Devonshire that was so many thousands of miles and hundreds of years away. He walked with her when she went to carry flowers to the little cemetery on the Point, where, beside the raw new graves of forty British fighting men, lay the earthly remains of Captain John Marchant.

It was when they were walking home that he asked her to marry him.

Selina looked at him with her strange numb desolate glance, and shook her head.

"You're very kind to me . . ."

At that a flame of desire leaped up in his lean face and grey eyes. He laid his hands on her shoulders.

"Good to you! I love you . . . don't you understand? Can't you hear me . . . I love you . . ."

She looked at him, still numbly, and he changed his tactics.

"Selina . . . we're both lonely people. God only knows how lonely I am! There's not a soul I know I can call my own, not a face I can look into in this country and see a look for me. I think we're both more than a little homesick for England. Can't you love me, Selina?"

The tears had come to her eeys then, and she had turned away and looked out over the tawny tussock of the cemetery point to the blue and white of the wind-swept harbor entrance.

"Give me a little longer . . . then I can tell you. . . ."

Selina went back, and found the Herberts at the table in the kitchen. Herbert was figuring on a piece of paper; Mrs. Herbert bent over him anxiously.

". . . if Lizette didn't seem to need so many clothes and things from Home. . . ."

"Father!" Mrs. Herbert said, outraged, "a young girl, and pretty . . . and when you think of all the fun and parties that girls of her age in England take as a matter of course. . . ."

"I know, I know," Herbert said. "It's not that I grudge her anything. . . ."

They both looked up, and smiled guiltily at Selina.

"Did you have a nice walk, dear?" Mrs. Herbert said.

Selina was smiling a curious, bright, numb smile. She unfastened her cloak, and threw it off. The wind had loosened the silver-fairness of her hair; little, soft tendrils blew about her face.

"I've something to tell you," she said.

"What?" Mrs. Herbert said, breathless.

"I'm going to marry Mr. Stratton."

Mrs. Herbert upset her chair. She was overwhelmed by smiles, tears, and laughter.

"Oh, Selina . . . so nice and kind . . . and such a gentleman . . . and so fond of you! I must allow I had hoped for this . . . I saw how he looked at you . . . but we will miss you so, Selina."

"Stratton . . . Stratton," Herbert said, tapping his teeth with his pen; he looked at Selina with worried eyes. "You're quite sure, Selina?"

Selina looked into his kind, anxious, haggard face, and her smile quivered a little.

"Quite sure," she said.

"What does he do?" Herbert said, beginning to draw designs upon his blotting paper. "I believe he gets a little money from Home, but surely not enough to live on."

"We're going to be farmers," Selina announced calmly. "We're going across the bay to my place . . . and his people have always been landowners."

Mrs. Herbert shrieked.

"Oh, Selina! And it won't be safe for goodness knows how long . . . and all the Maoris so bold after that wretched business of Gate Pa, and only half the troops left here . . . and Colonel Greer said he wouldn't be responsible for anyone going outside the town . . . and you couldn't be a farmer, it's a terrible life, and you've got to get up so early, and the Maoris come and drive the animals off . . . and there's no proper house to live in. . . ."

"Cheer up, dear Mrs. Herbert," Selina said, putting her arms round her, and drawing the greying head against her own fair, shining one, "I am sure the life is not quite as bad as you paint, and we will wait some little time until the Maori trouble is quieter. You know that I love you and Mr. Herbert and Lizette, but I could not have lived upon you indefinitely, even if I had never met Mr. Stratton. So you see that things turn out for the best."

"Of course you could have lived with us," Mrs. Herbert said indistinctly.

Selina shook her head.

"Not upon charity . . . for that is what it amounts to, if you insist upon my putting it into ugly language. I can't live any longer like this. . . . I must have something to do. I must matter to someone."

Herbert cleared his throat.

"You matter to us, Selina. . . ."

"I know, I know," Selina said. "But you don't need me. . . ."

Then she was crying in Mrs. Herbert's arms, and Mrs. Herbert was crying, too, and Herbert was looking the other way and patting her hair.

. . . . . .

Selina set her wedding for the last week in June, just before the Herberts' departure.

The little settlement had grown to take life stoically, the real and imagined alarms of Maori attacks, the scarlet and bugles and marching of the military, the tightening poverty of land-resources paralysed by war. The Maori wheat-fields were waist-deep in thistle and fern; the sails of the old mills turned listlessly in the vagrant wind. The Tauranga trade ships lay idly at anchor in the Waitemata Harbour.

There was to be no lightheartedness or rejoicing at Selina's wedding. Two days before the date set, some of Colonel Greer's men, out scouting, encountered a large body of rebel Maoris building new and elaborate entrenchments at Te Ranga, a few miles inland. Greer sent hastily back to the camp for reinforcements, and swept down upon the Maoris as they worked. The battle was short, sharp, bloody. The men of the 68th and 43rd came down in a wave of cold steel to avenge Gate Pa, and the Maoris died with their backs to the wall they had dug, tomahawk and clubbed musket to bayonet, falling into their trenches for graves.

There was little rejoicing for the victory. The war had dragged on too long. The little settlement was sickened of talk of fighting and slaughter. The deaths of two hundred of the finest fighting men of the rebel tribes seemed to bring peace no nearer. The gallant and lovable chief of the Ngaiterangi, Rawiri Puharahi, had fallen with his men. There were fifty-two British casualties.

Selina was married in the afternoon, after the military funeral. It was a grey winter day. The morning had been filled with the rumble of gun-carriages, the marching of men, the sweet keen agony of the Last Post.

In the afternoon the flags that hung limply at half-mast had been lifted, and, as Selina came through the gate to the mission church, a bird began to sing in the orange trees.

The church was filled with white settlers, with a few friendly Maoris with the military men. The scarlet coats and the epaulets and the sword hilts made a splash of color in the gloom. Mrs. Herbert had had her way over the wedding. Selina wore white, and a white veil of frail old lace that had been Mrs. Brown's, and had come from Virginia.

When Selina came out of the church on Neale Stratton's arm, it had begun to rain, and a small cold flurry whipped the lace of her veil, and her long white skirts.

BETWEEN the rising bush-clad hills and the sea a point intervened, thrusting itself above the shallow waters of the bay. The scrub and fern and red-brown rushes grew down to the white crushed shell of the tidal beaches. Above high-water mark was a ploughed strip in rough grass and weeds, and a two-roomed shack built of rough-hewn slabs and roofed with wooden shingles. The only communication with Tauranga was by way of water, by sail or laboriously-rowed dinghy. Some earlier settler, looking his first upon the virgin waters of the inlet, had called it Pleasant Bay.

"Some misguided fool . . ." Neale Stratton said, with a sneer.

He was sitting on the doorstep in the sun, in his shirt-sleeves, and Selina stepped

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over his feet as she came in with an armful of wool. It was a clear morning of early spring. Pale ripples trembled on the surface of the bay, and mist lay in a twisted scarf across the hills. There were tuis singing in the flax clumps beside the water.

Neale lighted his pipe slowly, with flint and tinder.

"I'm going over to Tauranga to see if there's any English mail in."

A faint crease appeared between Selina's brows.

"Why not?" she said.

Neale looked at her over his tinder box.

"Why not?" he mocked. "You don't miss me much, do you? By Heaven, you don't!"

He got up from his seat, and stood straddled in the doorway. He looked at her with smouldering eyes.

"You mayn't miss me, but you're my wife, remember!"

"I'm not likely to forget that," Selina said. She arranged the wood neatly under the camp oven.

Neale lurched a step across the narrow kitchen, and laid his hands on her arms.

"The superior Mrs. Stratton . . ." he said slowly, "I wonder . . ."

With an abrupt change of mood he jerked her closer, and put an arm behind her head, and kissed her white face and unresisting mouth, and thrust her away.

"Just to remember me by while I'm gone . . ." he mocked.

Selina returned to the fire, and poked it mechanically. The loose sleeves fell back from the slender whiteness of her arms, and showed the dark marks of Neale's fingers.

Neale had gone into the other room to shave and dress. Selina saw him go out down the rough track, and ran after him to the water's edge.

"You'll have to bring back flour," she said. "We're just about out of it. And a pound of tea."

She gave him the money, counting it carefully. He watched her with a faint sneer on her face.

"Be sure that you don't give me a half-penny too much! And when we've done this money . . . this miserable hundred pounds . . . what then?"

"I should imagine that you would know the answer to that . . ." Selina said with an assumption of calm.

She climbed the low hill slowly. The sun was gathering warmth, and the bay had warmed to ruffled blue silk. From the chimney of the shack a thin column of smoke rose against the bush behind.

"I'm going to do some baking," Selina announced to herself. Her voice sounded small in the enveloping stillness. The dip of Neale's oars and the creak of rowlocks had ceased to come back across the water.

She brought out the cookery book which Lizette had solemnly presented to her, and pored over it, and over the flour and fruit and lard. She had just seen the resulting concoction safely into the camp oven when a shadow darkened the doorway.

She swung round, her heart bounding in a sickening leap.

Framed in the doorway was a Maori, almost naked, his brown shoulders beaded with sweat, his lean ribs heaving. He had a hand on either door lintel to support himself, and, from a wound in his shoulder, the blood trickled red and terrifying.

"I am sorry . . ." he said in English, and swayed forward and fell full-length on the clean-swept clay floor.

Selina stared for ten long petrified seconds, and then she bent over him, and, moved by some strange indefinable instinct, dragged him inch by inch behind the doorway out of sight. From her trunk she produced a small bottle of brandy hidden against emergencies, and poured two or three spoonfuls, patiently, between the Maori's lips. For bandages she tore up a long frilled white petticoat. The wound in the shoulder was a bullet-hole, ragged, but clean, and high up. Selina made two wet pads of the petticoat stuff, and laid them back and front of the wound, and bandaged them unskilfully but tightly into place with long strips of the material.

She seemed to have stopped the bleeding, but the man was still unconscious.

The brandy was beginning to take effect, for his eyelids flickered, and he moved one hand convulsively to his belt as though to grasp at some weapon, and then sighed a long sigh. Selina brought a blanket and covered him, and put a pillow under his head.

There was a clock on the shelf above the fire, and Selina straightened herself to look at it, and found to her amazement that the hands stood at twelve. She moved forward to replenish the dying fire, and from the doorway she saw a sight that made her hands go up soundlessly to her throat.

Coming up the low slope was a party of a dozen or fifteen Maoris, almost naked, carrying spears and tomahawks. They paused once, and then came on satisfied, and one of the party uplifted his voice in a triumphant and prolonged shout.

In the doorway Selina awaited them, white as her apron, her grey eyes staring. They came up the last little slope at a run, and Selina, looking back, saw that the eyes of the wounded man on the floor were open, and looking at her with a terrible comprehension.

Three of the party at once demanded something of her with loud obscure shouting. Selina shook her head, and a younger man pushed through to the front.

"I beg your pardon, lady. They are asking you if you see a Maori man running very fast."

"No;" said Selina desperately. "No! I have seen nobody this morning. And tell them they mustn't come crowding round my door like this. My husband will be back from Tauranga any minute, and he will be very angry, and drive them all away!"

This raised a laugh. Somebody at the back called a comment, loud and mocking. It was unintelligible to Selina, but it sounded nothing complimentary.

The younger Maori translated it obligingly.

"He says that your man is no good for fighting. He thinks you would make a better warrior than him."

"Go away, go away!" Selina demanded desperately.

An old man had seen something. He raised a quivering finger, and pointed to the doorstep. Selina gazed down with hypnotised eyes. There on the step was a splash of dried blood, and the dusty, unmistakable mark of a bare foot.

"Au-e!"

The cry was like the blood howl of a pack, and the men surged forward as one man.

"Oh, dear Heaven . . ." said Selina in a desperate prayer.

Her hands gripped the door-lintels, trembling, her slender arms barred the way. The silver-fairness of her hair gave to her white face an uncanny aureole.

"This is my house!" she cried sternly. "Does the Maori then not respect the house of another person?"

There was a threatening flash of spear-points, and then a man swung his spear, clashing the others aside, quelling the baffled snarls. He spoke briefly to the man who had acted as interpreter. He was a powerful old man, his great shoulders bowed, his face marked by the intricate patterns of tattooing.

"This is Taharangi," said the interpreter, turning to Selina. "He says give up the prisoner which you have hidden in your house."

"Ask Taharangi," said Selina, "what is his quarrel with the prisoner, and what he intends to do with him?"

There was another brief consultation.

"Taharangi says that it is a very old quarrel, and hard for the paheka to understand, because it has to do with our customs. But he says that Ranui is his prisoner, and he will kill him."

The brief delay had given Selina time to think. She leaned on the door-lintels, trying to hide the trembling of her hands.

"Say to Taharangi . . . I can see by his face he is a great chief. All within his house is his. No man would dare take anything. Say to Taharangi that this poor house is mine, and because the prisoner is within it, I say he is mine, also. Taharangi is a chief, and he knows that this is fair."

It was a master-stroke of diplomacy. Selina watched gratification struggle with the blood-lust in the watchful savage eyes of the old man. From the back a man cried aloud a long, vindictive howling threat.

"He says that we must burn your house upon you and the prisoner . . ." the interpreter translated, always obliging.

"Dog!" spat Taharangi. It was the one English word that he appeared to know, and he relapsed into vituperative Maori. Selina seized upon her advantage and pressed it home, with a kind of inspiration.

"Say to Taharangi . . . I will be much honored if he will eat with me. I have cooked a good kind of cake, and I would like him to have it because I am much pleased with his gift of the prisoner."

The bloodthirsty warriors looked frankly greedy. Taharangi hesitated, made a lordly gesture with his hand, and sank cross-legged in the rough grass beside the door. His men followed suit, laying their weapons down, relaxing easily. They began to talk, in rapid Maori. The tension must have eased, for Selina heard someone laugh.

The fire was dead, but the cake in the camp oven was brown and crisp. Ranui lay as she had left him, immobile, barely a twitch of his eyelids betraying that he lived. Selina stepped over his feet as she ran to the shelf for the last of a packet of tea.

The kettle was hot, and Selina recklessly burned a precious newspaper under it until it boiled. She made the tea in the kettle, and carried it out, and refilled the half-dozen small cups as fast as Taharangi's men emptied them. The cake was the centrepiece of the feast. The warriors watched greedily while she cut it carefully into the exact number of slices, offered the first and biggest ceremoniously to Taharangi.

She seated herself on the step and looked across the half-circle of brown faces, and made certain that she was dreaming.

Taharangi said something to the interpreter, and the interpreter turned to Selina.

"He says that he hopes you are noticing how . . . how . . . enlightened he is that he eats in this way with men who are not of his rank, and with a pakeha. With the old ways of the chiefs it was not so."

"No . . .!" said Selina politely. "You will see that I am very ignorant, because I have not been here very long."

The young Maori smiled at her kindly.

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"You will soon know the Maori better."

Taharangi had finished his meal. He rose to his feet, and made an abrupt gesture, and his warriors rose also, snatching up their weapons. He spoke imperatively to the young Maori, and he turned to Selina.

"He says farewell to you," he translated. "We are going now, and you may have this dog of a Ngai te Ahi for your slave."

Selina watched them go down the rough track to the water's edge where their canoe lay tied in the rushes. When the canoe was fairly out from the shore she sat down and burst into tears of weariness and fright.

When dusk fell the Ngai te Ahi man stirred. He drew himself up out of the shadows, and met Selina as she came in from watching the bay for Neale's boat. He held himself stiffly and painfully.

"You are . . . brave woman," he said in halting English. "My life is yours."

Selina stammered inadequately. She pointed to the wound in his shoulder.

"Your wound may start to bleed again."

The man they called Ranui shook his head.

"I go home."

There was a brief pause.

"You watch for . . . what?" he said.

"My husband," Celina burst out incautiously. "He went away in the boat to Tauranga, and he hasn't come back again."

Ranui followed her quick speech. He thought about it for a moment or two, and nodded his head thoughtfully. He lifted a bottle which had once contained vinegar from the shelf, and crooked his arm suggestively.

"No . . . yes!" Selina stammered abruptly. "But how do you know?"

Ranui nodded his head slowly and thoughtfully.

"Maori know more about white man than white man know about Maori.

He set the bottle back upon the shelf. He took the blanket which Selina had laid over him, and wrapped it about him in a casual swaggering gesture that hid his blood-stained bandages.

"I will bring you . . . good blanket. Tonight . . . when I get home, I send man look for your man Stratton. He only drunk . . . no matter. Come home to-morrow."

"Thank you," Selina faltered. "You are very good."

He bowed his head with a grave inclination.

"The Ngai te Ahi . . . will not forget."

. . . . . .

Selina passed a night of horror. She lay sleepless in the little room that was illuminated by the dim light of a cotton wick in a tin of lard, and she was tormented by imaginary fears ten times more horrible than the real ones of the day. When daylight crept in greyly through the narrow window she thankfully rose and dressed, and lighted the fire.

It was late in the morning before Neale put in an appearance. He looked heavy-eyed and ill-tempered; his hair was rumpled and his white shirt soiled.

"Well . . .?" he growled.

Selina's impulse was to burst into hysterical laughter, and she was not quick enough to control it. She sank into one of the two chairs, shaking.

"You were quite right . . . about the visitors, I mean. I had quite a lot . . . an At Home day, in fact . . ."

Neale stood and stared at her with befuddled and growing disquiet.

Selina made an effort to return to normal.

"Did you bring the flour . . . and the tea? I want to make a cup of tea."

She saw by his face that he had not.

"There was flour here yesterday . . . you were going to cook!" he said, evasively, truculently.

"Yes, but they ate it!" Selina said wildly.

"Who ate it?"

"The visitors did . . ." Selina cried, giving up, and going off into wild peals of laughter that frightened Neale so thoroughly that he retreated backwards from the kitchen.

For dinner Selina cooked slices of smoked pork and boiled sweet potatoes, and Neale for once ate in silence.

"They're selling land at two-and-six an acre," he said in sullen discontent, when they were done. "If I could get some money from home . . . buy up a few thousand acres around the harbor, hold it until times are better . . . now that peace is signed, and Tauranga grows into a town . . ."

His flight of fancy exasperated Selina.

"Get money from Home! Why not work for it . . ."

He glared at her.

"Work for it? Pick it off bushes?"

"I don't know what people do on farms," Selina said. "Plough, I suppose, and sow grass seed. Or potatoes. Or wheat . . . They can't get any wheat for the mills since the war. Get some sheep and horses and cattle, and breed some more."

Neale swore a great oath, and got up from the table, knocking his chair over.

"Get a mare's nest, I suppose, and set a hen on it!" he jibed.

Selina went outside. She had begun to dig a garden. It was only brown, bare earth, and white pipe-shells where Maoris of a bygone day had dug their stone-lined ovens. Selina raked the earth flat, and brought out some onion seed which Mrs. Herbert had given her, and sowed it in moderately-straight rows.

It was the first seed she had ever sown in her life, and when the miracle of the thin green blades appeared the Maori Ranui came again.

Neale was away, and Selina was alone admiring her onions. Ranui was carrying a bag over his shoulder, and he extracted a lean yellow mongrel pup and set it on the ground at her feet.

"No good for you . . . all the time by yourself," he said expressively.

"For me?" Selina said. She was genuinely delighted.

The yellow dog scratched itself and regarded her with a jaundiced eye.

"Very good dog," Ranui asserted. "Father Maori dog, mother belong white man . . . cattle-drive man . . ."

He broke off, apparently not intending to go into details of the manner in which the cattle-drive man's dog had changed ownership. Selina did not care in the slightest. She was offering the yellow pup a crust of bread. He engulfed it in a snap that almost included her hand as well.

"Plenty empty," said Ranui indulgently.

His eyes went down over the barren slopes.

"Why not plough the land . . . sow the grass?" he wanted to know.

Selina was thinking. She came to a rapid decision.

"I want to talk to you," she said, and sat down upon the step.

Ranui sank unblinkingly upon his heels in the fern. He was wearing white man's trousers, and above them a flax mat slung around his neck by a cord, and neatly disposed to hide the bandages on his shoulder. The effect was incongruous, but his face was dignified as ever.

"I have a little money," Selina began rapidly. "I want to buy some stock . . . a pair of horses to work . . . one or two cows and a bull . . . and then I must have a plough, and some grass seed . . ."

"How much?" Ranui said.

"Fifty pounds."

Ranui enumerated the items, marking them off on his fingers.

After long thought he shook his head.

"No good. Now the horses . . ."

"I thought you might buy them for me," Selina said. "I don't know where to buy horses . . ."

Ranui's eyes lit with the predatory gleam of the horse-dealer. He thought for a long time.

"Now a plough I can get you for nothing," he boasted. "Belong one white man who run away when the war come. Maori take him and hide him. I can get him for you . . ."

"All right . . ." said Selina without scruple.

"And the cattle I can get. But the horses . . . no good hurry. Buy one horse here, 'nother horse 'nother place. Quiet, eh? Not too much talk about buying. Get 'em cheap that way."

"I'll leave it to you," Selina agreed.

. . . . . .

It was a month before Ranui came with the horses. One was a mare with breeding in her, gaunt, soft-eyed, hollow-backed. The other horse was square and brown and ugly, with a dished face and a hairless tail. They both stood well on all four feet. Patched remnants of harness and chains clung to them. A foal like an after-thought came following the mare up the rough slope. It was mouse-colored, with thick legs and a furry face.

"I have got them," Ranui announced, sliding down from the bare back of his lean, cream pony.

Selina, trying to look wise, walked round and round the two horses. They were not in the least like the cavalry remounts she had been accustomed to ride, and for that reason she looked the wiser.

"I think they will do very well," she said to Ranui.

She walked down with him to see the cattle which were grazing hungrily near the water's edge. There were a half-dozen cows, mostly red and white, and all heavy in calf, and there was a strawberry-colored yearling bull with spike horns and lean, hungry ribs. He lifted his head to look at Selina, bawled, and went on grazing again.

"They are very good," Selina said.

"Ranui had brought the plough. It was rusty and earth-covered. The bright share was dimmed. It must have been long months since the white settler, frightened by talk of war, had left his new clearing where the grass was beginning to grow, and taken his family to security. To Selina the plough seemed to typify some indefinable tragedy.

Ranui called her attention to a sack of potatoes.

"Seed potatoes. I give them to you. You plant them right away you have plenty potatoes next year and to sell. Some day I send the women plant the kumera for you. White pople's kumera no good."

"Why not?" Selina said.

Ranui shook his head.

"They not know when to plant with the moon," he said vaguely.

Selina went inside and got Lieutenant Chapman's fifty gold sovereigns. They were hidden in an old woollen sack in a hole under the wall of the shack. Ranui had told her to keep enough to purchase grass-seed. She counted the heavy chinking coins out in a little heap on the doorstep, and pushed the heap toward Ranui. He gathered the coins up slowly, his eyes gleaming, tied the gold in a strip of rag and put

and long tulle veil and hurry | It reflects your own

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the little bundle into the pocket of his trousers. Then he arranged his flax mat gracefully, bowed, and climbed astride of his lean cream pony.

. . . . . .

When Neale returned he stood and stared at the stock.

"But where did you get the money?" he demanded.

"It was mine," Selina said.

"You never told me anything about it," Neale said sullenly, suspiciously. "Why did you hide it from me?"

"It was a legacy," Selina said. "I didn't want to talk about it."

The explanation satisfied him. He thought it was some bequest of her father's, but he was still angry over not having been consulted.

"That mare's about a hundred years old," he said. "The Maori's had you."

When he was gone inside Selina went down with the yellow dog at her heels to exult over her purchases. She was startled at the wave of possessive affection which engulfed her for a mouse-colored foal, and the big, hungry, heavy cows, and even for the little strawberry bull. The brown horse was shy, but the mare allowed herself to be handled, her tangled mane smoothed, and her rough coat patted. The mousey foal stood well off, and stared through its fuzzy fringe of hair.

The yellow dog whined jealously, and Selina had to stoop and pat it as she went back to the shack.

. . . . . .

Neale became very interested in the plough, and he spent quite a time cleaning it, and patching the broken harness. He had received a small amount of money from England, and he went across to Tauranga and bought a rough flannel shirt and heavy boots, and admired himself as a colonial farmer. He ploughed for two days, and ceased work early on the second day, complaining of an aching back. The third day he worked only a few hours.

Selina sowed the grass seed, trampling in her thin shoes over the crooked furrows, with the string of the small sack which she kept refilling, cutting into bruised flesh of her shoulders. She had a vague idea that the earth should be harrowed afterwards to cover the seed from the birds, but she had no harrows, so she laboriously tied branches of a tree on to the horse's chains and dragged them across the furrows, up and down, up and down endlessly.

By then her shoes were worn out, so she had to wear Neale's working boots, suffed with grass to keep them on. The rope reins blistered the palms of her hands, and the blisters broke and bled. In the sunniest strip of the slope she planted some of the seed potatoes that Ranui had given her, kneeling in the soft earth, muddying her long skirts, bending her back until she was dizzy.

Along with the grass she had bought vegetable seeds, and she dug and raked and planted in the earth beside the shack.

Almost imperceptibly the last of winter and early spring had passed. The heat came out of the breast of the bush-clad hills and reflected on the shining burning bay. The earth was hot and damp with the struggle of growing things. When the new grass laid a thin vivifying blanket of emerald on the slopes, Selina faced the fact that she was going to bear Neale's child.

. . . . . .

Basil Gresham Stratton was born in the autumn when the leaves were beginning to fall from the English trees in the Military Cemetery on the point. Selina prayed most firmly and fearfully for courage to look ahead. Her father's money was almost gone. There was no prospect of Neale's earning any in the near future, or at any other time. There was no money to expend upon the farm, on stock, or feed, or fences, and if there had been money there was no prospect of return. Trade was still held in the paralysing grip of war.

From the farm Selina had sold a few bags of potatoes to one of the two almost idle stores in Tauranga. Ranui had offered to buy the yearling foal, but she refused, and he had lent her a ragged piebald stallion to run with her horses. The cattle had come through the summer months in good condition on the new grass, and in the green lush swamps. The cows had all calved in due course, and given her four living calves. The poorest of the yearlings she had lost, bogged in a swamp.

Selina had a visit one afternoon from two fishermen who came into the bay to net flounders. She gave them tea, and they hung a shining string of fish on the doornail, and stayed and gave her the news of Tauranga.

"Things are bad . . . bad. No trade. The Maoris have got used to the idea of fighting, and can't get back to honest work. The stores are empty . . . no one to buy, and no one to sell. An' winter's comin' on an' it'll be a dam' sight worse in the winter."

He coughed, and apologised to Selina.

"I guess this town is just about finished with."

The younger man was inclined to take a more hopeful view.

"Some time they'll build roads . . . and bridges. And then Tauranga will be the highway to Rotorua and the Lakes. Look at the harbor . . ."

"Some time!" his companion scoffed. "Build roads over them hills! And who'll build them? I tell you there'll be nobody here to build roads in a year or so . . ."

"Well, now that times are more peaceful . . ."

The older man brought his fist down on the table with a jar that made the cups ring.

"More peaceful? What about Volkner? I tell you while there's one spark of this cursed Hauhau religion in the country, there's not a man, or a woman, or a child of us can lie down safe in their beds at night!"

The younger man looked at him, and he stopped abruptly.

"Beg your pardon, ma'am, but maybe I'm liable to exaggerate a bit sometimes. But you don't live here alone?"

"No," Selina said. "My husband is out working on the farm to-day."

Neale was working. He was at the back of the hundred acres, knee-deep in a stream, hopefully washing basinfuls of sand for gold.

Selina smiled suddenly at the two men.

"It's all right. You needn't mind talking in front of me. I'm used to talk of war and trouble."

"You're plucky . . ." said the old fisherman fervently, as he got up. "It's no life . . . for a woman here."

In the doorway they paused and looked out over the shining bay.

. . . . . .

Neale found no gold, but he complained of rheumatism from standing in the cold water. For the last few weeks before the baby was born, he was more thoughtful of Selina. He chopped wood, so that she did not have to wrestle inadequately with the tough, knotted manuka. He brought her eggs from the Maori pa, and a few half-feathered roosters to make a change from the everlasting diet of salt-water fish. Sometimes he went on night expeditions with the Maoris from the nearby pas, flounder spearing with torches and iron-tipped sticks along the shallow inlets.

He was increasingly friendly with the Maoris along the harbor, and played with the idea of starting a trading-store. How he intended to procure goods to start, Selina never discovered.

She still had plenty of clothes, but her elaborate white gowns with their frilling and ruffles were hard to wash, harder still to iron with the small iron which she heated over the open fire, wiped carefully, and heated again.

The interior of the shack was growing a little more comfortable. She had found a white clay which she mixed with water and washed over the floor once a week. The rough warped walls were hung with Maori mats and blankets. Neale had taken a notion to bring back timber from an idle saw-pit at Tauranga and make shaky but useful stools, and Lizette had sent down a present of gorgeous satin cushions by the captain of a ship.

Lizette was going to be married, she wrote, to a young man in the Civil Service in Auckland. Her mother was pleased because he was a good match, and she was very happy, because she loved him. They all sent their love to Selina in hopes she was well, and their kindest regards to Mr. Stratton.

Selina placed the cushions on the couch that was really a framework of wood with sacks stretched over, and wrote a grateful letter to Lizette. She was well, and Neale was well, and the cushions looked so beautiful on the couch. They were having fine weather, and the sunsets were very beautiful.

The yellow dog admired the cushions immensely, and dragged one down and sat on it in his accustomed place by the hearth. Selina wept, and Neale, usually ready to be exasperated by anything the yellow dog might do, was for some reason intensely amused by the mishap.

Two days before Basil was born, Neale went to Tauranga, and received a letter with money in it, and, being rather tired of good behaviour, went on a drunken carousal.

. . . . . .

Selina thought of him a little, lying there in the comforting calm and dimness of the shack, after her baby was born. It was a *fine morning*, with a suggestion of sharpness hidden under the sunshine. Beyond the ranges it would be frosty.

A shaft of sunshine crept in over the incredibly-ancient crone who sat in the doorway nursing Basil Gresham Stratton. It threw into relief her million wrinkles, the clean, coarse white hair that hung over her shoulders, the brown claws of hands that dandled the small shawled bundle. By the fireplace a girl with a wild bush of hair was busy, cooking. The events of the night passed by Selina's mind in a vague stream.

. . . . . .

In 1868 Tauranga ventured into the newspaper world with a weekly publication known as the "Tauranga Record." In one issue, besides the leading article lamenting the seriousness of the depression in trade, and under the heading of "Shipping at the Port of Tauranga," was the brief notice . . . "Kaitea . . . from Wellington, 6 a.m., Wednesday." Selina read every word of that particular issue; she had been extravagant enough to buy a copy when she took the boat across to Tauranga for stores, but the item concerning the Kaitea was of no interest to her, and she did not think of it again.

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DEEP FURROW

She was ploughing. In her soiled white dress and her blue apron she toiled over the heavy ground behind the team. The sea was intensely blue, and the furrows copper-colored, and a flight of white seagulls wheeled and screamed and swooped in the wake of the horses.

When she turned the horses to come down the field again, she became aware of a man standing in the shadow of the manuka trees by the rail fence, watching her.

She pulled up the horses, her heart beginning to beat fast, and when the man saw that he was observed he left the fence, and came out across the field towards Selina. He was a big man, and barefooted, and he trod the furrows with a light step. He wore a thin torn vest, and blue seaman's trousers, shrunk and stained and salt-faded. He was burned almost as dark as a Maori, but he looked at Selina from under dark brows with slate-blue eyes that were unquestionably British. He trod with a swaggering grace that suggested the gentleman swashbuckler: his confidence of bearing was almost arrogance. Selina had time to think irrelevantly that he should have been wearing jack-boots and a rapier, and a great plumed and cocked hat which he could have doffed and carried under one arm.

"What work is this?" he said with a black scowl between his brows.

"Sir?" said Selina, startled.

"I've seen bullocks plough, and donkeys plough," he said. "But not a woman. Where're your menfolk?"

Selina was no longer afraid of him, but she was annoyed and angry, and she showed it in her face.

"My name's Douglas," the man said. "Forest Ranger Kenton Douglas . . . very much at your service!"

"I am Mrs. Stratton," Selina said coolly.

"Mrs. Stratton," repeated Forest Ranger Douglas. "Then you are married. "What's the matter with your husband that he lets you plough?"

Selina's eyes met his in a level angry gaze.

"May I inform you, Mr. Douglas, that I find your questions both impertinent and ill-timed?"

"H'mn," said Mr. Douglas. "They are not meant to be either."

"My husband is at the time absent," Selina said with finality. "On business."

Somewhere a child began to cry protestingly, and Selina went across to a heap of fern and tussock where the yellow dog sat in unblinking patience. From the grass she lifted up a baby, and unrolled its white shawl. She sat down on a log, and pushed off her shabby straw hat, and her hair, loosened from its knot by her exertions, strayed about her face in a halo of thistle-down brightness.

Douglas drew closer, slowly.

"There's a window in Florence," he said in a half-whisper, "of the Mother and Child . . . and the light falls upon her hair . . ."

The yellow dog, after prolonged scrutiny, had decided that Douglas was to be trusted, and he crawled ingratiatingly across and laid his head on the man's knee. Douglas held the dog's jaw in his hand, and took his gaze, with an effort, from Selina to look down at the odd, long, ugly beast.

"Nice cur, aren't you?" he murmured. "You'd be cut into little pieces for them, wouldn't you?"

"Do you want a meal?" Selina said, trying to sound abrupt.

"Do you think I've got no mouth?" he said, unashamed. "I've walked twenty miles since dawn . . ."

"Then if you'll take the horses out," Selina said, still business-like, "I'll go on to the house and see to dinner."

When he reached the house the baby was crying, and he took it up, and sat down on the couch with it dandled expertly on his knee. Two very small boys came in from the yard to regard him with solemn eyes.

"Well, by all the gods and godesses!" said Forest Ranger Douglas, "you're not going to tell me that these are yours, too!"

"Why not?" said Selina disapprovingly.

"You're too young to have three children," said her outspoken visitor. A devil of mischief danced in his blue-grey eyes.

Selina smiled reluctantly, turning quickly away. The small mirror over the mantelshelf gave her back her reflection with inescapable candor . . . her delicate skin burned by the sun and reddened by wind, her hair loosened and unkempt about her face, her mouth curiously young and worn and stern. She thought, oddly enough, of the military ball when she had been the toast of the night, and of the roses, long-stemmed and pale, and wind-blown, which Lieutenant Chapman had stolen for her out of the mission-house garden. It was perhaps something in this man Douglas' face . . . in the way his eyes drew down at the corners when he laughed . . . that set her to thinking again of Lieutenant Chapman.

"Why do you smile?" said Douglas.

"I was thinking of something that happened long ago . . ." Selina allowed.

"You oughtn't to think of things that happened long ago. There's plenty to happen to you yet . . ."

SELINA shook her head. His eyes were on hers, the intensity of their slate-blue regard deepening, and she leaned over, her hands on the edge of the table, unable to break away from it. It was as though something happened during that long, strange inter-change of looks.

She rushed into talk of the children, who had already come to lean against his knees.

"The taller one is Basil . . . we call him Boy. And that's Rick . . . Richard Marchant Stratton."

"And the baby?"

"Julie."

"She's like her mother."

"Nonsense," Selina said unconvincingly. "How can you tell at that age?"

"Her eyes are the color of yours. And her lashes are black. And her hair is coming in kind of straw-colored."

"Straw-colored?" Selina said.

"The color of wheat, then . . . a field of wheat ripening, so that it looks silver in the sunshine."

Selina's eyes fell before his.

"I thought you were very hungry, Mr. Douglas."

The baby Julie was asleep in his arms, and Selina took her and laid her down in her home-made box-cot. They drew their chairs up to the table. Selina had a good pigeon stew, hot and savory, with potatoes in it, and slices of sweet, home-baked bread. There was a cold apple pie to follow, and cream thick and yellow in the jug.

"Curious how a man enjoys a woman's cooking again," Douglas said with a frank sigh of content. They sat on at the table, drinking their tea, leisurely looking out from the open doorway on the shining mirror of the bay. "He may imagine he's hardened to camp fare . . ."

"You've been in camp long?" Selina said. "A year. I've been a year with von Tempsky. In the bush most of the time."

"Tell me about it," Selina said.

He smiled ruefully, pushing his empty cup aside.

"What is there to tell? It's hard campaigning . . . plenty of excitement."

"It seems to me, Mr. Douglas," said Selina, "that your tongue is strangely more ready in some ways than others."

He laughed then a little, and reddened under the brown of his skin.

"Don't be too hard on me, Mrs. Stratton. I'm supposed to be on sick leave."

"You don't look sick," Selina said. "Have you been wounded?"

He hitched aside his vest a little at the shoulder to show the beginnings of a healed scar, red and drawn and angry.

"A Hauhau bullet. At Tururu Mokai . . ."

"The defence of Tururu Mokai . . ." Selina said. "Surely you can tell me about that?"

He stirred his empty cup absently.

"We were stationed at the Waihi Redoubt . . . the Rangers were. The day before I took a despatch over to Tururu Mokai, and had to wait the night for a reply. It was just a low redoubt, with mud walls . . . they had been using it for a sheep-yard before the trouble broke out. The Hauhaus attacked at dawn . . . we were wakened by the shots. It was a misty morning, and dark. There were four men killed in the gateway before we found we could cover it with our rifle fire from the angles in the wall. One of them was Ross, our commander, and the devils slashed open his breast and tore out his heart . . . one of their old rites of war . . ."

Douglas was leaning forward a little over the table. His face was expressionless, but his hand, resting on the table edge, was clenched so that the knuckles showed white through the brown skin.

"The Hauhaus had fired some old huts outside, and the smoke and fire went up red into the mist . . . and they danced and shrieked in it like devils. We could hear them with their tomahawks chopping at the mud parapets, undermining them. There was ammunition in the redoubt, and they knew it.

"There were twenty-two of us. At least there were twenty-two of us to begin with. It got light presently . . . and it wasn't exactly an easy sight to talk about. There were dead men and dying men down in the dust by the parapets . . . and the smoke of the gun-fire over everything. Like a pall. I was looking over the parapet to fire, and I got a bullet in my shoulder. I was out of it then, and nothing for me to do but open boxes of ammunition with one hand.

"There were six men left when we heard a different kind of a shout from the Hauhaus. We looked over the parapet, and they were retreating as fast as they could get away, and just about a minute after that Van Tempsky and the Constabulary came bursting out of the bush . . ."

Selina went on staring out to the blue water. A charred end of wood fell from the dying fire on the hearth, and she got up, and pushed it back.

"And yet you say you've nothing to tell . . .?" she asked Douglas.

Douglas shrugged a little, smiled. He had pushed aside his cup and plate, and arranged spoons and forks in a plan of the redoubt, with the unguarded gateway. He swept them together now, and gathered them up.

"Shall I wash up for you?"

"No, leave them," Selina said. "How are you getting back to Tauranga to-night? I suppose you are staying in Tauranga?"

He nodded.

"I came in by the Kaitoa on Wednesday. Just sort of wandering around looking at the country. This morning I walked down

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the coast, and through the swamps around the arm of the harbor. That's why I'm so muddy . . ." He looked down at his splashed and stained trousers . . . "And swam the tide channel. Just looking for a possible place for a road, really, only to amuse myself. That's my job, at least I mean the job I was trained in."

"What is?" Selina said.

"Surveying. Road engineering."

He got up, and thrust back his chair with the decisive movements that were characteristic of him.

"I'll go back the way I came, of course."

"The tide will be in," Selina said. "It will mean a much longer swim. I think you had better take my boat."

He looked at her from under his dark brows, smiled suddenly.

"It's very good of you, and one thing makes me accept. But are you sure you want to trust me with it? A wandering adventurer . . ."

"I feel quite sure that it will be safe with you, Mr. Douglas . . ." Selina said properly.

He laughed, looking at her a little audaciously, bent over the cot and touched Julie's rose-petal cheek with his finger as he moved towards the doorway.

"What did you mean," said Selina, curiosity for the moment overcoming prudence, "by saying that one thing made you accept?"

"The fact that I shall have to come back again to-morrow to return it!" said Forest Ranger Douglas.

. . . . . .

Douglas came next morning in a cutter, with Selina's little cockle-shell of a row-boat tied behind. Selina looked up from her task of hoeing potatoes to see the white sail drift into the bay, leisurely, like a moth in unhurried flight. It was a calm morning of early summer, the bush grape-blue with sunshine haze, and the bay full of liquid shadowy reflections. The ferns leaned over the white strip of the shell beach to look into fern-filled water, and the white sail of the cutter was a drowned wing, gliding, breaking liquidly.

Douglas pulled the little boat to the shore, and came up with confident, unhurried strides.

"I've come to take you out for the day . . . across to the ocean beach at Mount Maunganui," he announced without the preface of a greeting.

Selina straightened her back.

"I think you're crazy, Mr. Douglas. You can see I have a day's work here to do . . . and I wouldn't have gone with you, anyhow . . ."

Douglas leaned against the corner post of the gate, and began to shred tobacco in the palm of his hand, with his knife. He brought out his pipe.

"Now, it just goes to show how mistaken you can be in a woman . . ." he said musingly. "If anyone had asked me, I would have said you were a good mother, and here you would deny two little boys who don't get much fun the chance of a day at the beach, with real waves coming in."

"Oh, go away, go away!" Selina said. The tears had sprung to her eyes, and she bent over her digging again.

Douglas moved over to Selina, and laid hands on her hoe. She looked at him an instant, and then relinquished it.

"Why, I'd even fixed up a sort of bed with cushions for the baby . . ." he said regretfully.

"Oh, you're hopeless . . ." Selina said with a half-sob in her voice. He leaned the hoe against the gate.

"Now, listen here," he said, "I've got a plan that's perfectly reasonable. These potatoes will take you . . . how long?"

"Two days . . ." Selina said.

"Well then . . . you were going to work to-day and to-morrow . . that's two days. You come out with me to-day, and to-morrow I'll come out and hoe potatoes with you all day. That'll make two days."

"We go in de boat wid de sail!" shouted Boy with a skip.

"You're crazy . . ." said Selina, surrendering with the tears still on her face. She looked down at her soiled dress and coarse apron hitched up from her ankles, her slender feet thrust into heavy soil-encrusted boots, and her instincts became those of the woman again.

"How I look! I must go and change . . ."

Douglas was standing there looking at her in the sunshine, apron and boots, the fair hair spraying from under her shabby hat, the tears on her cheeks.

"You are the loveliest thing God ever made . . ." he said.

"Ranger Douglas," said Selina, trembling a little, "will you please remember that I am a married woman."

"I can't forget that," Douglas said, with a comprehensive wave of his hand, which indicated Boy and the smaller child, and the baby under a shelter in her cot. There was a whimsical twitch on his lips, but she met it with no answering smile. She had turned away, and was leaning on the gateway, shaken by strange disturbing cross-currents of emotion.

Douglas put his hand on the post beside hers, and she drew away abruptly.

"Go and get ready," he said gently, "I do want to give you a good day."

Selina came back later wearing a white satin gown, years out of date, but still fine and stately, buckled neatly in at the waist with silver, a shawl, long-fringed, draped gracefully over her shoulders. Beneath her fine straw bonnet, with its tarnished white flowers, her fair hair was demurely parted, and knotted at the nape of her neck.

It was so long since she had worn anything but working garments that she felt embarrassed and ill at ease, and the tight white slippers pinched her broadened and blistered feet.

"I feel . . . too dressed up for going in a boat," she said.

"Why, no, you're dressed just right!" Douglas said. "You're not going to do any work in the boat; I'm going to do that; you've just to be a lady and sit there and look beautiful . . ."

He was carrying Julie, rolled in a shawl, on his left arm, and a basket of food and a blanket over his right hand. Selina looked at him with a sudden pathetic softening of her weary young face.

"You're very kind to me, Mr. Douglas . ."

"I'd be lots kinder than that if you'd let me!" retorted Douglas with brazen cheerfulness.

He bestowed the baby in her nest of cushions, and lifted the two boys over.

"Now, if you move an inch from there," he warned them, "it's this rope's end for you!"

Selina sat enthroned in the stern, with her shawl gracefully arranged, and her skirts sweeping the sun-warmed boards. Leisurely the cutter glided before the light breeze.

They were soon out of the bay; the breeze had freshened, and the cutter leaned over gently as her white sail tightened. They could see the houses and sheds and military encampment of Tauranga, and a schooner lying at anchor close to the shore.

"You don't get seasick, do you?" said Douglas.

"I'm accustomed to row the little boat across to Tauranga . . ." Selina reminded him.

"You shouldn't have to do it!" he retorted with a sudden startling violence. "It's no fit job for a woman."

The cutter was moving smoothly before the wind. The two small boys sat entranced, watching the white wake that hissed and bubbled, and stretched away diminishing behind them. Julie slept peacefully in her nest of cushions.

They came abreast of Tauranga, close in to the shore. The beach passed them slowly, the stretches of sea-grass, the sheds and shanties, and the beached boats. The blockhouse, crowning the redoubt, showed its uncompromising outline against the sky. There were the bell tips of tents, and weathering clay entrenchments, and then the spit of the old Otamataha Pa, tussock-yellow, with its military graves and low wooden crosses among the grass, and the sea washing blue and tranquil at the foot of its weathered bluffs.

Douglas was bareheaded; he had no hat to remove, but he stood at the salute as they passed the point.

"My father is buried on that point . ." Selina said.

She broke her four years' silence, and talked of John Marchant freely and naturally, of the strange days in the blockaded township, of the morning when Marchant lay dying while the sound of the guns of Gate Pa echoed in the fog.

They had left Tauranga behind now, and the little boat tossed lightly in the rip of the turning tide.

Mount Maunganui, from lying like a watchful lion on the horizon, had reared up to become darker, higher, infinitely more forbidding. Selina looked up the white sail of the boat to the menacing rock-strewn heights that could tell their own tale of raids and feasts and bloody slaughter. Beneath them on the landward side lay Pilot Bay, a crescent, white sand showing like strewn jewels beneath the shelving water. Douglas let the anchor go with a small mellow splash, and was busy tying the sail, close-reefed.

He pulled the small boat ashore, and beached her high on the sand. There was a fishing boat in the bay, with nets drying, and two or three canoes half-buried in the sand.

Douglas found shelter by a pile of rocks for the children. He spread the rug, and made a bed for Julie, and went back for Selina.

She was standing looking out to sea, with the wind salt on her lips, and tears in her eyes.

"You'll think I'm so foolish . . ." she said in a low vice. "But it makes me remember things . . . to see the horizon again . . ."

Douglas took her by the hand, and led her down to the shelter of the rocks.

He struck fire to a little heap of bark with flint and tinder, and added twigs, and in a few minutes his fire was blazing. He was quick and deft as a woman in his movements. He made the tea in his tin billy deftly, sliced bread and cold pork from Selina's larders, and spread butter on the biscuits he had brought.

"This is the first meal for four years that I have eaten and not prepared," said Selina solemnly.

"Then you'll probably eat so much that you'll be seasick going back . . ." Douglas said, but his eyes belied the casual laughter of his voice.

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While he took the dishes away, and washed them, Selina gave the baby her midday meal. The two boys were wading and scrambling blissfully in a shallow rock pool.

Douglas came back, and settled the rug and cushion more comfortably for her, and threw himself down full-length in the sand at her side. There was silence but for the long low musical roar of the surf.

Selina looked down at the sleeping child in her arms, with a fierce protective tenderness.

"Tell me what made you join the Rangers . . ." she said after a pause.

Douglas smiled a little, lying in the sand and the sunshine.

"I came out to New Zealand looking for adventure . . . I thought a surveyor would come in useful in a new country. No ties at home . . . my mother dead, and my father married again. I've always been fond of roaming around . . . I ran away when I was sixteen, and spent a year in Europe, just doing odd jobs to keep the bread in my mouth. Then my father traced me, and brought me back, and sent me to school again . . . to an engineering college. I liked that all right. When I was twenty-one, I came out to New Zealand . . ."

Selina regarded him as he lay staring at the sea. But for his long-limbed grace and quickness, there was little youthful in his bearing, and yet by his own confession he could be scarceley more than twenty-two, perhaps younger than herself. His face was deeply bronzed and hard, with fine strongly-cut features, and a clean-shaven, firmly-closed mouth. His dark hair grew in crisp waves which he appeared to be trying to coax down into manly side-whiskers. His slate-blue eyes under their dark brows emphasised his air of decision.

"I was only a few weeks in Auckland . . ." Douglas was saying. "I went on down to the Waikato, and saw fighting there, and I thought I might as well have a taste of it. I was going to enlist in the militia, but I went on first down to Taranaki, and was lucky enough to fall in with Von Tempsky there, and get a place with his Rangers . . ."

"It is easier with the Military Settlers . . ." Selina said, "And the Government promises them a grant of land when the fighting is over."

"But I was out for adventure . . ." Douglas protested, "And not for the hide-bound fighting and red-tape of the regulars. The free-booting of old Von suits me better . . . my ancestors were always cattle-reivers and wild Border riders . . . they say a Douglas rode with Bothwell when he took Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots . . ."

Selina's face was turned away towards the sea.

"But it is . . . a dangerous life . . ." she said with trembling lips.

Douglas laughed.

"You to talk of danger . . ."

"Oh, I know I am a soldier's daughter!" Selina cried, "And I like well enough to hear stories of danger and fighting . . . but I am a woman and cowardly when I think of it close at hand . . . or near to those that I . . . that I . . ."

"Merciful God!" said Douglas, not blasphemously, but slowly and in wonder, "You a coward! Why all the tales of the Maori wars put together are nothing to your bravery . . . the sheer downright cold-blooded courage of you in staying four years, practically alone, in a shack in the very heart of hostile Maori country! They talk about a New Zealand decoration for valor! God! If they'd give one for New Zealand women . . ."

Selina had begun to cry a little, startled by his violence. He leaned over and took her hands in a hard grip.

"What were you going to say? Danger near to those that I . . .?"

Selina dragged her hands away suddenly and fiercely, and sprang to her feet.

"I'm going to play with the boys . . ."

The tide was running in now, and a wind had sprung up. The breakers unfurled great crested plumes of foam and spray as they came leaping and roaring in upon the hard white sand and the iron-fanged rocks.

Douglas sat on the sand and played with the children, and watched Selina from a distance as she ventured on across the slippery rocks to a vantage point where the combers hurled their broken crests at her very feet. But the tight, white slippers and the seaweed on the rocks were her undoing. She screamed once as she went down, and Douglas leaped up from the sand, but by the time he reached her the wave had retreated and she was scrambling up, drenched, dripping, her shawl torn on the rocks, her long white skirts clinging dismally.

"Selina!" Douglas said, and he would have taken her in his arms, sea-water and all, but she pushed him away, laughing hysterically.

"What must I look like . . . everything clinging to me! No, of course I'm not hurt . . . why need I have been so clumsy! It'll dry . . . there's still sunshine . . ."

"Yes, but it'll be cold going home," Douglas said. "You'll catch your death in all those long, dripping skirts. I'm going over to the boat; there's some clothes of mine there, and you can put them on, and be a nice young fisher-boy going home. Go over now behind the rocks and take off those dripping things, and dry yourself . . . Here, with this tablecloth we had."

Selina obeyed without demur. It was very early summer, and the heat of the day already gone. She shivered in the wind that came ramping from the sea. Douglas must have been very quick, for Boy promptly brought the clothes to her, and she put them on hastily, behind the rocks. She was loath to leave the shelter. The trousers were a faded blue, and had to be rolled at her slender ankles; the shirt was a thick, rough flannel, and she tucked it in carefully and fastened the plaited raw-hide belt. She plaited her hair and concealed it under the dark cap.

"Are you all right?" Douglas shouted.

"Yes," she said. "I'm coming . . ."

She came out fearfully, steeled for laughter and ridicule, but Douglas appeared to find nothing amazing in her appearance, and even tucked in a curl of the soft, fair hair that clung to his fingers.

"Why, you look all right," he said. "Just like a boy if one doesn't look too closely at your face, and your feet are brown enough . . ."

Selina's feet were brown. She had worked long days in the open, in threadbare cotton stockings and broken boots, and her hands were brown, too, with broken knuckles and calloused palms. Only their smallness and slenderness, and the fine angles of her jaw and throat, and her amazing grey eyes with their dark lashes, spoilt the picture.

He took her wet clothes from her and wrung them out, handling them gently while Selina stood by warm and uncomfortable.

"Come, we'll go now," he said. "It's almost sunset, and we won't risk the tide channels in the dusk . . ."

They went back as they had come, save that Selina carried Julie . . . an incongruous enough picture in her rough shirt and trousers and cap, with the small white bundle cradled tenderly in her arms . . . and Douglas had Rick astride one hip, warm and heavy with sleep, his fair head drooping on the man's burdened arm.

It was sunset when they drew out from the shallow bowl of Pilot Bay. The wind was blowing hard, and when the boat struck the current it danced and tossed, and the spray drove spattering over it. Selina, in her fisher-lad's garb, ignored the wind and spray, and her eyes laughed across at Douglas'.

The light was fading and the tide was still running in when they reached Tauranga. Julie woke and cried for the first time that day. She was tired and hungry. Selina gathered her up against the rough, blue flannel shirt. The long, strange magic of the day still held.

Of a sudden when they turned into the bay the light was gone, and the grey of the night came down from the bush edges. The moreporks were hooting.

Douglas rowed them ashore in the little boat. Julie was crying, and Rick whimpered at being awakened. The shells and the bracken-stubble stung Selina's bare feet; she stumbled with desolation and weariness.

At the door she stopped, but Douglas would not be barred out. He pushed past her to strike flint and tinder and light the home-made candles, to scrape up the ashes on the hearth, and blow on them, and pile up driftwood until a great red fire roared cheerfully up the wide chimney.

"Why . . . you're not crying!" he said, "Haven't you enjoyed yourself, Selina?"

"I've had just about the happiest day of my life," she said soberly.

"And I've kept my promise!" Douglas said, with an odd, upward look from his slate-blue eyes under their dark brows.

"Thank you for the pleasure of your company to-day. Good-night, Selina."

"Good-night, Mr. Douglas," Selina said.

. . . .

The following morning Douglas came across in his hired cutter early, and when Selina went out to milk the cow she found him busy with a hoe in the long potato lines. He waved an arm, and laughed at her.

She came up to him, the bucket of milk in her hand, her skirts damp with dew, the early sunshine in her grave eyes.

"I didn't take that absurd offer of yours seriously, Mr. Douglas," she said stiffly.

Douglas leaned on his hoe, smiling at her.

"My name is Kent."

"I can't help that," Selina said, struggling with a reluctant smile, "I wasn't there when you were christened."

Kent Douglas shook his head, marvelling.

"Can you beat that for ingratitude? I get up at an unearthly hour, and think I'll give her a surprise with all the potatoes I've done, and she can only be sarcastic to me."

"Indeed, indeed, I'm not sarcastic to you," Selina said earnestly. "And I am grateful to you . . . you'll never know how grateful for yesterday. But you can see for yourself . . . the circumstances . . ."

Douglas grinned brazenly, showing his white teeth, slanting his blue-grey eyes in the sunshine.

"Is that all that worries you? Well, what do you know about that, yellow dog? She daily braves Maori raids and bulls and bushfires, ploughs like a man, and rows a boat like an Oxford Blue. And yet she's afraid of outraging the conventions and the neighbors . . . neither of which exist at Pleasant Bay . . . by receiving in the absence of her husband . . . visits from a man!"

"I don't see that you need ridicule me . . ." Selina said, still more stiffly, and hurt.

"I'm not ridiculing you!" Douglas said earnestly. "And in deference to your feel-

and long tulle veil and hurry | it reflects your own

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ings, I shall to-day be merely a man come to dig your potatoes. When the neighbors look over your fence to see the color of your washing you can call their attention, blamelessly, to the new jobbing gardener."

"Please don't be ridiculous," Selina said. "And since you are here, you may as well come in and have breakfast."

Douglas pulled his forelock stolidly.

"Thankee kindly, mum," he said.

Selina turned away, with shaking shoulders, and he followed her up the path to the doorway, where she leaned upon the post, and gave way to helpless laughter.

"Oh, go inside," she said. "You behave so badly, and then make me laugh at it, as though it was funny!"

Douglas took the milk from her meekly and went inside.

Douglas drew up a chair, and she supplied him with porridge, with crisply-fried eggs and slices of home-cured bacon.

"It savors to me of magic the way you serve up this kind of food here . . ." he said perplexedly.

"The porridge is wheatmeal," Selina said. "I grew a little patch of wheat and ground the grain with a hammer and a big stone. The bacon is from one of my pigs . . . Ranui brought me some little wild pigs, and they breed, and I feed them on pumpkins and maize and a little milk, and they clean up the fern for me. When I want one killed Ranui does it, and I give him a quarter of the meat, and cure most of the rest."

Douglas nodded, thinking it over.

"Well, mum, thankee for the tea," said he some time later, pushing in his chair, "I'll be gettin' back to work, now."

Selina looked from the door after a little while, and saw him leaning on his hoe talking to Ranui, who sat astride his cream pony with a battered top-hat cocked incongruously above his dignified brow.

When she was ready, she took her own hoe and went down. Ranui greeted her with his usual smile.

"I think this man of yours, Me'es Stratton . . . you not want to pay him too much money, eh? Too much talk, and not enough work . . ."

Douglas shouted, and Selina could not but laugh at Ranui's unostentatious shrewdness.

"And I thought I was making a very good attempt at passing myself off as a jobbing gardener . . ." Douglas grumbled ruefully.

"I think perhaps best at the fighting . . ." Ranui said.

"M'mn. . .?" Douglas said, looking up quickly with his flash of white teeth, and the sun in his eyes.

Selina stood and watched the two men together. It somehow gave her pleasure to see that Ranui approved of Douglas. She had long relied upon his judgment in practical things, and she had no reason to believe that his judgment of men was at fault.

"This fighting is bad," Ranui said. "There is no sense in it. The Hauhau religion is bad. It is not like the old-time Maori."

"It is not . . ." Douglas said. "I could tell you . . . I've seen things . . ."

He looked at Selina.

"Not like we fought Gate Pa," Ranui said with pride. "I was in that great fight. That was done in proper fashion. We even make the road . . . eight miles . . . so that the General's soldiers can come easily. But that was too far out, so we moved to Gate Pa. And when we were ready there we send a letter to the General, and he come and begin the fight next morning. In that letter we give him our rules for the fighting . . . Never interfere with the not fighting men, no killing of the wounded. If our enemy is thirsty . . . to give him to drink. And we kept those rules, for after the fight when your men lying round in the night crying for water, a woman from our pa went out in the fire of your guns . . . with water in a pot . . . and she carry it round and give it to them."

"I heard the men talk of that," Selina said. "Colonel Booth told the General about it before he died."

"Colonel Booth was one of the men," Ranui said. "She knew he was a great rangitira by his sword and his colored ribbons. Her name was Heni Pore. She is now fighting on the side of the Government in the Waikato."

"There are many great stories on both sides," Douglas said. "It is a pity we fight at all."

Ranui dismounted from his cream pony slowly. The sun was nearing the noon hour, and he expected Selina to ask him to eat his midday meal with them.

"But when do you return, Mr. Douglas?" he said. "You make a long stay in Tauranga, eh?"

Douglas shook his head.

"I heard this morning that the Kaitoa, the boat I came on, leaves at dawn to-morrow."

Selina wondered after a few minutes whether she had heard him aright. The morning seemed to have taken on a strange quality of unreality. The sunlight was sharply gold, and the shadows blue. She and Douglas in the rows, and Ranui with his cream pony were like painted figures on a canvas screen. The lights and shadows of the bush were like the background brushed in.

After a while she left the rows, and went up to feed Julie and to prepare lunch. She called the men from the doorway.

She had hot boiled kahawai with milk sauce for them, and she opened her last cherished jar of peach jam made from the fruit Ranui had brought her the season before. She buttered and spread thick slices for the two small boys, and poured out the tea, and stoked the fire, and only Douglas noticed that she put her own plate away untouched.

Presently Ranui took his leave, and she settled the children down for their afternoon sleep, and she and Douglas went back to the field alone.

. . . . . .

The sun was warm. It drew the goodness up from the earth, the damp of rain and dew in a little quivering vapor, the sweet sound odor of the broken sods. Selina worked on mechanically, bending her back, her bright hoe stirring the brown earth, one part of her brain taking a dull pleasure in the familiar associations of the task, in the smell of earth and crushed bracken, in the hum of the bees in the clover close at hand, in the small cool salt breeze that came up from the bay.

In the sunshine, Douglas' arms and shoulders might have been made of bronze. They were powerful, not heavy, but with strong, flat, corded muscles. He worked easily, moving without haste, doing a row and a half to her one row. Once when he groped after his handkerchief and stood wiping his hands, she came closer to him.

"Did you say you were going to-morrow morning?"

He nodded, scraping the packed earth from his hoe with the toe of his boot.

"The boat sails to-morrow, and if I wait for another I'll overstay my leave. Will you be sorry?"

"Yes," Selina said, jerking up fronds of bracken fern, "I'll be sorry. I've . . . It's been a nice change having someone to talk to. No, I think I'm glad . . ."

Douglas had finished his row. He came across to her, stepping over the blue-green healthy plants.

"Why will you be glad, Selina?"

His eyes held hers in the sunshine. She felt weak and sick and dizzy.

"Why will you be glad, Selina?"

"I don't know!" she cried out then, wildly. "Please go away, and leave me alone . . ."

Douglas had become cold then, somehow infinitely more menacing. He came a step closer.

"Where is your husband, Selina?"

"I don't know," she said. She was white, and small beads of moisture stood on her face. "He went away more than three months ago with some Maoris who were travelling overland to the Waikato."

"What for?" Douglas said grimly. "No good. He always was no good, wasn't he? And you've kept him, and his three children, in four years. Slaved for him. Lived on fish and potatoes and makeshifts. Gone in deadly fear of a Maori raid for four years. Curse the man! If ever I get my fingers on to him . . ."

"Oh, please . . . please . . ." Selina said. "You don't know anything about it . . ."

Douglas had paused, laughing grimly. He was pale under his brown skin, his blue eyes blazing.

"I know all about it. Do you think I'm blind or dense? And I've heard things in Tauranga . . . things I wouldn't tell you. There were two men talking, and one said: '. . . Stratton . . . he's a kind of remittance man; he's half-crazy, anyway. And much too friendly with bad Maoris. There's something funny about him' . . . Oh, I know!"

The fire of his eyes swept her face.

"Oh, I know! And he's ill-treated you. You won't deny it . . . curse his soul! Look up, and deny it to me . . ."

"Oh . . . Kent . . . Kent!" Selina beseeched.

He had taken her by the shoulders to look into her face, and she flung appealing hands against his breast. The next instant she was in his arms, and clinging to him, shaking, her face against his shoulder, his lips bent to her hair, and her throat, and the nape of her neck.

"Look up, Selina! Look up . . ."

She raised her face, brave and white, and he bent his mouth to hers, and they clung together for a long instant.

Douglas was laughing shakenly.

"Selina . . . Selina . . . the moment I saw you, out there with the horses, and the sea so blue behind you, and the seagulls swooping down . . . and then you said 'I am Mrs. Stratton' . . ."

Selina's hands held him off.

"I am Mrs. Stratton . . . I am Neale Stratton's wife."

An ugly violence leaped to Kent Douglas' face.

"Neale Stratton . . . I'll settle accounts with Neale Stratton! I know what he's suspected of . . . and I'll tell you! Carrying information from the British to the hostile Maori camps! I'll track him down, and I'll prove it on him! I'll put the rope round his neck . . ."

"Kent . . . Kent!" Selina beseeched wildly. She shook him, inadequately, holding him by his thin cotton shirt. "For Heaven's sake, stop it!"

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He became calmer, holding her in his arms, looking out to the bay.

"Then come away with me to-night on the Kaitoa . . ."

"The children . . ." Selina said.

He laughed at that.

"Do you think I'm proposing to abandon them in the fern? I think it would be very nice to start off with a family already made, and I want to see my little Julie grow up into a beauty."

Selina tired to be calm, to think things over from a practical point of view.

"Three children to feed and clothe . . ." she said.

She began to laugh weakly, with a note of hysteria.

"I never heard of a man and a woman going away together and taking three children. It doesn't sound at all likely . . ."

"That's where we will be original . . ." Douglas said.

He was back to his old, familiar rallying manner again, and she could think clearly.

"The children are mine. I can't shift the burden on to your shoulders."

"You've had burdens long enough . . ." Douglas said a little thickly. He, too, was trying to be calm and practical. "My pay in the Rangers is nothing. But I have a little money of my own; enough for a few years until fighting is over, and I get back to my own job. I would get a little house for you in Wellington, and come backwards and forwards when I had a chance."

"And what would people say of you?" Selina said painfully.

"Of me?" Douglas said. "The Rangers isn't a crack regiment with a traditional reputation to keep unblemished. If I set you down in Wellington as my wife there is not going to be anyone to say a word against you . . ."

"Do you think I'm thinking of myself?" Selina flashed passionately. "Do you think it's possible for me to occupy any more equivocal position than I've done here for the past four years?"

Boy had come out, and was chasing a butterfly across the garden. He ran, and fell, and picked himself up again, the yellow dog loping at his heels. Rick stumbled a long, long way behind.

"You know in your heart," Douglas said, "that the children would be better with me. They could see other children, and have a normal, civilised life. And they could go to school. And at least I wouldn't beat nor bully nor frighten them as Rick has been frightened."

"Who says he's been frightened?" Selina flashed.

"I know it," Douglas said. "I can see it in his face . . . I can see it when I make a quick movement or raise my voice."

Selina had broken silently into wild weeping.

"Oh, it's true! It's true!" she cried out. "And always Rick . . . he knows that I don't care, now . . . that he can get at me through Rick! Not Boy so much—Boy is harder and more independent . . . he thinks I care more for Rick because he's delicate! Oh, Heaven help me, what shall I do? Kent, be good to me . . ."

His arms enfolded her. He was gentle this time; he smoothed back her hair, and held her cradled against his shoulder.

"Selina . . . I'll look after you . . . you're not afraid . . .?"

"Afraid?" Selina said fiercely. "I love you, Kent . . . I love you so much I'd follow you barefoot round the world . . . and if you were poor I'd work for you . . . and if you were sick I'd look after you . . ."

They clung together, tensely.

"Selina . . . Selina . . ." Douglas murmured a little stupidly. He was pale under his brown skin.

The sun was slanting now, and the bay had become silver-blue, crossed by long, quiet shadows. The little cutter rode motionless at anchor, mast and hull reflected.

"We'll go up . . ." Douglas said. "No need to finish the potatoes now . . ."

It was true, Selina reflected strangely. There was no need to finish them. She picked up her hoe to take it up to the house. It was a pity, because there was going to be a good crop.

Julie had been crying, lying alone in her cot, hot and whimpering and miserable. Selina took her up.

"My darling . . . all by yourself . . ."

It wasn't right. A baby wanted petting, and care, and attention. It had a claim on its mother's time. Selina's arms tightened with a fierce, protective tenderness.

In the kitchen Douglas was whistling, as he lighted the fire, a brief snatch of an old Border marching song. He reached a hand to Selina as she came into the firelight with Julie in her arms.

"Give her to me, and go and put together what things you want."

"Say please," Selina said. "You must ask for what you want, not take it."

"I told you my ancestors were cattle reivers," Kent Douglas said. "None of them ever waited to say 'By your leave.'"

He held Julie in his arms, in the firelight, smiling and content, both her small hands wrapped round one of his big brown fingers.

"We'll cross to Tauranga to-night," Douglas said. "Dawn probably means about eight or nine, but we'd better not risk that. The captain of the Kaitoa is a friend of mine; I won't have any trouble in getting some sort of accommodation for you. The food was pretty bad coming up . . . salt beef and biscuits. We'd better take along eggs and butter for the children . . . they'll probably have fresh fish and meat on board now."

Selina tried to think consecutively. The children's clothes . . five gold sovereigns hidden in the old sock in the hole under the wall . . . all the things in her old trunk under the bed . . . some food, as Douglas had said.

She moved to the door. The strawberry bull, grown heavy and hoarse-voiced and curly-haired now, had come out of the scrub, and was standing with his head flung up, sniffing the air.

"What's the matter?" Douglas said from inside.

"I thought I heard something," Selina answered.

He put Julie down in the cot, and came out to her side.

"It's quiet," he said. "Look how the water holds the light after the bush and the hills are dark . . ."

He had broken off abruptly. Selina's startled eyes followed his, and then she saw what he saw . . . a strange boat in the bay, a canoe, lying in close to the reddy strip beside the shore.

At the same instant the yellow dog raised himself and looked at the corner of the house.

Douglas had moved with amazing swiftness. His hand flashed to his belt. Selina found herself flung behind him, and he was standing in the peculiar vigilant stance of von Tempsky's men, crouched a little, knife blade turned back along the left arm, ready for the lift, the downward stab.

The men that came round the corner of the house were Maoris. The ones behind seemed, in the half-dusk, to be carrying something. Douglas spoke without turning his head.

"Go inside, Selina . . ."

She obeyed, as his right arm pushed her backwards. She went over to the cot, and stood staring at Julie. Then the door opened and she flattened herself against the cot, arms outspread as though to guard it.

But it was only Douglas. He struck a light, and set it to the home-made candles on the shelf. In the sickly light his face looked grey, drawn, terrible.

He spoke a brief word to someone outside the door, and the Maoris came in, crowding, carrying something, a roughly-made stretcher with a man lying on it.

A lean, haggard face, fair-bearded . . . grey eyes sunken . . . fair hair gown unkempt and matted against the grey army blanket . . . Selina backed slowly to the wall, menaced by horror.

The Maoris had tramped on into the narrow bedroom. Selina and Douglas were for the instant alone. He looked into her white face.

"So it's true . . ." he said.

Selina's hands were at her throat. She tried to speak, and failed.

"What . . . ask them what is wrong with him?"

"I asked them," Douglas stated brutally, emotionlessly. "A bullet in the spine. He will never walk again."

Selina remained still, staring. Douglas came close to her, and she drew back.

"Don't touch me, Kent Douglas . . ."

He followed her outside. She paced down to the gate in agony. Against the gate he caught her roughly.

She cried out then . . .

"The boast of the Ngaiterangi . . .'One mind, one pledge never broken'"

He took her by the shoulders.

"I'll take you away with me by force . . ."

She shook her head, looking into his grim face.

"Don't be foolish, Kent . . ."

He bent his head to kiss her, and when she struggled he released her so suddenly that she almost fell.

"Choose, then . . ." he said roughly. "Choose! Go or stay!"

"I'll stay . . ." Selina said.

She stood by the gate, and watched him walk away up to the path to the house. A curious numbness possessed her senses.

"They say things don't hurt at first . . ." she reflected, "It's the shock. A man has a death wound, and he doesn't know it, but he looks down, and sees the blood running . . ."

She walked back to the house, slowly, for her feet felt curiously leaden, and she stumbled.

As long as Selina lived she never forgot that winter's night in 1886.

She was awakened a little after midnight by an earthquake, and then again by recurring shocks, that shook the window and rattled china. She lighted a candle, and talked to Rick and Boy in the next room. Then came thunder . . . the most terrible thunder Selina had ever heard, catching doors and windows in an iron fist and rattling them upon their frames, beating upon the deafened ear-drums in waves of recurrent sound.

She and Rick and Boy ran outside, but there was nothing to see. In the western sky bright lightning flickered, darting malignant forked tongues upwards and downwards in the murky darkness.

"It's not thunder . . . she averred fearfully, as a fresh battery of sound shook earth and sky, "It's in the ground and everywhere."

They went back to bed, Selina to lie watching the brilliance of the lightning come and go, waiting, fearfully, for the

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recurrence of that earth-shattering thunder. There was so much to think of when sleep refused to come. She remembered that Daisy, the new Shorthorn heifer, was sick, and would probably die, and that she had cost a lot of money. That noise had sounded like the biggest guns imaginable, only under the earth, and exploding upwards.

And then there was that bill at the store, from the time when she had been sick. It worried her. There was no hope of beginning to pay it off until the cows were in at the end of July and August, and she could begin the butter-making again. And she would need more things . . . they were out of flour, almost. Boy would go out ploughing, probably, and that would help.

The Humphreys still owed him for last spring's work. If only they would pay . . . it wasn't likely, but if they would . . . things would be easier for a little while. No good trying to sell stock at this time of the year . . . the worst of the winter still to come, and prices down to zero. The noise couldn't possibly be a Russian bombardment in Auckland. It was far too loud. You wouldn't hear guns all that way. Not even the big guns they had nowadays. The noise would be dull and muffled like the guns at Gate Pa had been that day in the fog.

Julie was in Auckland. There was no sense in worrying, because guns wouldn't be loud like that. The earthquake earlier in the night . . . that had been funny. It was probably something blowing up at Rotorua. Julie must be needing some new clothes. If only she had five pounds to send her to buy just what she liked. It must be dreadful to go to school shabby among nicely-dressed girls. Probably Lizette's girl was very smart. Of course if it hadn't been for Lizette offering to have Julie stay with her, Julie could never have gone to college at all. Perhaps it would have been better if she hadn't.

Selina pulled her thought up with a jerk. She lay staring at the dark square of window.

Surely it should be getting light by now.

Neale had been dead five years now, more than five years.

She turned her thoughts away again, with a jerk. They must break in more of the farm this coming spring. Only grass seed was so dear, and it took a lot of work, and Boy could make more money working out for other people with the team and horses. Rick made money, too, handling and buying young horses for people, breaking them to saddle and harness. But it all took time from the farm. And the farm lay clamoring for work and money. It was like some supine monster, greedily swallowing gold and time and back-breaking work, and grudgingly spewing back a mere living pittance.

Selina got out of bed, and groped her way across to the clock. It was still too dark to see the hands, and she had to strike a match, and hold it close to the face.

Half-past seven.

Selina stared at it incredulously until the match went out, and then she held the clock to her ear. It was ticking steadily; it had not stopped at half-past seven the evening before. Besides, it had been going in the night, when they got up to see what the noise was.

Selina groped for her shabby coat, and pulled it on. She went stumbling through into the boys' room. It opened on to the verandah; in summer the boys dragged their beds out there.

"Boy! Rick . . ." she called, groping by the light of a flickering match. "There's something awful wrong . . . it's half-past seven, and it's not light . . ."

"Go on!" Boy said, bouncing up in bed and showing a lean good-looking young face with tumbled hair and sleepy eyes. "It's only the middle of the night . . . you're dreaming . . ."

She had found a candle and lighted it, and she showed him the clock.

Rick was rolling around in bed; he got up, bringing his lean young body in rumpled pyjamas, his brown face and sun-bleached hair into the ring of the candle light.

Boy pulled the thin muslin curtain back from the window, and outside was darkness and blankness, not even a rim of grey to denote the dawn.

Rick giggled a little nervously.

"The sun's forgotten to get up or something . . ."

Selina was shaking.

"It's like the end of the world . . ."

Boy padded barefoot across from the window, and took the candle, and opened the door. Selina followed him fearfully, holding on to his shoulder, and looking out into the darkness.

"What the dickens . . ." Boy said.

He was bending down, and he scraped something up, and held it in the light of the candle . . . a handful of grey dusty powder.

Rick crowded close to see it, and they bent down and held the candle so that its rays shone on the verandah floor. The boards and the step, and as far as the feeble ring of candlelight reached was drifted over with the same powdery deposit.

"Ash . . ." Boy said slowly. It must be some volcanic stuff. Can you smell it?"

Selina could smell it. The air seemed thick with it. It choked her nose and throat, and it came into the verandah and cast a grey film on them as they stood there, smudging the candle and drifting into the hollow of the stick.

They went back into the house, and closed the dor.

"White Island, perhaps . . ." Boy said. "I suppose it must be White Island."

"Then that was the earthquake, and the terrible noises . . ." Selina said.

She felt better to think that the darkness had some logical explanation.

"It didn't seem to come from that direction. Perhaps something terrible has happened at Rotorua . . ."

They stared at one another in the flickering light of the candle.

"I'm going to get some clothes on, and go to Tauranga," Boy said.

"Oh no!" Selina said. "It's dark . . . and we don't know anything . . ."

"Well, I want to find out what's happened!" Boy said impatiently.

"Well, wait . . ." Selina cried, shivering. "I'll make breakfast . . ."

She lighted the lamp in the kitchen, and got kindling wood from the box. There was a thin drift of ash on the stove top. The fried eggs and the bacon spluttered cheerfully in the pan. The familiar tasks helped to bring the topsy-turvy world back to normality. She braided the fading plaits of her hair afresh, twisting them up on her head. Boy came out pulling a jersey over his trousers. Rick with his hair tousled, and his jacket half-buttoned.

"They mayn't know any more than we do in Tauranga . . ." Selina said, "If anything has happened to Rotorua . . ."

She left her sentence unfinished.

"Surely they must know something," Boy said.

He ate his breakfast hastily, and gulped his coffee, and took the lantern to go after a horse.

"Be careful . . . Selina urged anxiously.

When he was gone, she and Rick took the lantern, and went down to milk. A sickly greyness had broken through the falling ash. It was soft and powdery under foot; everything was thick with it, the gate-latch, and the rims of the upturned buckets, and the choked spoutings beneath the eaves of the milking-shed roof. There were only two cows milking; they had to be driven in, and they were uneasy and wild-eyed, with the ash in a ridge like grey snowflakes along their backs.

The new Shorthorn heifer was worse; she was lying apathetically against the fence in the corner.

"What are they going to eat?" Selina cried, "The grass is all covered up. How long will the ash stay?"

"I don't know," Rick answered.

He was white and worried. His mare Queen had foaled in the night, too early, and the foal looked weak and sickly. Its blankly-dark eyes were ringed with the ash that caked its nostrils and its half-dried fuzzy coat. Rick had paid more than he could afford for the stud fee; he had been hoping great things from the foal. Queen, too, looked miserable; she stood patiently with dulled eyes and her lovely head hanging.

"Perhaps we could bring her into the shed," Selina said, "And put some hay on the floor for the foal. If you clean the mud and ash out of its coat she might look after it better."

They went down with the lantern to the stack, and forked out hay. It had begun to rain now, and they drove up the bellowing cattle and frightened horses through the pelting rain and ash. It was like mud falling. In the dim murk, the cattle milled and bellowed. Some ate and some ignored the hay. Rick brought hay to the shed, and got mother and foal in out of the falling rain of mud.

Selina mixed a bucket of hot mash, and staggered back to the shed with it. Queen ate gratefully, nickering as she bent her graceful head to the bucket, shaking herself weakly to rid her coat of its hideous plaster of ash and mud. Rick succeeded in getting the foal to drink, holding it balanced on its long awkward sprawling legs.

"If we have to feed out hay like this . . ." Selina said, her lips trembling a little in the light of the lantern, "It'll only last about a week . . ."

They got back to the house, plodding through the rain that had increased to a downpour. The ash underfoot was turning to a sticky plaster of mud. Selina looked at herself in the glass, her eyes ringed with ash, her hair grey with it, channels cut by the rain down the furrows in her cheeks.

"If I live to be ninety I'll probably look like this . . ." she thought apathetically.

She was trying not to think about Boy; the track to Tauranga was rough and dangerous at the best of times, and now in the darkness . . . Of course, the horse knew the way, but in the rain and mud, and the track slippery . . . a slip and a plunge and roll would be so easy.

She forced her thoughts away.

It was beginning to be lighter now, toward the east.

"It can't be White Island," Rick said. "It's coming over from the west. It must be some eruption between here and Rotorua."

He struggled into mud-caked oilskins and boots again, and went out into the

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gloom to see to the mare, brought Selina potatoes and a pumpkin from the shed, dragged in an armload of wood chopped under difficulties.

Selina began to prepare dinner. They must eat, even if the end of the world was coming. She and Rick had snatched a few hasty mouthfuls at lunch-time, between their labors with the animals, but they were in need of a good meal, and Boy would come in wet and exhausted.

There was a joint of meat in the house, and she cooked it, and roasted potatoes and pieces of pumpkin with it, and made treacle pudding because it was a favorite of Boy's.

"Oh, God, do look after Boy, and send him home safe, whatever else is happening!" she prayed frantically.

She told herself that she could not expect him until late, but it was nightfall, the genuine darkness closing down upon the dispersing gloom of the ash-clouds, when Boy came, plastered from head to foot, and bringing the news that all the township was in a panic, and the Postmaster had telegraphed to Auckland for a ship to come and take the people away.

The details of the disaster reached Tauranga by degrees.

It was Tarawera, that seemingly stable three-headed mountain brooding over its twin lakes, that had awakened suddenly from the sleep of centuries, and, rending itself in flames from peak to base, had flung the half of its bulk across the island. The face of the country from the Urewera to Rotorua was altered. The Maori settlements along the lakes' shores were buried under a hundred feet of mud and stones in a grave that would never be disturbed. There were one hundred and fifty people dead.

The Pink and White Terraces on Rotomahana, the Eighth Wonder of the World, the Mecca of all overseas tourists had disappeared as completely as though they had never existed.

To Selina, watching the hungry cattle tramping the grey barren earth, the loss of the Terraces seemed a vague and unimportant thing. The boys took down the fences and drove the stock into the bush to foosick for edible plants and trees, but the taste and grit of the all-pervading volcanic deposit drove them back to stand huddled listlessly waiting for the day's ration of hay, over which they milled and fought and bellowed savagely.

They grew daily leaner, rougher, hungrier. The horses' wind-ruffled coats stood out along their sharply-defined ribs; their tails tucked in, and their heads were low. Queen, a quiet gentle skeleton, lovely even in her emaciation, crept about by the house gate with the lean, lusty little foal that was draining the life from her.

There were shiploads of fodder coming into Tauranga; hay was selling at wild figures. Selina bought a little, mortgaging the coming season's potato crop to get the money. Some of the farmers who could afford to do it, were sending their stock away in the ships. There was no hope of overland driving with the country north, south, and west deep under the deposits of volcanic ash.

Government experts sent out reassuring reports, and the Tauranga paper reprinted them. The deposit was fertile; it would not harm the land. It was only a matter of harrowing and re-sowing, and keeping the stock fed until the pasture was ready again. There was nothing to worry about.

Selina read the papers, watching the cattle grow daily weaker. Boy and Rick went into the bush, and brought out sledge-loads of branches from the edible bush trees, and the animals turned them over and chewed at them listlessly, trampling and pushing one another idly aside. The two milking cows were dry; there was no butter or milk for the house.

. . . . . .

It was a winter of storms. Scientists . . . those same glib experts who said the ash deposit was nothing to worry about . . . explained that the atmosphere had been disturbed by the tremendous convulsions of the explosion. Fierce winds and rainstorms raked the harbor slopes; the bush at night was full of the creak and crash of falling timber. The high spring tides came up and washed a rim on the muddy creek beds; the harbor was grey and dirty, and streaked with lines of pumice dust and foam.

Queen died. She crept up by the gate, as close to the house as she could get, and they found her stretched out, with her lovely lean head flung on the earth, and her soft eyes glazing. The foal nickered around her, tremulous and uneasy.

"It's not fair!" Rick burst out of his white bitterness. "If I'd had a little money I could have sent her away by boat! Smith at Ottumoetai has sent all his horses away, a dozen of them, and not one to hold a candle to Queen! And now the foal will die, too. Surely you could have given me a bit of money to send her away . . . you send money to Julie!"

Selina cried miserably over the lovely gaunt body of Queen. She had been feeding her day by day on potato peelings from the household scraps, on pieces of pumpkin, on dearly-spared handfuls of maize that should have gone to the hens. The earliest of the cows were beginning to calve now, and grudgingly yielding a few pints of milk. She got Rick to rope and tie the foal, and with infinite and illimitable patience she taught it to drink cows' milk from a bottle and a baby's rubber teat.

They were harrowing now, borrowing money for grass seed, working day by day over the barren leafless grey slopes. Winter was passing. The young stock died, and the old, and the weak. The fittest survived, lean and rough and barren, to see the spring. The rough tussock grass in the swamps came pushing up through the grey silt, and day by day revealed the green miracles of the new grass spreading a thin blanket on the slopes that had been grey and bare so long.

She had no money, she was more deeply in debt than ever in her life before, but the nightmare of starving beasts was over, summer was coming, Boy and Rick could go out and work while she kept things going on the farm. Somehow they would pull through.

They had new neighbors. Johnsons, a couple of miles away round into the next bay, had abandoned their farm, a military grant, soon after the eruption. It was taken up in the spring by people called Harrison. Harrison had been a bushman all his life. His wife had leanings toward gentility, and their only child, a daughter, was named Elaine.

Mostly the daughter was called "the Harrison girl." Selina heard of her in Tauranga, over the teacups when passing visitors came in, heard scraps of gossip repeated. "What could you expect with a name like Elaine?" said old Mrs. Piper from the Crossing, tolerantly. Selina saw the much-discussed Elaine coming back from the Crossing with the mail one day. There was nothing startling in her appearance. She was perched on a side-saddle on a rough brown pony, a small-made girl with a little pointed pale face, and light brown hair, and discreet eyes. She was riding with young Piper, and her voice was attractively low and husky.

. . . . . .

With the coming of spring Selina had begun to notice Rick restless. When his work was done he refused to settle to anything at home, but would take a horse and go out. Boy teased him for stopping in the middle of his work to sit and stare at nothing. He was often in Tauranga, and careless about the time he came home. Very often Selina milked the cows and fed the calves, and did the evening's work by herself. But it came as a shock to her when she realised that he was going to see Elaine Harrison.

If it had been Boy, it would have been different. She knew that Boy already had a name "with the girls." He was good-looking, dashing, and could be deferential when he chose. Also he was a law unto himself. Rick was a year younger, and seemed years younger. He had never shown any interest in girls; his horses were his mastering passion. But over Elaine he was serious.

Selina, incautious and frightened, spoke to him about it.

"But, Rick . . . you must know what they say about her . . . she's only been here a little while, and yet everybody . . ."

"Don't say anything against her!" Rick said sullenly, "I'm going to marry her."

Selina's heart gave a great leap.

"But, Rick, you can't . . . that sort of a girl . . ."

"Be quiet!"

He shouted it at her, his brown young face heated and his eyes hard. Selina shrank.

"She wouldn't marry you," she said with what tried hard to be a little scornful laugh. "Rick Stratton with nothing a year! Don't you fool yourself! She told Mrs. Cleaver she'd never marry a farmer . . ."

"Gossip! Gossip . . ." Rick shouted roughly. "You'd listen to anything to take a girl's character away! And you come to me, and repeat it, and expect me to believe you! She's told me she's fond of me . . . what do you say to that . . .?"

Selina had nothing to say to it. She hurried inside, shaking. She had to get dinner ready, and her fingers worked mechanically. Why had she spoken to Rick about it? She had done no good, and now Rick would be angry with her, and hate her for it . . .

"Elaine Harrison!" she whispered viciously, her head throbbing. "Why did she need to come here, and spoil things for decent people? Why couldn't she stick to her own kind . . . young Piper, and that lot? What does she want with Rick?"

"Oh, Heaven, don't let Rick stay angry with me!" she prayed in her next breath.

Rick came in to tea quiet and sullen. He had shaved, and put on a clean shirt that Selina had ironed and set out in his room. When the meal was done he pushed back his chair and began to buckle on his spurs.

"Why did they need to come here?" Selina demanded silently and uselessly for the twentieth time, when he had gone.

The following morning a Maori came asking to see Selina.

"It is about the old man Ranui," he said. "He has come home very ill, and he wishes to see you."

The boys were out, and Selina was preparing lunch. She laid everything down as she had had it in her hand, and went out to catch a horse. The Maori helped her to

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pursue it, and they were presently on the way, riding single file, her horse's nose at his mount's tail.

The Hairini Pa lay back from the harbor a little, up the inlet. They left the track to Tauranga, and turned inland up a bridle-track through flax and tussock.

Ranui's whare looked down the inlet towards the sea. There were men and women clustered round the door, children playing brown and half-naked in the earth outside. The wind came down through the new green spears of the young maize with a rustling sound like running water.

Selina got down stiffly from her side-saddle and the women parted to let her in. Ranui lay on a heap of mats, his face turned towards the doorway. The brown skin was stretched tightly over his face, like a mummy's; the thistledown hair clung to the shape of his skull. The blue lines of the tattooing, the fine wrinkles of laughter and patience and kindliness stood out in incredible relief. Selina realised for the first time the fact that the years had passed and he was a very old man.

He spoke to her in Maori, which she followed slowly.

"Greetings to you, my daughter . . ."

Selina knelt down beside him.

"You are ill . . . I will go back and get medicine and food for you . . . bring you a doctor."

He shook his head, moved his hand with infinite difficulty to lie upon his left breast.

"It is this. My heart is stopping. I have no need of the white man's doctor. I am an old man, and I go presently by the trail of my fathers to the cliff's end of Te Reinga, to the spirit world of my ancestors, which the mission Maori calls Heaven . . ."

He closed his eyes, exhausted. Selina saw his heart-beats, weak and slow and painful, in the knotted veins at his temple. For the moment she thought he was dying. Then he opened his eyes again, strangely clear and keen and luminous.

"Have you seen von Tempky's man who is called Douglas?"

A wave, like a shock, ran through Selina from head to foot.

"No; I have never seen him from then to this day."

Ranui was looking at her with eyes that seemed to see through her and past her.

"You will see him again. I know that. There is sorrow for you. I have heard talk of your sons. I see . . . I see . . ."

The brief flash of prescience was gone, and the deadly weakness closing down again. Selina knelt by him and prayed, and then repeated the Lord's Prayer in his own tongue. The sonorous periods were well suited to the dignity of Maori; they sounded like the cadences of a grave poem.

When she came out some of the women were already beginning to keen, rocking themselves from side to side, with their hands clasped on their breasts. The whispering rustle of the wind in the maize spears sounded like an echo.

Down by the water's edge men were pursuing a pig. They caught it by one leg, and it screamed the screams of a thousand deaths.

Selina spoke to the man holding her horse.

"What are they doing?"

"Catching the pig and killing, ready for the tangi," he said negligently. "We will have very good feast when he dies, because he was a very old man, and well known."

When Selina reached home it was time to begin milking. There could be no sacredness nor privacy to her grief. She took the dogs, and went out to the bush-line to start the cows up towards the shed.

. . . . . .

Selina remembered afterwards that she neither heard Rick's horse, nor saw him open the door. She and Boy were sitting at the kitchen table, Boy glancing through an old magazine, she nodding sleepily over the sock she was darning, her mind running ahead of her tired fingers in a series of detached jumps.

They had been working all day between milkings getting hay in, toiling out in the sun in the Ten-Acre paddock.

The recollection of the sweet, hot scent of the clover hay, the heat of the sunshine, and the shimmer of the shorn fields beside the water made Selina overpoweringly drowsy. She could barely see to push her needle through the sock.

Selina's head was nodding over her needle. She was remembering the half-pounds of currants and white sugar bought at long intervals and saved for birthday cakes. Christmas with stuffed pork and sweet potatoes, and a whole pound of fruit in the pudding . . . a baby rimu tree with cotton-wool saved from year to year, bags of peanuts and home-made toffee, a lead-pencil apiece for school for the three children . . . at night a flounder-spearing expedition, with torches, around the bay, and potatoes raked out of the ashes of a bon-fire, and eaten with a sprinkling of salt in the darkness.

All that was past now.

"Oh, Heaven, I wish I could go back!" Selina prayed, half-asleep, over her knitting.

They were poor yet, but it was with a poverty that was of good food and cheap clothes, and anxiety over meeting bills.

Selina was almost asleep. Something made her raise her head, and looking straight in front of her she saw Rick standing in the doorway.

He must have been riding hard, for he was mud-splashed to the waist, flecked with his horse's froth. His face was a curious color beneath its healthy sun-tan. He stood feet apart, his eyes fixed almost unseeingly upon Boy. He drew a sibilant breath.

"Ah . . .! So you don't deny it, I see. It wouldn't be any good, because I know . . ."

His voice was almost colorless. He raised it a little.

"You thought I was a fool . . . she thought I was a fool. Ah, poor blind fool! You've been double-crossing me all along . . ."

"You're drunk!" Boy said.

"I'm not drunk!" Rick cried out blindly, childishly. He swayed where he stood, looked down at his clenched hands. "I'm soberer than I've ever been! Never mind how I found out . . . I know! I tackled her with it, and she lied to me first, and then when she saw I knew, she broke down and admitted it. My girl and my own brother . . ." he looked down at his clenched hands again, swaying a little, with a stupid laugh, "I told her I'd like to kill her, but I didn't touch her . . . but I didn't say what I'd do to you . . ."

His spring had taken Boy by surprise, his fist with the weight of his body behind it connected with Boy's chin, and Boy went down, crashing against the flimsy chair before the hearth, sending it splintered against the stove.

Fear galvanised Selina's leaden limbs; she was on her feet in a second, but too late. Boy was up again, and he grappled with Rick an instant, seized him and swung him above his head, breaking his grip and flinging him head-on across the room.

He fell leadenly, and Selina ran to him, and Boy wheeled round and flung out of the room. Rick had struck his head against the foot of the cupboard. For the moment Selina thought he was dead. Then his eyelids moved, and he whimpered.

She ran for water, and bathed his heated face carefully and mechanically. His breath smelled of whisky.

"Mum . . ." he said, after a minute, "I want to get up . . ."

She helped him to his feet, leaning on her heavily, his arm across her shoulders. She helped him across the floor, and into his bedroom where a small square of moonlight fell peacefully on the bare boards and the narrow rag rug.

"Poor blind fool . . . he said with a childish bitterness, and buried his hot face against Selina. She clutched him to her with a fierce agony of tenderness. His tears wet the thin cotton of her blouse, and they seemed to faintly assuage the pain of the sword point that had been thrust into her heart.

Rick and Boy . . Boy and Rick . . . darn the Harrison girl's soul . . . had a girl like that a soul, anyhow . . . Rick and Boy . . .

. . . . . .

When old Mr. Cleaver died suddenly of heart failure, the scattered settlers along the harbor organised a benefit dance to raise money to help Mrs. Cleaver travel down to her relations in the South Island.

Selina helped, of course; she baked trays of crisp brown biscuits, beat up feathery sponge cakes and put them together with whipped cream, spread an endless stream of sandwiches as Rick sliced the bread. Everything had to be packed with meticulous care in the straw hamper, to be carried on horseback. Selina arranged an old print skirt and a waterproof over her best dress, that was dark blue and tight-bodiced, with a long sweeping skirt, rows of buttons, and a narrow frill of white at the throat.

It was awkward balancing the bulky hamper in front of a side-saddle. Selina's arms ached, and she had to leave her horse, a sagacious mare of Rick's, to pick its own way in the rapidly falling dusk. The track was rough, and there were pools and rivulets of water. Moreporks hooted in the bush. When they came out to the sea again, the estuary gleamed white and silver in the darkness.

The hall was already crowded when Selina arrived, the shuffle and scrape of feet mingling with the whine of the violin and the drumming of a loudly-thumped piano. In the crowded small room behind the hall, water in a copper was already beginning to steam, and women were bustling back and forwards energetically, setting out cups and saucers, pouring milk into jugs, unpacking laden baskets. Selina joined the busy circle.

"Rick didn't come, Mrs. Stratton?" somebody said.

"No . . ." Selina said. "He hasn't seemed just too good this last week or so."

"The heat," old Mrs. Piper said sagaciously. "First heat of the year always makes me go like that. Knocks me all in a heap."

They prepared the coffee in big jugs and billies, ready for the boiling water, and trooped out to the dance room.

The hall was cheerfully lighted by oil-lanterns swinging from the rafters. There were fronds of tree ferns and palms hiding

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the baldness of the unlined walls. The violin and the piano were playing a spirited waltz, and the dancers circled the rough floor light-heartedly. Selina looked for Boy, but could not see him.

"Some of the young folks took horses and went up the beach in the moonlight," Mrs. Piper said. "I guess your Boy was one of them."

The violinist wiped the perspiration from his face with a large silk handkerchief, and began the new waltz a few bars behind the pianist. With a strange emotion that dried her mouth and damped the palms of her hands, Selina saw Elaine Harrison. She was dancing with young Piper, her small slender hand laid on his shoulder, her pale pointed face and demurely-smiling eyes raised to his. She was wearing white ruffled muslin and a long slender silver chain, and her light brown hair was dressed high, with a bunch of little curls behind each ear.

Somebody went back to find the water in the copper boiling. Mrs. Piper had a reputation for coffee making, and she presided importantly. The trays of cups went out steaming and fragrant into the hall, and trayfuls of plates piled high. Those who had been dancing sat around the walls, in rows, on benches, and the less lucky had to stand, holding their cups.

Selina still saw no sign of Boy. Some of the young men came obligingly and took the trays of food and carried them round, and the workers were free to try to find a seat.

Selina remembered it all afterwards, sitting there in the lamplight with the women who were her friends, discussing the people present, sampling and appreciating the supper.

Somebody called Mrs. Piper from the door, and she got up, and went out.

"Seems like everybody who's anybody is here to-night . . ." Mrs. Fenton said, "Even the Mayor. He's going to make a speech after supper. I guess we should have plenty of money anyway . . ."

"That's the main thing," Selina said. "And that everybody has a good time . . ."

Mrs. Piper had come back. There was a sudden stir around the door of the hall. Selina, looking up, saw that Mrs. Piper's weatherbeaten face was white as chalk. A woman somewhere cried out, and was silenced.

Selina stood up, and found somebody's arm about her shoulders. There was a ring of faces turned towards her.

"It's Boy . . ." Mrs. Piper said. Sally Fenton was beginning to cry, and Selina saw her rough weather-marked hands go up to her round face. "They were down on the beach with their horses . . . galloping round and showing off, I s'pose . . . and his horse reared up and went over backwards with him . . ."

"Yes . . .?" Selina said vaguely, "He had a young horse . . ."

"The doctor is with him, now . . ." Mrs. Piper said loudly and carefully.

Selina continued to stand staring.

The doctor had come back. He was a youngish man, with carefully-trimmed whiskers which gave him a somewhat military air. His collar was high and stiff, and Selina noticed it. He looked at Mrs. Piper, looked at Selina, and shook his head.

Elaine Harrison was standing with a group of shocked and silent young people near the end of a bench close at hand. She looked at the doctor, and her hands went up to her throat. She swayed, and as Alec Piper caught at her, she pitched forward on her face on the rough board floor.

"What does she want to faint for?" Selina said vaguely and fretfully, "I'm his mother, and I don't faint."

. . . . . .

Selina refused to allow Julie to come home after Boy's death. She plunged with a sort of blind doggedness into the work about the farm. There was hay to be got in, a crop of carrots to weed, a new paddock they were beginning to break in on the west spur running down toward the sea. She worked with an axe felling the manuka and scrub, piling it in great heavy heaps and burning it, hacking at the stumps while the thin blue columns of smoke wavered up against the hot summer sky.

Rick was quiet and listless about his work; in the evenings he would sit for half an hour staring into vacancy. His brown young face with its grey eyes and wide-set cheek-bones was beginning to be set in older lines; his wide disarming mouth was thinner and harder. By degrees he began to be interested in his horses again; one night he called Selina from the shed to see Queen's colt. He had been hand-feeding it regularly on oats and linseed; its dark-brown furry coat gleamed with life and health, its eyes were bright and clear. It stamped a small imperious hoof, and thrust its nose into the bucket Rick carried.

"Little devil . . ." Rick said, "I wonder what sort of a jumper he'll make . . ."

The neighbors came to see Selina, solicitous and kindly, and anxious to help. They brought her fruit, early velvety peaches, and windfall apples, freshly-baked cakes, and jars of wild honey. Selina sat and talked to them sensibly and mechanically, brewed tea, and brought out the best blue and white dishes for afternoon tea, walked to the gate with them when they took their leave. Directly she was alone again she would plunge back into the work of the farm with feverish energy.

SELINA lighted the oil lamp and bent to the fire. Rick was tired. She would make him something special for tea. She took two eggs from the basket waiting to go out to the store. She would beat up pancakes. Rick was fond of them, and while the fire was heating she would lay the table and bring out the sweet smoky bush honey that Mrs. Piper had brought. Honey and pancakes, and a big pot of hot tea would cheer Rick up.

She heard him come in to the back porch, kicking off his boots, setting down a bucket of water from the well, splashing water about in the tin basin.

At that instant there was a knock at the front door. Selina pulled her pan off the fire and moved, a little startled to the door. On the narrow verandah a woman stood bareheaded, wrapped in a long dark coat. When Selina held the candle up, the light fell on the woman's face and she saw that it was Elaine Harrison.

Elaine Harrison spoke first.

"Can I please . . . see Rick?"

Selina remembered the low-pitched husky voice, a little huskier now and almost with a catch in it. She left the girl standing on the verandah and walked back through the front room and the kitchen, and opened the door to the porch.

"Elaine Harrison wants to see you. She's at the front door," she said.

She saw the startled look in Rick's brown young face as he flung up his head, saw incredulity give way to sullenness. He continued pulling on his shirt, emerged hitching his belt tight.

"What does she want to see me for?" he said, in a half-growl, "I don't want to see her."

After a minute he went through the house slowly, his head a little down, and opened the front door.

Selina continued to lean against the mantelshelf, staring into the fire, her heart beat in hard sickened throbs of fear that seemed to shake her from head to foot. The pan was cooling, the grease congealing, and after a minute Selina put it over the fire again, tossed in another spoonful of mixture.

What did Elaine Harrison want with Rick?

She made the tea in the brown pot, and set it to brew. Elaine's voice, outside the door, was suddenly audible.

". . . Rick! But you were fond of me, once . . ."

And then Rick, brutally . . .

"More fool me . . ."

Selina turned the pancake mechanically. Her hands were shaking, and she burned herself against the hot knife, without noticing it.

There was a long silence. When it had grown into what seemed eternity, Rick opened the door and came in. He seemed to stand a long time in the front room. Then he came into the kitchen.

Selina peered at his face in the light of the lamp.

"Well . . .?" he said with a sort of attempt at off-handedness.

He stood there feet apart, and a little defiant, with a sullen set to his brows. Under his brown tan he was colorless.

"What . . .?" Selina jerked out. "What did she want?"

He shrugged, turned his back, and went to the window. In that position, looking out to the sea, he said over his shoulder with a short laugh and an essay at jocularity.

"Well, I guess you better start making a cake, and wedding-bells, and all that sort of thing . . ."

"What?" Selina said.

Rick turned from the window, and faced her, with his hands behind his back.

"Elaine and I are going to be married pretty quick."

"Oh, please Heaven . . ." Selina whispered. She stood there, still clutching the knife absurdly in one hand, an old woman, and untidy, her greyish hair dishevelled about her face, her milk-stained and soiled apron tied with a string about her waist.

Rick still stood with his back to the window.

"Rick, is . . ." She tried to clear her voice; her throat was thick, and her heart beating in sharp hammering throbs that frightened her. She could not bring herself to say Elaine's name.

"Is that girl going to have a baby?"

Rick nodded.

Selina's fascinated eyes never left his face.

"Is it . . . Boy's?"

Rick's attempt at a lie failed on his lips. He nodded again, sullenly.

"That's what she says."

There was silence in the room. Down at the yards a calf bawled lustily. On the fire the pancake, which had all this time been burning unnoticed, flared up in a hiss of blackened edges and a column of pungent smoke. Selina bent and jerked the pan from the fire, flung it back, dislodging the plate of golden-brown pancakes from their place balanced on the bars to keep warm. She stood staring at them amid the ashes, at the little trickle of warm grease flaring and sputtering.

A childish hysteria of rage possessed her. She began to cry, loudly.

and long tulle veil and hurry | It reflects your own

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"Look at them . . . all spoiled! And I came in to make them for you . . . hurried in because I knew you liked them . . . and took the eggs out of the store basket . . . two eggs! I wish she was dead! Both my boys . . . oh Heaven, it's not fair! You're a weak fool, Rick. You're weak, weak . . . why didn't you send her away? Because you once thought you loved her . . . I wish I was dead, too. I've nothing to live for . . . I wish I was dead."

She turned away staggering. She remembered the night, nearly twenty years ago, when Kent Douglas had gone; she remembered how he had told her once that a man might receive a death wound and never know it. She held her hand to her side almost expecting to see the blood running as she groped her way to her room.

. . . . . .

Selina made deliberate and defiant plans for the wedding. She baked and cleaned and scrubbed, and arranged for the Rev. Mr. Charles Jordan to come over from Tauranga to perform the essential part of the ceremony.

The Harrisons were not among the small circle of invited guests. Mrs. Harrison was ill with some indefinite complaint; they had gone to Auckland leaving the bare, bleak little farm-house for Elaine and Rick to take possession, calmly and callously stripping it of its essential furnishings even to the cheap rugs on the floor and the curtains at the windows. Mrs. Harrison let it be known that they were going to Auckland for her health because she found the country too lonely, and their new son-in-law was going to manage the farm.

Selina rode up with Rick, and helped him clean and scrub the shoddy place; they took up a bed from Pleasant Bay, blankets, two chairs, and a table; Selina brought sheets, the half of her meagre supply of towels, a pot and a kettle, a new rag rug in gay colorings to lay before the fireplace.

For all that the place was bare and comfortless; their footsteps echoed emptily in the thinly-lined rooms.

"I've often thought . . ." said Selina, out of nothing, when they were riding home, "that there should be some special punishment for people who wash their hands of their own children when they get into a mess."

"Ah, but you're good . . ." Rick said briefly, his eyes fixed on a spot between his horse's ears. "You're not cut out of the same pattern as Mrs. Harrison. I don't know why we're not better to you . . . I guess you haven't had much comfort out of any of us. I'm a lazy, good-for-nothing devil, and I know it . . . Julie keeps away in Auckland . . . and Boy . . ."

Selina rode on, seeing the road through a mist. There was a painful warmth at her heart, as though the muttered words of appreciation had melted the thin coating of ice that had lain there through the past few days.

. . . . . .

The day of the wedding was fine and hot, with the sea like molten sapphire and the thin veil of shimmering blue upon the bush. Mrs. Piper came with Elaine; she had good-heartedly had the girl staying with her the past three days since the Harrisons had gone. Selina had steeled her heart for triumph or complacency in Elaine, but she looked quiet and tired, almost a little desolate.

Selina wore her best blue dress with the buttons and the little white collar, and sat and heard her son and Elaine Harrison take their vows.

"I, Richard Marchant . . . take thee, Elaine Vera Marguerite . . . love, cherish, and honor . . . so long as we both shall live . . ."

". . . those whom God has joined together, let no man put asunder!"

That was the end of it, now. Selina had the rows of plates of cakes and sandwiches ready; Mrs. Piper and some of the other neighbors had lent her crockery; they helped her to pour the coffee and sweetened home-made lemonade and carry it around. The guests sat down upon the verandah and upon benches outside. Selina had made a tall cake . . . two cakes baked in separate tins, put one on top of another, and iced . . . and Rick and Elaine cut it between them, carried the platefuls round, and Rick made appropriate jokes.

Someone proposed the toast of the bride and bridegroom; the company drank it in lemonade; Rick got up and returned thanks, and suggested the toast of the guests. The lemonade was finished by then, and everybody made a move to go, and joined hands and sang "Auld Lang Syne," and went down to the boat and to the paddock for their horses.

"It's been a real nice wedding, Selina . . ." Mrs. Piper said, "I don't know when I was at such a good wedding. But then you know how to make things go . . . I guess I'm going to get the receipt for that lemonade, what d'y'e say, Sally?"

They were all gone presently, and Rick and Elaine getting on their horses, Selina called Rick back from the gate.

"Rick . . ." she said hurriedly, "it's so terribly bare up there . . . come down with the sledge to-morrow, and get the arm-chair and take it up . . . I'd like you to have it . . ."

"I guess not . . ." Rick said briefly, kicking his foot through his stirrup. "It's yours, and you're going to keep it . . ."

Boy had given Selina the chair when he won thirty pounds riding a wall-eyed roan mare to a lucky finish at the Tauranga race meeting. It was cushioned in brilliant green velvet plush, and stood in pride of place by the front-room fireplace.

"Yes, I want you to have it . . ." Selina persisted. "I'll do it up in sacking, so's you can take it on the sledge . . ."

"Oh, all right, all right . . ." Rick muttered hurriedly. He was leaning over looking at his stirrup iron, and he kept his face turned from Selina as he straightened in his saddle, and his horse plunged away to the gate.

Selina went back alone into the house. Some of the women had helped her wash the cups, but there were sticky jugs about, and depleted piles of sandwiches; the roses decorating the mantel had spilled their petals all along the floor, and wilting greenery hung in the doorway. The verandah floor and the front room and kitchen were dirty with the marks of trampling boots.

"The stupidest thing a woman can do is to sit down in ruins like this and cry . . ." Selina said out loud.

She went into the bedroom, and took off her best blue dress and her neat cotton stockings and soft black leather shoes, and put on an old faded blue print gown and her milking apron, and set to work.

The cows were still in heavy milk; it meant early rising to get the fifteen done by herself, to get them away out to pasture before the full heat of the morning. All the hay was in, but she had the carrot paddock to keep weeded.

It was a hot, dry summer, and below the cowshed the spring which had been failing since the eruption dried up entirely. That meant pumping and carrying water from the well to heat for washing pans and buckets, for cleaning the shed, for giving to the calves.

. . . . . .

Living alone, Selina lived frugally. She had almost paid off the debt at the store. She was too busy to leave the farm except for the necessary trip to Tauranga with butter and produce. Sally Fenton rode round to the Bay to see her sometimes, and Mrs. Piper did not forget her.

One afternoon after Alec Piper had called in on his way home from a shooting expedition and left her two bush pigeons, she decided to ride up and take one to Rick and Elaine.

When she reached there, Rick was at home, and he came to the door and brought her in. Elaine was apparently no housekeeper. The kitchen floor was thick with dust; there were grease rims on the table. Ashes had spilled out of the hearth, and were trampled across the floor. Elaine was huddled in a big chair; she looked sick and miserable, and her hair was dishevelled, the white collar of her dress soiled.

Rick had apparently come in from work on the farm, and was making a late dinner. He had pushed half of the table clear, and laid out dishes on a newspaper; he was frying eggs in a black, greasy pan at the fire. He looked tired and thin; his cheek-bones hollowed sharply, and his mouth was thinner and straighter and less sensitive. His shoulders stooped a little under his thin, soiled cotton shirt.

"Elaine doesn't seem to feel too good this weather . . ." he said with an apologetic glance around the littered room, "I guess it's the heat."

"I brought up a pigeon; Alec gave it to me, two of them," Selina said. "It'll be a bit of a change, perhaps."

"It's very good of you . . ." Elaine said. She, too, looked ashamed of the state of the house. "I can't seem to relish anything we have to eat, and it gets me down . . ."

Selina wanted to suggest that she set to work and cook something fit to eat, and her fingers itched for broom and scrubbing brush. But she said nothing, and Rick cleared her a place at the table, and she drank a cup of tea while he ate his hard-fried eggs and slices of sour bread, and washed them down with cups of tea.

She could not stay, for there were the cows to get back to, and the days were beginning to shorten. Rick walked with her to the yard to get her horse.

"I've been meaning to come down and put in a day's work . . ." he said with a half-sigh. "But I seem to be kind of busy here . . . and Elaine isn't keen on my leaving her alone for long . . ."

He helped her up on her horse and said good-bye to her, and she rode away, leaving him standing by the gate, with his elbows leaning on the rail, looking down at the sea.

. . . . . .

March gave way to April, and April to May. The days were short, and there was a steel chill, like a knife blade, slipping into the nights. The cows were drying off, but as the pressure of work eased the evenings lengthened, seeming to draw out to an interminable passage of time. To Selina, sitting alone before the kitchen fire, the hours of darkness seemed eternities. She read every printed word in the house over and over again, and took to fine sewing and embroidery.

She had once been a skilled needlewoman, but it was many years since she had handled anything but the coarsest of materials. The delicate silks caught and snarled on the

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DEEP FURROW

roughness of her fingers, and the stains of out-of-door toil soiled the fine linen.

But she persisted, stiffly, awkwardly, the lovely patterns growing slowly and painfully beneath her toiling fingers. They were things for Julie she was making; she got a box, and put them away, one by one, wrapped in blue paper.

"Some day she'll get married and want things of her own . . ." she said to Ruff and Rufus, who nightly watched the ceremony. "And it's something for me to do now."

One night Selina wakened in the early hours of the morning, and found her room filled with a dim red glow. She dragged herself hastily out of bed and ran to the window, and saw that the glow was focused in a leaping ruddy column of smoke just over the hill in the direction of Harrison's farm.

Selina's cold fingers gripped the window-sill.

"It looks like a house burning . . . not bush . . . there's no building there but the house to go . . ."

She dragged on her clothes, fumbling over the fastenings. The pale light of the candle scarcely dimmed the red glow. She was going to run out for her horse, but in the doorway she checked herself with a great effort, and stood trying to think.

At that instant Ruff, at her feet, raised his muzzle and barked.

Selina listened but could hear nothing, and then caught faintly the sound of horse's hoofs and a jerk and rattle. She ran down to the gate, and on to the yard gate, and then saw a horse and sledge coming down the track. She ran on, and saw Rick's face in the gloom.

"Oh, Rick," she cried. "What has happened?"

"There was a fire," Rick said. "We woke up . . . got out just in time . . . had to leave everything behind . . ."

Between them they got Elaine into the house. She was wrapped in a big coat, only the thin cotton of her nightdress underneath, a scarf of Rick's tied over her head. She was shaking uncontrollably. She clung to Selina and burst into tears.

"Everything burned . . . your lovely green chair is all burned up . . ."

Selina got a great blazing fire roaring up the chimney, and she made tea, hot and strong and sweet, and brought it to Elaine. Rick drank his tea, sitting shivering in the circle of the firelight.

"Elaine woke up . . ." he said. "I felt her shaking me for what seemed like hours. The room was full of smoke . . . I guess I was silly with it . . . and the flames were roaring up the other side of the partition . . ."

Selina was looking at Elaine. There were blue shadows around her mouth, and she was still shivering.

"I guess Elaine's rather ill," she said to Rick, quietly. "You had better get a horse and go to Tauranga for a doctor . . . quick as your can ride . . ."

. . . . . .

Selina came up the track from the yards, slowly, carrying a bucket with a little milk. Her feet dragged. There was a fire in the kitchen; the dancing glow vied with the brief fading flare of the frosty saffron sunset. Selina set down the bucket and moved over to the old box crib, and looked down at the small wrinkled face sunk in the blankets. There was a chair beside the crib, and she sank down with a long sigh. Presently she would have to get up and prepare a feed for the baby and make up the fire and put on the kettle, and prepare some tea for herself. For the moment she sat on blankly, apathetically, too tired to move.

The baby was beginning to look a little better. She had saved its life, the doctor said, that first day and night warming the blankets with hot bottles, feeding it drop by drop, painstakingly, every hour.

She wondered vaguely whether Elaine would have been fond of the baby. Mrs. Harrison did not want it, that was one certain thing. She had not even made an attempt to come down to Elaine's funeral, or afterwards. She had merely written a long, rambling, complaining letter which Selina, tight-lipped, had read and burned. Strange to realise that such a woman had ever experienced motherhood . . .

Selina sat on, staring into the sinking fire. Rick . . . where was Rick this frosty night . . . not a word to her, and he had saddled his horse and ridden out, and then come back to the gate just to say briefly, emotionlessly:

"I can't stand to stop here just now . . ."

He had left her the child. Selina looked at the cot listlessly. Something to work for . . . something that needed her . . . otherwise she could give up, and succumb to the weariness of desolation that possessed her.

The fire had died down to ash now, and outside it was almost twilight. Ruff and Rufus sprang from the doorstep suddenly in a fusillade of barking, and Selina got up slowly and went to the door.

She stood and stared, startled, at what she saw from there . . . a horse in the gateway, ridderr by a slender girl in a modish travelling costume with a big feathered hat tilted helplessly over one eye.

"Well, for the land's sake, mother," said the rider in a clear, youthful voice, "do come and help me down! I'm too stiff to move."

"Julie!" Selina screamed.

She ran out from the doorway and along the path, and Julie came scrambling down from the saddle into her arms, and Selina clung to her wildly and burst into hysterical tears.

Somehow they got up the path to the house, and Selina wiped her face with her apron, and put wood on the fire, and lighted the lamp, and Julie sat down and took off her gloves, and rubbed her cold hands one upon the other.

"I've come home for good," she announced. "I'm going to be a farmeress, or whatever you call the things, and look after everything for you . . ."

"Nonsense," Selina protested weakly. "I'm getting on quite all right."

"Oh, yes . . .?" Julie said. "I step up in Auckland enjoying myself, and Rick runs away somewhere from his responsibilities, and you look after the farm single-handed, and add a baby to it! How old do you think I am?"

Selina thought about it for a minute.

"Eighteen . . . nineteen," she said on a note of wonder.

"Correct," Julie said. "So you see this farce of going to school in Auckland can hardly go on much longer. Besides, this is my home; I want to come back to it, and I want to help you."

Selina got a cheerful fire burning. Julie took off the big feathery hat with loving fingers, and brought a towel and brushed ineffectually at the mud-stains on the smart braided travelling costume.

"Why . . . why didn't you tell me you were coming, darling?" Selina asked. "I could have had things ready for you, and an extra-nice tea, and I'd have brought the boat over to meet you and saved you from a muddy ride in your good clothes."

Julie had put her hands up to her eyes. Selina saw then that she was crying.

"What's the matter, darling?" she said in dismay.

"Nothing!" Julie cried fiercely. "Nothing! Only it makes me mad to hear you talk like that . . . you have to go up and down over the track, and get dirty, and do the rough things . . . and I'm no better than you that you should shelter me and look after me . . ."

"You're pretty," Selina faltered, "and you're young . . ."

"You were young!" Julie said. "And you were pretty . . . I've seen the old miniature . . ."

She put up her hands to her head and drew out the pins with a gesture of relief. Her hair fell down about her shoulders in a bright, pale shower of thistledown gold. Selina stared at the sheer loveliness of her —the delicately-marked brows and fine, firm features; the clear, pale skin, and beautifully-set, dark-lashed, shining grey eyes.

She was ashamed of her dirty milking apron which she had been too tired to remove, of her faded old print gown, and her dishevelled hair.

She slipped out to the porch and washed her hands and face in the icy well-water, and then crept round to her bedroom and put on her best blue dress and braided her hair and fastened it up neatly.

When she came back to the kitchen, Julie was standing beside the crib.

"Small babies are rather dreadful . . ." she said frankly.

Selina had a rush of defiant tenderness for the small hideous wrinkled creature.

"They can't help it . . . they grow nice-looking in a little while."

"What are you going to call it?" Julie said with interest.

"Well . . . I thought Frances. Do you think Frances would be nice?" Selina said apologetically. "I know it's not a family name, or anything, but I've always had a fancy for it. I wanted you called Frances, but your father wanted Julia, because his mother's name was Julia."

"I think Frances is nice . . . Julie said, "but she's your baby, anyhow there's nobody to object if you wanted to call her pig. You do all the work for her."

"Oh, dear, you'll be hungry!" Selina said, "I must get some tea."

When the meal was over Julie got up and brought Selina the mail she had brought from Tauranga. Small Frances had begun to cry, and Selina was moving the cot nearer the fire.

"One for you from Tauranga . . . one for you in a man's hand . . . a mail order catalogue from home," Julie said.

She promptly became immersed in the catalogue, and looking up after five minutes found Selina still staring strangely at her letter.

"What a long time you're taking to read it?" she said, "what is it?"

Selina started.

"It's just a letter . . ." she said. "It's from an old frend of mine I haven't seen since . . . since I was a girl. Mr. Douglas his name is. He wants to know if he can come and see us some time. He has been away from New Zealand for years."

"Well that would be all right," Julie said, "if he's nice, that is. Was he an old sweetheart of yours?"

"Not exactly . . ." Selina said.

She folded up the letter and put it away. Julie was beginning to yawn, and her eyes were heavy.

"You're tired," Selina said, "I'll make up your bed and you can get off to sleep."

"I'll do it . . ." Julie said, manfully stifling a yawn, "I didn't come home to be waited on, I tell you . . ."

When Selina was in her own room alone but for the sleeping Frances in her cot, she lighted her candle, and unfolded the letter again. It was written on white unlined paper . . . a man's writing, scrawled and decisive and purposeful.

"My dear Selina,

and long tulle veil and hurry | it reflects your ow

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"I heard of your son's death through the medium of an old Tauranga paper which came into my hands. I am terribly sorry for you, and I wish there was something I could have done to have helped you. It seems strange to think that you had a son of twenty-three.

"I myself have just returned to New Zealand after an absence of nearly twenty years. I expect to be passing through Tauranga shortly, and will give myself the pleasure of seeing you then.

"Yours very sincerely,

"KENTON DOUGLAS."

Selina moved slowly across the room, and deliberately looked at herself in the small mirror.

She seemed to see an old woman there, with faded greying hair and skin reddened by sun and wind and deeply scored by lines of weariness and sorrow and discouragement. Her mouth was tired and sunken, her grey eyes lustreless.

Selina smiled a little at her reflection in the glass.

"Twenty years has been a long time for you . . but at least you did have a romance once . . . and wouldn't Julie be surprised if only she knew!"

She began to take off her clothes before getting into bed.

. . . . . .

The nicest room in the house was the one which had been the boys', with its long windows opening on to the verandah. Selina cleaned and scrubbed every corner of it for Julie, sold a heifer to buy light-colored paint for the walls, white muslin curtains, and a bedspread of rose-red cotton material. If she was going to have a grown-up girl at home she would keep the house nice for her. Not even to herself did she confess that there was an additional reason at the back of her mind.

For all that, when Kent Douglas did come, the time could not have been less opportune. She and Julie had finished milking, but they were still down at the yards. Julie was wearing an old pair of Rick's trousers, and digging a ditch across the pig-yard to carry away the surplus mud and water.

When Selina remonstrated, shocked, she merely said:

"Nobody'll see me in them, so what does it matter?"

Julie had been to a dance in Tauranga the night before, a quite select affair given in aid of a local charity. She had gone with the Stewarts; they had come for her in their boat, and brought her home again. Selina thought about it seriously. There were all kinds of responsibilities connected with having a grown-up and very lovely daughter at home. If only some good, decent man like young Stewart would fall in love with her . . . none of the boys about were good enough for her . . . Alec Piper, and young Smith, and Terry Malone . . . not Julie's kind, Selina thought fiercely.

Julie went back to her shovelling. There was silence for two or three minutes, and then Selina looked up and saw Kent Douglas.

He was standing with one foot on the fence-wire, and his elbows on the top rail, smiling a little, his hat cocked over his eyes. He was altered, but not so much that she would not have known him anywhere . . . older, of course, lean and upright, his dark hair greying at the temples. His face was subtly harder and more finely-chiselled, his eyes clear and keen under their dark decisive brows, his mouth straight and thin-lipped and mocking.

"Well, Selina . . ." he said.

Seeing him come forward swiftly, hands outstretched, Selina forgot her old print dress and her rough shoes and her milking apron, forgot, too, the anxieties and apprehensions and heart-beats of the meeting, and she hurried towards him and gave him her hands, yielded them to his hard, strong, sustaining grip.

"It's good to see you again . . . he said.

Selina drew her hands away slowly.

"Twenty years is a long time, Kent Douglas . . ."

She remembered again that she was old, haggard, tired. She was filled with embarrassment for Julie's unconventional costume, with chagrin that the girl had not been cool and groomed and lovely in one of her trim tailored white gowns.

Kent was smiling over her shoulder.

"So this is Julie . . .? Do you remember, Selina, when she was a baby I told you she was going to grow up the image of you? It gave me almost a shock when I was standing by the fence there . . . like Rip Van Winkle, only the other way about, as though only I had grown old, and had come back to find you exactly as I knew you . . ."

"I'm sure I never went about dressed like that . . ." Selina said with asperity.

"No . . . never?" Kent Douglas said.

His eyes drew down at the corners in exactly the same way when he laughed. Selina laughed also; it awoke in her pleasant warmth and sense of a secret shared.

Julie had drawn close slowly; she ostentatiously wiped her fingers on her trousers.

"I'm not sure that they're clean enough to shake hands . . ." she said, inspecting her hands dubiously.

"Oh, well, in that case . . ." Kent Douglas said. He put a finger under her chin promptly, and bent his head and kissed her.

"After all I did nurse you in your cradle days . . ." he reminded her.

"We'll go up to the house . . . Selina said.

Kent unsaddled the livery stable horse which he had brought, and turned him loose, and they went up the track together in the twilight, Kent walking with Selina, Julie lagging a little behind. At the door, Julie vanished.

"Where's Rick?" Kent Douglas said. He struck a match, and gave it to Selina to light the lamp.

"He's away just now . . ." Selina said.

Frances from her cot, at sound of their voices, began to wail. Kent stared at her fascinated, putting down an exploring finger to her cheek.

"Selina . . . you don't mean to say that you are a grandmother?"

"Yes . . ." Selina said, after a minute, slowly, "Rick is married . . . his wife died when the baby was born . . . I . . . I have seen a lot of trouble, Kent . . ."

Her eyes filled slowly, and she tried to keep the tears back, blinking fiercely. It was so foolish . . she had seen trouble and had borne it, somehow . . . to start to cry just telling someone about it. She had forgotten the comfort of Kent's presence, his immense reassurance.

Tea was almost ready when Julie came back. She had changed into a white serge dress, beautifully and almost severely cut, with a little flat white bow at the neck.

Kent, packing his pipe and watching the toast, looked at her with a long, keen scrutiny. The presence of her lovely daughter flustered Selina a little.

"I meant to go and tidy myself . . ." she said apologetically. "Put on a clean apron at least, but Frances was crying for her feed . . ."

"Give Julie the teapot, and let her make the tea and help me here . . ." Kent said coolly. "She's been titivating herself; it's your turn . . ."

Really, Kent did still say awkward things, Selina reflected uncomfortably, as she went into her room.

When she got back to the kitchen, Kent and Julie were seated at the table, and Julie's cheeks were suspiciously bright.

It was a merry meal with much laughter, though Frances would not go to sleep, and wailed, and though Kent ate more than his share of toast, and had to get up and make some more. When they were done, Julie washed the dishes, with a long apron tied over her fashionable gown, and Kent helped her wipe them, and Selina was free to coax the wailing Frances to sleep.

"I think I'll go to bed . . ." Julie said a little awkwardly. "I'm rather tired, I think . . ."

"Your work in the pig-yard, no doubt . . ." Kent said sympathetically.

He got up from his chair, and crossed the room to open the door for her, but he did not offer to kiss her good-night. He and Selina were left alone, and he drew two chairs forward to the fire, and waited until she had seated herself.

"I have kept in touch with you for years," he said. "I had a friend who used to write to me from Auckland; he knew your friend Lizette, and her husband."

"I never knew . . ." Selina said.

"Why should you?" he said. "It was all done very casually."

Selina banked the fire to a comfortable glow. It was a cold night; the window panes were misted with vapor.

"You'll stay with us, Kent . . .?" she said, trying to say it casually, "For a few days, or as long as you like? We have a spare room; you won't expect luxury; it's fairly comfortable. We'd like you to stay . . . it's a nice change for Julie; she finds it lonely after staying so long in Auckland."

"Thank you, I'd like it," Kent said without demur.

Something swept her feelings out to him then, in the old familiar sensation of warmth and comfort. She dropped the pretence of conversation, and sat staring into the fire.

"Tell me . . . about what you have been doing for the past twenty-five years . . ." she said.

He humored her, spinning the account out, story-fashion.

"When the Rangers were disbanded in the seventies I went to Australia. I worked with a big mining company for a while. We made several prospecting trips into the Inland. It's a wonderful, lonely country . . . it got me thinking of streams all the time . . . I'd remember the little creek that runs out by the landing below your cowshed. After a few years I went home. I took jobs here and there . . . made a trip to South America . . . saw a good bit of the world, but didn't make much money. Then I accepted an official job in Malay States . . . I'm going back there when I finish my leave in New Zealand."

He sighed a little, bending forward to tap his pipe out against the end of a log.

. . . . . .

"Do you think he's nice, Julie?" Selina said diffidently, as they were dressing next morning. Julie had come into her room to borrow hairpins; she stood before the glass strong and slim, with slender young arms upraised, her hands busy with the smooth shining braids.

Julie shook her head doubtfully, and removed a hairpin from her mouth.

"He's very good-looking . . ." she admitted, and then went on with a little rush. "But I tell you what, mother, he treats me as though I am about six! I don't care if he did nurse me when I was a baby!"

Resentment had risen in her voice. Selina said nothing. She was disappointed; she

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had longed out of all proportion for Julie to appreciate Kent and Kent admire Julie.

But in the afternoon, Kent suggested that he and Julie should go riding round the beach, and he caught and saddled both horses, and handed Julie up with the correct shade of deference in his manner. They rode down the track to the beach, side by side, and politely, but Selina saw them come back galloping, flushed, and laughing.

Selina began to get the cows in, and Julie changed her habit for a print gown and an apron, and came to help her milk. Julie milked like she did everything else, with a fierce energy, and the milk came frothing and foaming into her pail.

"I had a letter from Mr. Adams," she said suddenly, out of nothing. "He wants me to go to a dance with him to-night."

Selina's hands were still. Her heart had made a sickening plunge, and she tasted salt water in her mouth.

"You won't go?" she said with a sudden quivering breathlessness.

"I wouldn't have told you if I hadn't intended to go," Julie said without expression. "But I hate to do underhand things. I won't be going with him alone . . . a party of them are coming in their boat, and will bring me back afterwards."

Selina continued to lean her head against her cow and stare unseeingly into her bucket. Her heart was beating painfully against her ribs.

"You don't understand," she said to Julie, trying to say it quietly and steadily. "For a girl to be seen with that crowd of Adams . . . people around here would never think anything of her again . . ."

Julie had got up to let her cow out; she set her bucket on the ground.

"Mother," she said intensely, "I tell you I've seen enough of poverty. If I married a rich man I would give you comfort from now on; I'd give little Frances a chance . . ."

"What makes you think he wants to marry you?" Selina said with brief irony. She was shaking. She tried to go on milking, but the milk sprayed over the edge of the bucket.

"Anyhow, you can't stop my going," Julie said. Her tones were casual, but her voice trembled a little.

"You're not to go!" Selina cried out passionately. "I forbid you to go!"

There was not time to say anything more, for Kent was coming down the slope to the sheds, with a bucket of hot water for washing the pans, whistling as he came.

At tea Kent charged Selina with being distrait. She had absent-mindedly passed him salt instead of sugar with his tea, and she answered his teasing at random. She looked white, and her smile was strained.

Julie was defiantly gay. She laughed and talked, and rallied Kent. Her clear skin, usually pale, was flushed with color which brightened her eyes to a startling brilliancy. She looked lovely.

When the meal was done she excused herself and went to her room.

When she returned she was wearing a white gown, cut low, with a modish bustle, and ruffled from knee to hem. Her head was bare, and her shining hair beautifully dressed. She carried a scarf and wrap over her arm.

Selina, who had been nursing Frances, stood up and put the baby down in her cot. She felt weak; her knees were shaking.

"Julie, you're not to go . . ." she said. "You're not twenty-one, you're not your own mistress . . . I say you're not to go."

Julie's lovely young face was set in stubborn lines.

"You can't stop me . . ." she cried.

Selina had turned to Kent, at her shoulder. Her voice shook.

"It's Gerald Adams and his crowd . . . she's going to a dance with him. He doesn't mean any good, if he did he'd come up to the door and knock, instead of bringing the boat off the point and whistling for her to come down. He's a rotter, and no decent girl would be seen with his party . . ."

"Well, I'm going to be seen with his party, and I'm decent," Julie said coldly. "Good night!"

She had reckoned without Kent Douglas. Her hand was on the door when Kent's closed over it.

"Let me go!" Julie said. Her face had flamed.

"Don't be a fool!" Kent said uncompromisingly, "your mother knows him better than you."

Julie faced him, leaning against the door, her cheeks flaming and her grey eyes brilliant with anger.

"Do you think I'm a child?" she said repressedly. "I'm nineteen, and I'm my own mistress."

"When you're twenty-one you'll be that . ." Kent said.

Julie jerked her hand from his, and turned to the door again.

"Mother has no right to rule me as to my friends. I'm going."

SHE had the door half-way open when he caught her again and swung her back roughly, so that she gave a startled cry. He towered over her, his face suddenly grim, his mouth hard, and his eyes smouldering.

"You little fool! Who are you to say what right your mother has, and what she hasn't! What do you know of the life she's led . . . of the life she led and her fight when you were small! What do you know what you owe her! You selfish little devil . . ."

Selina stood leaning against the foot of the cot staring at them weakly. Kent's anger reminded her strangely, grimly, of the night, almost twenty years before, when the Maoris had brought Neale home . . .

"If you have quite finished swearing at me . . ." Julie said, trembling, "would you tell me if you intend to stand here holding me all night?"

"Certainly not!" Kent said, "unless you give me your promise not to go, I'll go down and meet this fine friend of yours who skulks around in the dark instead of coming to the door for you."

Kent laughed grimly.

Julie remained an instant leaning against the door thinking. Then she came forward into the room.

"Very well . . ." she said wearily, "I won't go. But I'll never forgive you for this . . ."

She swept through the room to the inner door, a lovely fiery-checked young vision, opened the door and closed it behind her, and Selina and Kent were left alone.

. . . . . .

"Please God make Julie safe . . ." Selina prayed with agonising intensity. "Please give her some anchor to make her safe!"

She had closed her eyes to pray, standing still for a moment in the gathering darkness. She was down at the stack, with Julie, feeding hay. The hungry cattle were spread in a wide circle; the sound of their munching was a contented chorus in the frosty air.

"The cows are beginning to look pretty thin . . ." Selina said with a long sigh.

Julie dug her fork into the ground, and leaned upon the handle contemplatively.

"There are too many horses in the place," she pointed out. "There's the grey and Ginger and Queen's colt . . . and the old chestnut mare and the working horses . . . and Rick's old pony and the foals . . . there must be eight or ten horses on the place eating up grass the cows should have!"

"They're Rick's horses," Selina said. "I wouldn't get rid of any until he comes home."

Selina began to fork out her heap of hay. Ten days had passed now, and Gerald Adams' name had not been mentioned. Julie had come to her once, and put her arms about her in a passion of fierce loyalty.

"Please don't worry about things, mother! I know I'm what he called me . . . a selfish little devil . . . but I do love you! And I do hate you to be always poor, and worrying about the farm, and never having the things you want!"

Selina's heart had been comforted, but her agony of fear still held her in its grip.

Julie had not sulked with Kent Douglas; she was never one to sulk, but seemed to be holding to her promise of refusing to forgive him. There was a curious constraint in her manner toward him; she avoided being left alone with him.

Julie went off to the swamp to look for a missing cow. Selina climbed the slope to the house slowly. There were late roses flowering still over the crazy arbor by the gate. Down close by the sea the frost barely rested; there were nasturtiums blooming gaily in red and yellow, barely seen in the dusk, beside the door.

Kent met her near the door.

"Where's Julie?" he asked casually.

"She went down to the swamp by the point after a cow," Selina said. "She promised she wouldn't stay long . . . but it's almost dark."

"I'll go down," Kent said. "You go on in out of the cold."

There was a brief note of gentleness in his voice that made her say suddenly and abruptly:

"You're good, Kent . . ."

She went into the house slowly. When she had coaxed the fire to a blaze she stood and looked at it. A cold night turned her mind to thoughts of Rick.

Frances was beginning to cry for her evening meal. Selina moved about to prepare it, slowly, a little fumblingly. Her hands were cold.

Julie and Kent were a long time. Perhaps the cow was sick. When she had fed Frances she would take the lantern and go down to them.

At that minute the door opened and Kent and Julie came in, he bareheaded, dazzled in the lamplight, his arm about Julie and her pale gold head against his shoulder.

She was laughing nervously; they were both laughing.

"Selina," said Kent, "will you give me your daughter?"

"What . . .?" Selina said stupidly.

Julie broke away from Kent and came to her; flung her arms about her, and held her fiercely.

"Oh, mother, I don't know how I can leave you . . ."

"She's a fool," said Kent, "to say yes. In the first place after saying she was going to marry a man with money . . . I haven't fifty pounds to my name, and probably never will have . . ."

"Oh, can't I ever say anything without having it thrown up at me!" Julie cried unreasonably.

"In the second place," Kent said, "to contemplate marrying a man quite old enough to be her father."

"Be quiet, be quiet!" Julie said. "What

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nonsense! You'd have had to have been married at twenty . . . and I don't care, anyhow, I'm marrying the finest and best man I know!"

She flung it at him defiantly, her arms around Selina, her eyes bright and dark, her pale gold hair shining in the lamplight. She was very lovely.

Realisation had dawned on Selina's startled brain, and it came with the force of a blow. She felt as though someone had struck her, leaving her numb. Then another thought came to her, washing all before in a great over-sweeping wave.

Julie was safe.

"Oh, God, I thank Thee," Selina prayed. "I thank Thee that Julie's safe . . ."

. . . . . .

There was a great rush. Kent was to leave New Zealand in three weeks' time, and he and Julie were to be married before then. Kent made a mysterious trip to Tauranga, and, when everything was settled, Julie hurled the news at Selina.

"Kent is going to stay here and look after the cows, and you and I are going to Auckland to buy my things! Everything is settled, and Kent has taken our passages."

"But . . . but . . ." Selina said dazedly.

She had made up her mind that her daughter should go to her new home properly equipped. She had sold a colt which was her property and not Rick's, and had recklessly disposed of a bunch of heifers which were coming on to be milked the following season. The money was to purchase a trousseau for Julie, fine linen sheets, and towels and accessories for her new home. She opened her box and gave to Julie the fine things she had worked and stored, the embroidered linens, the heavy silk covers and slips. Julie fell on her knees and gloated over them, and rocked them in her arms.

"All the work you must have put into them . . . Why should you give them to me?"

"They were done for you," Selina said. "They're not worked as well as I used to do them . . . my hands are so rough."

She had been startled when Julie had burst into passionate tears, weeping over the silks, which had to be rescued, and burying her face, like a small child's, in her mother's lap.

But before this new emergency Selina stood aghast.

"The money!" she said.

"We'll save it, going to Auckland for the things," Julie said prudently. "You know how expensive everything is here. And I could hardly go alone."

Selina turned it over in her mind, bewildered by the amazing delight of the possibility.

. . . . . .

Auckland had changed, marvelled Selina four days later. It had changed very much. Fort Britomart on the old point was gone; they were reclaiming land there; shining railway lines threaded and re-threaded.

They stayed two whole weeks with Lizette. Her husband, now high in the Government service, was a good-natured man with a passion for playing chess.

In the afternoons the womenfolk went driving. Lizette possessed her own carriage, and it was her great delight to sit enthroned in a fur-trimmed costume and elaborate hat and muff, and show her guests the beauty spots of Auckland. It was a luxury which Selina enjoyed to the full.

All too soon the fortnight was over, Lizette and her husband and the carriage came down to the wharves to see them off, with Julie's trunks, a boxful of goods for Selina and for little Frances, with wedding presents for Julie and Kent, a handsome beaded lampshade, silver spoons, a clock guaranteed to withstand the rigors of a tropical climate.

. . . . . .

They got into Tauranga on a sunny winter morning, steaming past the old Mount with the sea deceptively warm and blue and translucent, up the stream and into the wharf, where the township straggled leisurely along the green sea grass shores, and the pohutaka was dipped down to the water's edge, and the old Redoubt, clothed with grass now, looked peacefully down upon the scene.

Kent met them; he had hired a boat to save the muddy ride round. He looked very brown and fit. He was wearing rough working clothes and he was bareheaded.

They were back at Pleasant Bay by noon, and Selina settled immediately to the business of cleaning and scrubbing and preparing for the wedding. They had discussed the advisability of having the ceremony at the church in Tauranga.

"There's always more style at a church . . ." Selina said doubtfully, "And people can see better . . ."

She was determined that everything concerned with the wedding would be done in grand style. Julie's dress was of white satin, fitted, wide-sleeved, with a long sweeping lace-lined train. She was to wear a lace veil, caught above her head by a wreath of tiny bunches of real orange blossom. Her bouquet was to be of English spring flowers tied in with sprays of fern.

. . . . . .

Selina sat with her hands folded in her lap, watching her daughter being married to Kent Douglas. Some unseen force drew her eyes up to the intent faces crowded in the doorway, and, looking there, she felt the blood ebb and flow from her heart in great strong-sweeping tides, and clutched one hand upon another wondering what would happen if she were suddenly to faint. But she did not faint, and she went on looking into the clear smiling grey eyes of her own son Rick. He was standing in the doorway, leaning forward, looking in, his boots and spurs muddy, his clothes splashed with the sweat and foam of hard riding. He was bareheaded, and a lock of fair hair dangled over the weatherbeaten brown of his lean boyish face.

The wedding service was over. They signed the register, someone holding Julie's bouquet for her; everybody kissed Julie. Selina kissed Julie, Rick kissed her in the general laughter, and tears, and turmoil.

. . . . . .

Looking back afterwards Selina thought that it was like a drum . . . the drum being beaten in one place, and the echoes travelling away and out to the odd corners of the earth . . . the isles and the uttermost parts of the sea, as the Bible verse says.

That was when Kent and Julie came home at the beginning of the Boer War. Selina had the two boys with her going to school. Julie brought only the baby, Marda. Julie fell upon them all in passionate tears and laughter; she kissed Alan and Dermot, and nearly strangled Selina; she went back to kissing the boys again, and laughing and crying at once. In the end Selina got her out of her coat and hat and veil.

Julie's beauty had worn strangely well. The clear pearly whiteness of her skin was darkened and tanned a little; her face was thinner and faintly lined, but her eyes were as grey and luminous, her mouth as eager as on the day she had become Kent Douglas' wife. She was richly dressed; the coat she had thrown aside was of expensive material and beautifully tailored; small Marda's garments were real silk.

Kent was greyer, more deeply lined, and keener, yet by a strange contradiction kindlier and more quizzical-looking. His two small sons regarded him with no small awe mixed with their shyness, but Marda swarmed up on him and took him imperiously by the hair and ordered him to take her out.

"I want to go out and see!"

When they were gone, Julia turned on Selina.

"Why should he go?" she said fiercely. "Why should a war in South Africa break up our homes here? Let the people that made the wars fight them out . . ."

She turned to the window and leaned her forehead on the open sash, stared down at the blue placid sea. When she turned back, her face was broken up into lines of weeping.

"Oh, I'm not brave, mother, I'm not brave! There's no need for him to go . . . he's too old . . . he has three children. He loves me, and he loves the children . . . it nearly killed him to part with the boys when we brought them back . . . why does he go?"

Selina stared hopelessly at her trembling mouth and agonised eyes.

"It's awfully hard on the women . . ." cried Julie.

She went to the hearth, where the crossed swords of John Marchant and Lieutenant Stanley Chapman hung by their faded belts above the mantel.

"All wars are hard on women . . ." Selina answered.

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Kent was killed in a skirmish outside a Boer farmhouse six weeks after he landed in South Africa.

Julie took the news very quietly. It was almost as though she was hearing something which she already knew.

Selina had wept the tears that Julie had not wept . . . tears for her daughter's husband, for the father of the fatherless children, bitter, bitter tears for the gay, gallant lover of thirty years gone by. In a few days she seemed to have aged ten years.

"There's the children to think of . . ." Julie said. "And the new baby when it comes. I wish I had been more careful with money . . . we never bought anything we couldn't pay for . . . but Kent loved to spend money, he was always buying me good clothes, or things for the house, or something for the children. I shouldn't have allowed him to spoil me as . . . I've only got £300 in the world."

Life at the farm went on and on. The children began, as is the way of childhood, to forget. Small Marda had been too young to comprehend her loss, and Alan took it, as he took most things, quietly. Frances had grieved stormily, brokenheartedly, for the Uncle Kent she had scarcely known, but Dermot's grief was white-faced and inarticulate.

"Nothing will ever be quite the same again, grannie . . ." he said with an unchildlike finality which frightened Selina.

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Julie's child, Alan, was born in the grey dawn of a stormy morning.

Rick took a tremendous fancy to the new baby when he saw it. He touched it cautiously with one forefinger and looked anxiously at Julie's deathly face.

"By Jove, he's a tough one, Julie! I bet he'll be the lad to sit a horse!"

In a fortnight Julie was on her feet again, her strong young body taking the ascendancy from her exhausted spirit. She was almost resentful over her returning

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strength, resentful over the green tide of spring which was breaking, like a wave of life, upon the countryside. There was a film of new grass in the paddocks on the west spur; the willows swayed and dipped like pale-green brides upon the creek margin.

Selina and Rick toiled early and late on the farm.

Julie helped with the milking night and morning. Selina would not let her work about the farm, or carry anything heavy, because the doctor said that her heart was still weak. Julie was restless, and filled with a superabundant energy that could find no outlet.

To divert her, Rick helped to step a new mast and sail on the old boat. Kent had taught her to handle a boat like an old yachtsman. The fresh sea air, and the exercise brought back the color to her face, but there was something lacking . . . the old spring to her step, the luminous eagerness in her eyes. Something kept Selina from being happy; some finger of fear still touched her heart.

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One evening Julie went out in the boat alone.

When she did not return at the accustomed hour, Selina went outside to wait for her. There was a little cat's paw of wind, and the clouds had come up from the west so that the light was grey. The tide was cutting a swift line through the bay.

Then fear, which had been touching Selina's heart, came out into the open, and caught her heart in its grip of agony.

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When the railway from Auckland to Waihi was completed, it seemed to bring Tauranga, in a long step, closer to the world of progress. Fifty miles by road and water was a mere nothing. Selina tried to think, some clear frosty nights, that she could hear the whistles of the railway engines faint and far, like sounds from another planet.

Alan was fourteen now; it was going on for five years since the night when Julie's little boat had drifted into the sunset, and they had found it afterwards, in the sudden little squall, overturned, with a drowned and dragging sail.

Lizette, rich, childless, lonely, had begged half-a-dozen times for one of dear Julie's children. Selina counted the material advantages, but could never bear to let any of them go.

But when Alan won a scholarship, and wanted to go to Auckland, she prayed for the way to open, and Lizette wrote again, offering to have Alan stay with her.

Money on the farm was hard to find. Rick sold a good young filly, and Selina bought Alan's school outfit, studying the prospectus anxiously, calculating four pairs of navy shorts and four navy shirts even in her sleep.

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Alan wrote from Auckland, short sensible businesslike letters. He was getting on well. He found his schoolwork interesting. Auntie Lizette sent her love. They had gone to the theatre and seen the "Pirates of Penzance." Or perhaps they had gone to the Show, or to see a big cricket match.

Selina found her own letters, with domestic details of the farm and children, very hard to write in consequence, and Frances and Dermot hung for hours over pen and ink, with their tongues protruding and their brains racked beyond endurance trying to produce items that might be called news, and a dairy factory which began operations in Tauranga provided plenty of it.

The factory made a tremendous difference to work on the farm. The old drudgery of setting and skimming milk and washing pans was gone. They had big bright cans, now; they filled them with the new milk, and Rick loaded them into the cart.

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Dermot was the most like Julie of the children. Her fierce loyalty and her impulsiveness were his, and her luminous eyes in their dark curving lashes. For the rest he had no pretension to good looks; he was lean, brown, sparely-built. Marda was a little like her father. She had his dark hair and definite brows, and his engaging lawless air of authority. Lin was merely a small square boy with a fringe of dark hair and an expression of misleading innocence.

Frances, at seventeen, was suddenly blossoming into a young lady. Her long wild light-brown hair was brushed and smooth, and pinned up in a large and becoming bun. Her skirts descended to her shoe tops, and her waist was confined to a modish slenderness. She read poetry, and cultivated a dreamy expression, and young Dick Fenton began to come and see her of an evening.

Rick himself, looking not so very many years older than his daughter, was as bewildered over it all as a hen with a duckling taking to water.

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Pleasant Bay was thrown into a great flurry of expectation by the news that Alan was coming home for his holidays. He had been away from home for eighteen months. Dermot revised his butterfly collection, and he and Marda spent three evenings making a large cardboard sign with "Welcome Home" on it in tall, black, slightly-crooked letters. The gig and harness were washed, and the new grey gig horse groomed to the last pitch of perfection.

Frances neglected Dick Fenton to make a sponge sandwich, which went flat.

But in spite of all these things, the visit was a failure from the first.

Of the new grey horse Alan said that Auntie Lizette had a pair, perfectly matched. He had outgrown the butterfly collection; none of the fellows had them at school; if you wanted to see butterflies you could go to the museum, where they had thousands. He moped in the evenings, and had no idea how to occupy himself. The savor had gone out of the old expeditions. When they had flounder-spearing picnics he complained that the water was cold and the roasted potatoes not cooked through. The thick slices of bread and butter and the hard-boiled eggs that the children took when they went into the bush were not good enough for him; Selina had to turn to and bake cakes and ice sponges and mix rich sandwich fillings; he said there was nothing to see, and the children came home cross and tired and quarrelling. He exasperated Rick, and Rick soundly boxed his ears. Frances went back to sitting in the corner and whispering with Dick.

When finally they received word that the boat by which Alan was to return was sailing a day earlier than expected, nobody at Pleasant Bay was sorry. Alan remembered to thank Selina for his holiday, and departed in the gig with a distinct look of relief. But Dermot retired to the woodshed again, and much later confessed to Selina that he had been crying because he wasn't sorry that Alan was going away.

Selina tried to treat the whole thing as a joke, but in the bottom of her heart she was miserably and bitterly hurt.

Selina had not touched Julie's two hundred pounds; it was still in the bank against the day it might be needed to start the boys in whatever business or profession they might choose. Selina wanted to send Dermot to college, but he demurred.

"I'm not smart like Alan. It would be waste of money. I know what I'd like to do . . ."

"What . . .?" Selina said, and he shuffled, and grew red and awkward.

"I'd like to build houses . . . not huge buildings or anything like that, but just good houses for people to live in. Such a lot of houses are all shoddy and crooked, and some are good outside and mean inside, with rotten floors and doors that stick. I'd like to build houses decent all the way through . . . and they'd last for years and years . . ."

The idea was bald, but Selina knew what was behind it.

She sent Dermot to the Tauranga High School, and he wrestled soberly with higher mathematics and geometry, and with woodwork classes. He made friends with Graham, the builder, and confided to Selina that Graham had promised to take him on as apprentice when he was sixteen.

Lizette had written to say that Alan was bent on being a lawyer. Correspondence between Alan and his family had lapsed a little. There was not much excitement in writing of things Dermot knew bored him; Marda hated being made to write letters at any time; Frances was wrapped up in her own affairs. Selina still wrote regularly, and Alan answered her at intervals.

She knew that he was working hard; his reports were good, and Lizette said that his masters thought very highly of him. He wanted to go on to the University, and take a course in law. They knew lots of influential people; Lizette said, they could probably help him to get an opening when he was ready for it. He had won a scholarship which helped with the fees, and Selina, grimly ignoring Lizette's indignant protests, dipped into the two hundred pounds for books and for incidental expenses.

"You are robbing us of a very great pleasure . . ." Lizette wrote, hurt and indignant.

"I'm sorry," Selina wrote back. "You are very good, but the money was left for this particular purpose. It's like a trust."

By now Dermot was at work. He talked about the dignity of labor, and wore blue flannel shirts, and cultivated his biceps. He was tremendously proud of his wages, and budgeted them, giving Selina so much for board, putting aside so much for clothes, so much for amusement.

Frances had another young man. Dick Fenton had become enamored of the charms of a young lady in the drapery store at the corner of the Strand in Tauranga; Frances now played decorous tennis and ate iced cakes in the company of young Mr. Smith, of Three Streams Run. The Smiths were quite important people; they called their farm an estate, and possessed a tennis lawn and a goldfish pond and a rose garden. Meriel Smith was quite interested in Dermot, on the rare occasions when he could be persuaded to don white flannels and brush his hair and escort Frances to a tennis afternoon.

Marda and Lin were at school, and Lin's overwhelming activity found a safety vent in football.

One very exciting day Lizette and her husband arrived in their new car. They had Alan with them, a very handsome Alan in a tailored suit and Panama hat. Lizette

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wore a long dustcoat and a motoring veil, and flew at Selina in her old blue print gown, at Dermot just home in his working clothes, and Marda and Frances and Lin, and kissed them all indiscriminately. But Alan kept a little aloof, and looked as though he would have liked to have apologised for Selina's apron or Dermot's blue denims, or the fact that there was dust on the front room mantelshelf.

Frances noticed his attitude and put on her most grown-up manner in consequence, and Dermot noticed it, and, being exactly as sensitive as ever, went away and chopped wood.

"I like this place . . ." Lizette's husband said when they were going. Selina wondered irrelevantly why she always thought of him as Lizette's husband; he had a name, she called him Tom, but everyone always seemed to think of him as Lizette's husband. "I'd like to come and stay a fortnight here and fish every day . . ."

"The idea . . ." Lizette said. "You'd be bored in a day, and wishing yourself back at the office."

She kissed them all good-bye with real affection . . . she got quite a thrill out of kissing Dermot . . . and gave Frances a string of amber beads she was wearing.

"They don't suit me. I'm getting too old for amber. They were just made to go with that browny dress you're wearing."

Frances was almost overcome with delight, and they all went out to cheer the travellers on their way.

The visit had one effect upon Lin. He changed his mind about being a jockey and decided to become a racing motorist instead.

"In another few years you'll have decided to fly, I suppose . . ." Frances suggested, heavily sarcastic.

"That's what I'd like to do . . ." Lin said. "Fancy flying up in the sky in a machine like a seagull . . ."

So the years passed, and 1914 came, and the drums began to beat again.

. . . . .

They were singing the old marching songs again now in the streets, and through the country. They resurrected "Soldiers of the Queen," and sang it as "We're the Soldiers of the King, My Lads . . .": they sang "Tipperary" and "Keep the Home Fires Burning."

Frances had promised to write to the red-headed young man from the post office who had gone to war. Her tears bedewed the socks she was knitting for him, and Alan and Dermot. She was always knitting; she had laid aside the ruffles and fripperies which she liked to dawdle over of an evening. It gave Selina a spasm of detached amusement to see her idle fingers eternally occupied with the coarse grey yarn.

Alan paid a flying visit, very handsome in his khaki. Dermot was away at training camp. Alan was simpler and nicer, more like himself; he was good to Selina and to the children; he and Frances resumed their old interrupted childish affection.

"If the war goes on six more years . . . no, seven, eight . . ." Lin calculated hopefully, "I'll be old enough to go."

"Six years . . ." said Alan with contempt, "It'll be over in six months . . . a year at the outside."

"Yes, of course . . ." Selina said, very white. She was crying furtively, wiping away her tears on Alan's great-coat, which she was carrying. Alan was growing very like his father; he had the same strongly-cut features and dark waving hair, the same good poise to his head. His uniform suited him.

He kissed Selina and got into the car.

"Thanks awfully for the plum cake. Nobody makes plum cake quite like you . . ."

He started the car with a great deal of banging and rattling. His head jerked backwards and forwards as the wheels bumped in the rough track.

. . . . .

Selina did not cry when Dermot went. He came back from training camp and spent three days' leave at home. His khaki fitted him badly; his trousers bulged loosely, and the shoulders of his tunic were tight. He had shaved off his worldly little moustache, and his face was lean and brown and childish. His grey eyes, between their thick dark lashes, reminded Selina more and more of Julie's.

That was the summer of 1914. The work of the farm went on as usual, the year dragged on to its close. The first months of the new year were dry and hot. The cows milked badly, and butter had soared in price. Selina had a cream separator installed now. Only the cream had to go out to the factory; a cart collected it at the road nearby; it was only a trip of a quarter of a mile to take the can to the road.

It saved time in the day, but the time was filled with other things. The settlers organised concerts, sewing circles, and bazaars for the Red Cross. Frances was in great demand to sing at concerts, to preside over stalls at bazaars.

One day, in the casualty list in the paper, among the names of those killed in action was that of Private James Benson Dacre, the red-headed young man from the post office. Frances wept in her room of nights; she had all his letters tied in a packet with ribbon. She put away the sock she was knitting for him, with the needles still in it. She wore a black ribbon instead of a blue one to tie her white blouses at the throat.

Alan wrote quite frequently. He was with his battalion in France. Dermot was in Egypt. Dermot's letters were long and closely written, atrociously scrawled. When he was short of paper he turned the page round and wrote, lattice-wise, across it again. It sometimes took the whole family to decipher a sheet. It gave Dermot's letters a kind of excitement that was entirely lacking in Alan's tidy, concise epistles.

So summer passed imperceptibly into autumn . . . a New Zealand autumn of clear kind skies and sun like pale wine, of grape-blue hills and white dust roads and ripening pastures . . . while a pitiless sun beat down upon the barren hills and blasted shores of Gallipoli, of Gaba Tepe and Sari Bair, all strange, foreign names of which Selina had never even heard, but which from now on, until the day of her death, she would never be able to forget.

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Selina had to open the telegram when it came, sent by a messenger from the post office, she had to go stumbling down bare-headed to find Rick at the horse paddock, to look for Marda, to send Lin to meet Frances returning from a Red Cross afternoon.

"Regret to inform you Private Dermot Douglas killed in action 25th April."

At first Selina had no sense of realisation. She felt as though she had been dealt some strange, strength-sapping blow. Life had to go on, the cows had to be milked, the animals must be fed. She crept about her work as though she had been aged suddenly by years passing in the night. Later she had a dull feeling of relief that the worst had happened; there was little left in life to dread.

When she began to wake up fully to realities again the winter was over and summer had come. The war was in its second year. Lizette had been over-working herself at the head of all manner of Red Cross activities; she was suffering from some sort of a nervous breakdown. Frances went up to stay with her. Rick offered himself again for military service; the authorities would not accept him for active service, but he got a job, something to do with horses, at the Trentham training camp.

Now Selina was left to keep the farm going with the help of Marda and Lin. Lin left school, and Marda donned boots and trousers, and the two tackled the heavy work of the farm, ploughing for crops and harrowing, the mowing, and gathering in the hay. Marda had fulfilled her promise of developing into beauty.

It was nineteen-sixteen now, and then nineteen-seventeen. The end of the war seemed no nearer. Alan was wounded, and spent six long blessed months in England, out of danger. Frances came home; she looked tired and worn. Either she had found the nursing of Lizette too much for her, or else it was the reaction from the emotional crisis of a blameless love affair with an invalid officer who had a wife in the background. She offered to take over the farm work for a while, and Marda went up to Auckland to stay with Lizette.

Rick was no writer. Selina scarcely heard from him. She missed Marda's determinedly cheerful companionship. Lin was young and heedless, and Frances was moody. She was not a good worker, and she shirked the unpleasanter tasks on the farm. The burden of the work fell upon Selina and Lin. While Europe was in the melting-pot and the destiny of the world uncertain, they strove with sick beasts and damping hay and the encroaching barrier of the bush and fern.

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Three months before the Armistice they had word that Alan was slightly wounded again, and in hospital in England. Then there was a letter from him, brief and concise as usual, containing an amazing piece of news. He was married; his wife was an English girl who was nursing at the temporary hospital in Surrey where he had been billeted. They had been married on the eve of his returning to the front. Her name was Hester; she was one of the Carr-Lawrences of Surrey, apparently they were quite well-known people.

Lin shouted with laughter over it.

"I guess that's the first time in his life Alan ever acted without thinking first! But how awfully like him to marry a girl called Hester Carr-Lawrence . . ."

When the Armistice was signed, they rang all the bells and sounded all the whistles in Tauranga. There was a steamer at the wharf, and it sounded its siren. The clamor of sound carried quite clearly across the water to Pleasant Bay. Selina thought she could distinguish the tones of the mission bell, deep-voiced, long silent now, ringing the paean of peace as it had once pealed the solemn call to worship and the hurrying clamor of alarm.

Frances wept, thinking about Jim Dacre. She spoke as though she had been engaged to marry him, now; she talked of what they would have done if he had come back. She filled a vase with scarlet garden poppies, and kept it on the little shelf in her room, under his photograph, which was a very unbecoming one.

It was nice to have Rick home. She liked to see his boots in the porch, and his spurs on a nail, and his hat on the floor. It was pleasant to slip into the old familiar talk of stable and stud, to worry over the swelling on Garryowen's fetlock, the failure of the new colt to face a fence. Rick had got in his jumpers, rough and unkempt, from the bush paddocks, he was oats-feeding and

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grooming and exercising them ready for the round of the Shows.

Strangers never failed to express surprise that Frances could be his daughter; he never failed still to be embarrassed. In truth, Frances was not like any member of the family; she was like her dead mother, on a more generous scale, with her pale skin and her long, light brown hair, but just occasionally some trick of expression touched Selina's consciousness with the finger of remembrance.

Selina was beginning to be excited by preparations for Marda's return. After Lizette's death she had been unable to leave the old man, broken and bewildered. Lizette had died of influenza. Selina suffered agonies of anxiety for Marda, but Marda took it very lightly, and was well before Selina knew anything about it. She wrote that she was terribly anxious to be home, but she couldn't leave Uncle Tom . . . he seemed so old and feeble . . . until she could find somebody just right to keep house for him.

Even at Tauranga the epidemic had not passed them by. Young Mrs. Alec Piper died, and several people in the township. It raged through the Maori pas. Selina heard that one of Ranui's grandchildren was dead.

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Alan came home Captain Alan Douglas.

"How . . how entirely suitable," Lin said.

Selina was filled with all kinds of misgivings and apprehensions over the thought of entertaining his wife.

Hester Douglas was small, dark, vivid, sturdily-built. She had curly hair that flew about rather wildly, and an impulsive manner which appeared to slightly disconcert her circumspect husband. Rick and she took a great fancy to one another; she went out with him to see his horses, and looked at their feet and legs and mouths, and got horse-hairs all over her expensive blue coat.

She ate three pieces of plum cake for tea, and screamed with delight when she found that she could pick oranges off the tree by merely leaning out of the window of her bedroom. The fact that the oranges were entirely unripe and undeveloped damped her enthusiasm not a whit. It was quite obviously a waste of time for Selina to worry about the shabbiness of the linoleum or the faded sun-marks on the wallpaper when Hester's mind was occupied with the oranges, and the bougainvillia vine, and the smell of the mandevillia flowers in the sweet, warm dusk.

"She doesn't suit Alan a bit well," Lin said when they were milking one morning.

"What a silly thing to say!" Selina said, the more sharply because it was the thought that had been lurking at the back of her mind.

When Hester left, she threw her arms around Selina's neck and kissed her.

"I've loved being here," she said with obvious honesty. "I'd love to have stayed ever so long if Alan hadn't been in such a hurry to get settled . . . but of course we can come again, and you can come to see us."

Alan kissed Selina good-bye. The four years of the war had made him more like his father in looks. He had hardened and matured . . . in fact, there was something more mature and settled about him now than there had ever been in Kent. There was a strong likeness of feature, but Alan's face had the determination without the fire, and the decisiveness without the humor of his father's.

Shortly after their visit Marda came home quite unexpectedly.

Selina was making bread in the kitchen, her sleeves rolled to her elbows, and her arms plunged in the floury mixture, and she heard the rumbling and rattling of a car outside, and then looked up to see Marda in the doorway.

"Oh, Marda, my darling . . ." she said.

She forgot the bread and showered flour recklessly over the kitchen floor and down the front of her clean print dress and apron.

But Marda did not rush into her arms. She stood still in the doorway, with a strange look upon her face. She had cut her hair, and she wore no hat. Her hair curled in shining rumpled waves and tendrils about her face. Her coat was open, showing her white silk blouse and dark skirt. Her feet in their small sturdy shoes were planted firmly apart.

"Grannie . . ."

"What's the matter . . .?" Selina said in a faltering voice.

Her floury hands had fallen to her sides.

"Grannie, I've got Alastair . . . my husband . . . out here."

THE room spun in circles before Selina's startled eyes. Alan . . . and now Marda. But was that all? Why did Marda stand looking at her with that accusing imploring gaze?

"Marda . . ." she stammered, "why . . . when . . . what? My dear girl . . . why don't you bring him in?"

Marda was still looking fixedly at her.

"Because I had to explain to you. I have to tell you somehow . . . I couldn't pretend to you. We aren't married . . . not legally, that is. He has a wife . . . she was married before he went to the war. She won't divorce him, but she won't live with him, or have anything to do with him. I've only known him a few months . . . he was invalided home . . . I met him when I went with a concert party to the hospital."

Selina was silent through Marda's expressionless recital. She still stood with her floury hands hanging by her sides.

"So . . . I wasn't quite sure if you'd want us in . . ." Marda finished with a small show of bravado.

"God forbid that I shouldn't want Julie's daughter in my house!" Selina said abruptly. "Go and bring him in . . . is that O'Brien's taxi you have out there? Send him back. He'll be charging you for the time . . ."

She stood staring at her lump of dough, and made one or two patting motions at it. The war . . . that was what it was. It had turned the world upside down . . . and now it was making people do things like this. Marda, yesterday only it seemed, a child in her long trousers and her blue shirt, tolling with Lin about the farm, and now . . .

Selina could hear her returning footsteps. She patted the dough ineffectually. The steps with Marda's were unaccountably hesitating.

Marda appeared in the doorway. She had someone by the arm . . . a tall thin man in whose blank haggard face the marks of shell-shock were written. She put out her hand quickly, and guided him round a chair.

"This is Alastair, grannie," she said, and laughed a little, not very successfully, to try and ease the tension of the moment. "Captain Alastair MacDonald, D.S.O., to give him his proper address."

"How do you do, Mrs. Stratton?" he said.

He had a good voice, the voice of a gentleman. The hand he outstretched was fine, and thin, and sinewy. His blue eyes were staring not quite at Selina, and Marda touched his arm very lightly to turn him round.

In that instant realisation leaped to Selina's mind.

Captain Alastair MacDonald was blind.

. . . . . .

Alan went to Napier to settle. He had been fortunate in securing a partnership in the firm of Smith and Smith. They were old-fashioned lawyers with a solidly-established connection and a reputation for straight-dealing and honesty. They handled the affairs of many influential and wealthy business people. The elder Smith was retiring. The brother had been great friends of Lizette and Tom years before in Auckland. It was a splendid opening for any young man with sense and ambition, and Alan had both. He and Hester took a new little bungalow along the Parade, and set up housekeeping.

Marda and Alastair had bought a place in Tauranga. Selections were still reasonably priced in and around the township. They bought an acre with a narrow right-of-way to Devonport Road, and the back portion running down in a steep slope to the beach where the tide swished an everlasting lullaby on the shifting sand and shingle.

Selina went to see them once a week, driving the gig and the old white mare that was guaranteed not to shy at motor cars.

Marda always screamed, "Here's Naomi!" and rushed out and climbed into the gig and kissed Selina. She called the gig Naomi because she said Selina always brought it full and took it away empty.

Alastair always came and took the mare out, and led her over to a shady spot, and tied her up and brought her a little feed of chaff in a box as neatly as anyone could have done it.

. . . . . .

Selina had wanted Lin to go back to school after the Armistice. He could have gone backwards and forwards to the Tauranga high school, and Alastair wanted to help with the money to send him to college in Auckland. But Lin was stubborn.

"I feel as though I'd grown away out of school, Grannie," he demurred. "I'd rather get a job, and be independent."

He had certainly been doing a man's work for years. He was a fine-looking lad, straight as a ramrod, dark, bronzed, grey-eyed, with his father's imperative cast of feature.

He possessed a mechanical turn of mind. He could take any piece of farm machinery to pieces and put it together again. He turned down cowboy stories for manuals on engineering and mechanics. He did not find it hard to get a job in one of the motor garages that had replaced the old coaching stables in Tauranga.

Selina went to see him once or twice there, in his grease-stained overalls, his hands black, his intent face bent over the work-bench or the engine of some recalcitrant car. The metamorphosis of the whole place fascinated her . . . the atmosphere of speed, the petrol fumes and stone floors, the guarded lights and whirring machines that had arisen out of the leisurely old coaching stables with their stalled and stamping horses and drowsing stableboys, the smell of the trampled floors and scattered chaff, the red glow of the old forge and the spaced, unhurrying ring of the blacksmith's hammer on the anvil.

Past, all past those days, Selina thought. Even the days of Snowbird and the leisurely old gig were passing. When you were old you looked back, but it was better to be young and look forward.

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There would be no more wars, people said. They had fought the war to end war.

Lin was not troubling himself about the world. He was subscribing to a postal course in motor engineering; he pored late at night over plans and diagrams, and weighty uninteresting tomes. Presently he began on a course that dealt with aeroplane engines and flying.

Selina turned pale when she saw the latter.

"What do you want with that?" she said.

"You never know what may come in useful in this world?" Lin said cheerfully.

Selina said nothing more, but prayed night and morning that he might not be able to master the science of aeroplanes, whatever it was, or that something would deflect him from his purpose. She tried to encourage him in his football, to make him forget aeroplanes. Lin had always been a fine athlete and good at all games; now he was blossoming into a distinctly celebrated footballer.

. . . . . .

Alan and Hester wrote from Napier to say that it must be very quiet for Selina on the farm now that she was growing old . . . Alan put it very nicely and referred to her advancing years . . . and they would be only too glad if she cared to come and make her home with them. Alan had four children now. The second Smith had given up business and taken to bowls; Alan held the reins of Smith, Smith and Douglas in his own very capable hands.

Selina was much touched by his letter. She cried a little over it, and wrote back, six long pages in her precise old-fashioned handwriting, to say how much she appreciated the offer, but that she was so used to Pleasant Bay that she couldn't imagine living anywhere else.

She had just had a long argument with Marda on the same subject.

"It would be much brighter for you here in town, grannie . . ." Marda pleaded. "Alastair wants you too . . . I hate to think of you away out there on the farm in the winter . . ."

The railway had at long last reached Tauranga. The bridge crossed the estuary in a long impressive line of spans that somehow added, curiously enough, to the charm of the scene. Marda was quite fascinated by what she called their own private view of the bridge. From the lawn under the magnolia tree, they looked down the estuary upon it at a peculiar angle. Selina never failed to run out to watch the afternoon train soar out over the water, with a little puff of white smoke and the low muffled roar of the rumbling wheels.

"And you could watch the trains, darling . . ." Marda added with a touch of mischief.

"You can't teach an old dog new tricks," Selina said magnificently. "I've been independent too long to start living in somebody else's house. I can potter around yet . . . I'm not a burden to Rick and Francis. Rick likes me to see the horses . . . and Frances would think it wasn't exactly proper to ask Mr. Whiteman up if I wasn't there."

For a long time they had all thought that Tom Larrimore was really going to propose. Then he had taken to coming less and less often, and Frances had gone back to talking about Jim Dacre and the sadness of war. She always cried bitterly at the Anzac Day service, and when she bought her poppy; people looked at her with the kindly interest evoked by a halo of old romance, and said . . . "Oh, yes, that's Miss Douglas . . . her young man was killed in the war."

Frances had cut off her long light-brown hair; she wore it in a modish shingle. The short skirts of the period excellently suited her fine straight figure. She was never taken for her forty years. Sometimes she looked almost younger than Marda, who lived too intensely to be careful of wrinkles. Selina thought sometimes that Marda's was a youthfulness of the spirit, for transcending such things as a smooth skin or bright hair, or a slenderly-rounded figure.

Lin had been away in Auckland for nearly two years, working as a mechanic at an aerodrome.

. . . . . .

At the summer show Rick carried off the coveted honors of the Open Jumps, and champion hunter at the Show with a long-bodied, blue-eyed skewbald mare which he had bought six months before for a five pound note, as an incorrigible outlaw.

Selina had gone to the Show in state, driving there in the MacDonald's new car. Marda had learned to drive; it was her delight and Alastair's to make excursions into the country or around the harbor, and spend the long summer days out of doors. It was certainly very pleasant, Selina thought, enjoying the luxury of the cushioned seats, to sit and watch everything in comfort, like a lady of the land, after spending the day, year after year, leaning stiffly on the ring fence, or squatting on the sunburned grass.

"You'll be getting a car next . . ." somebody said to Rick.

"Me . . .?" Rick said, smiting his riding boot with his crop, in deep contempt, "a horse has been good enough for me for sixty years . . . and I daresay a horse'll pull me to my funeral."

"But a car's mighty comfortable, Rick . ." Smith from Three Rivers said. Smith was married, and he had lately been on a trip home. He was developing into a red-faced, important, middle-aged man of affairs, apparently yet untouched by any talk of falling wool prices and depression. He had lately bought a new and expensive English car.

"Maybe . . ." Rick allowed, "but when all's said and done a car's only a machine. And a man with the most money can buy the best car. But it's not that way with a horse . . ."

"In fact, the more money you have, the more likely you are to get stuck . . . especially if you're dealing with people like my Uncle Rick . . ." Marda interpolated, pushing her breeched knee unobtrusively against Rick's.

There was a shout of laughter, and not at Rick's expense. Smith took it good-naturedly enough, smiling at Marda in her thin white shirt and khaki breeches and riding boots. She had been riding a horse of Rick's in the ladies' hunter trials; her dark hair blew in small curls about her brown face; her blue eyes were narrowed in the sunshine.

"You are unkind, Mrs. MacDonald, to remind me of something I would rather forget."

"Our children will probably fly in the air . . ." Alastair said, "so why worry . . ?"

There was a letter from Alan in the mail they took home, a righteously-indignant letter.

Lin had his pilot's license now, and he had taken up stunt-flying. "The intrepid young aviator," the newspapers called him. Merely to read the printed reports made Selina's heart turn over, and a picture of his plane, flying upside down, published on the picture page, sent a rush of salt water to her mouth.

With a faint rush of surprise Selina realised that Lin, her baby, was nearly thirty. So far as she knew women had never appealed to him. He had always been occupied with engines and football, and the idea of flying. But if he did meet a girl in Alan's sense of the word, she very probably wouldn't be sensible or decent at all, but mad enough to fit in with everything else which Lin had done.

She did not dare tell the others what Lin had said in his last letter.

"If I could only raise the money for a good machine," Lin had written, "I could be the first to get over solo, and from this side. You'd like me to be the first, wouldn't you, Grannie? There's something rather exciting about doing something nobody's done before. I guess that's what our grandfathers and all those johnnies felt when they came sailing across the Tasman first . . ."

"Oh, dear Heaven," Selina prayed. "Some people have such nice tame children . . . they just get married and settle down on farms, and have children . . ."

Selina got slowly and stiffly into bed, and drew the covers over her.

She felt very old and tired. She was old . . . she would be eighty-five next birthday. The children were always talking about having a big party and a sort of reunion. It would be fun if it could possibly be managed . . . to have all the grandchildren together under the old roof at Pleasant Bay . . . not all the grandchildren, for Dermot was sleeping beneath the sun-scorched steeps of Sari Bair . . . and probably Alan would be too busy to come . . . and if Lin was going to try to fly the Tasman Sea . . .

"Oh, please Heaven, keep him from getting a plane," Selina prayed, staring into the sleepless darkness.

But in the very next day's paper, when it reached them, there was a photograph of Lin grimly scowling in a leather helmet and overalls, and a stout and smiling gentleman in a light tweed suit. "Mr. Lincoln Douglas," the caption read, "with Mr. Mervyn Hamlin, who is to furnish the machine for the well-known aviator's proposed attempt on the Tasman."

Lin wrote a long letter to her to tell her the details of the good news, and he sent her a mysterious Christmas present. It was so large that it could not come by mail, but Rick had to take the buggy and go to the station for it. When it arrived it was a large wooden case with straw protruding from the cracks.

With its coming coincided the arrival of two men in a motor lorry with two long poles and a tangle of all kinds of wire. Rick was apparently in the secret, for he was chuckling to himself, and Frances came and besought Selina to stay away in her room for a while so that it could be a proper surprise.

Selina obeyed obligingly, and valiantly closed her ears to all the strange sounds that proceeded from the kitchen until a man's voice rang through the house, stirringly, in the valiant strains of an old Border marching song. It was a song that Kent had sung years and years and years ago, and Selina thrust open her door and ran out trembling.

"It's all right, you can come!" Frances shrieked in excitement, and Rick stood grinning, and the two strange men stood grinning.

There was a wireless cabinet standing on the small table against the wall, a smooth brown shiny cabinet with mysterious knobs and dials and decorations. From it the voice issued, ringing in martial cadence.

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DEEP FURROW

"Isn't it lovely . . .?" Frances shrieked, above the din, "and you can get news and everything, and we won't need to worry whether the cream lorry brings the paper or not . . . and don't you think it's lovely to look at? He wrote and told us he was sending it, and told Rick to have somebody to fix the aerial and put it in . . ."

"And it's got short-wave, too . . ." Rick chimed in. "And you can hear all kind of foreign stations, and hear Daventry, England, too . . ."

At this point the two men took charge, and showed the bewildered Selina knobs and dials and a confusing chart of stations and numbers and letters. A soprano with a shrill voice sang "Hark, Hark the Lark at Heaven's Gate Sings," and was promptly turned over to a jazz band flaring forth syncopated rhythm, and thence to a faint frail melody played by a singing violin.

"Could you . . ." Selina said breathlessly. "Could you get England?"

The older man looked at the time doubtfully.

"We might just get Daventry signing off . . ."

He manipulated two knobs, and let loose upon the room a flood of crackling and a muffled peal of chiming bells.

"Big Ben going to strike . . ." one of the men said casually, as one may speak of an everyday miracle.

One! The deep-toned bell struck the hour in a strong, vibrating quivering note. Selina's hands clasped and unclasped, and the weak tears, unbidden, pricked her eyelids and began to creep down her cheeks. Before the third stroke the tears were coming too fast to be hidden, and she groped for her apron hem and held it up to her face, and murmuring confused apologies rose stiffly and painfully, and hurried from the room.

Rick ran after her, and Frances came after her, and she came back after a while with a clean apron and her hair smoothed, and they had a festive tea in the kitchen to the entirely-luxurious strains of dinner music.

The first time that Selina heard a familiar name proceed from the instrument in the announcer's dulcet tones, it gave her a shock of amazement that made her heart jump.

"Mr. Lincoln Douglas" . . . that was what he said, "Mr. Lincoln Douglas, the aviator, is completing his plans for the trans-Tasman flight. The attempt will probably be made some time next week if weather forecasts are favorable . . ."

Selina sat and stared at the wireless cabinet. "Oh, grannie!" was all that Frances could say in stupid tones, while Rick scowled at her furiously.

"Well, it'll be all right to have somebody famous in the family, eh?" he said in cheerful tones. "How'll you feel, eh, mother, when you see it in all the papers . . . 'Lincoln Douglas, first to fly solo from New Zealand to Australia' . . .?"

"Oh, Rick . . ." Selina said, staring at him piteously.

. . . . . .

It was an agonising two or three days to drag through. On the afternoon of Thursday a telegram came from Lin.

"Hope to start dawn to-morrow, love, Lin."

Selina insisted upon sitting up all night, wrapped in rugs, beside the wireless cabinet, and Rick wandered forlornly and sleepily in and out, and kept up the fire.

"Grannie, you won't hear anything . . ." Frances besought for the twentieth time, "the New Zealand stations go off at eleven . . . do please be sensible and come to bed . . ."

"I might hear him arriving in Australia from one of the Australian stations . . ." Selina said.

"Well . . ." Frances was patient, "considering that he doesn't leave here till dawn . . ."

"I might hear something . . ," Selina said stubbornly.

But they heard nothing until the New Zealand station commenced their accustomed programme. Then the announcer's dulcet voice was tinged with regret.

"The attempt upon the trans-Tasman flight ended disastrously at dawn this morning when Mr. Lincoln Douglas crashed at the aerodrome when taking off with a heavily-laden plane. The machine is a total wreck, and we regret to say that Mr. Douglas is seriously injured."

. . . . . .

The combined efforts of Frances and Rick and Marda and Alastair were not sufficient to keep Selina from going to Lin. In the end Marda said, "Very well, then, if you're determined, I'll take you there." Whereupon she and Alastair got straight back into the car, packed Selina in, and were in Auckland in six hours' time.

For three days Selina was not allowed to see Lin. In that time, Alastair was more comfort to her than even Marda. He sat beside her in the cheerless hotel bedroom and told her long involved stories of his mining days.

"It's the waiting and not being able to see him that makes it so hard . . ." she said piteously, once.

"When a man's been blind for 13 years he understands things like that . . ." Alastair said promptly.

On the fourth day she was allowed to see Lin. He looked terrible, his face almost the only unbandaged things about him, his eyes drawn and heavy with suffering, new lines of strain and pain and fortitude about his mouth. He had been carrying too heavy a load of fuel, he told her, in a whisper because his nurses had told him not to talk, the machine had started to rise, and then failed to clear the fence at the end of the ground.

"Such a fool thing to do . . ." he muttered restlessly, "and a beauty she was, too . . . never have another plane like her . . ." —the tears of weakness and weariness standing on his lashes.

"Oh, yes you will, my darling . . ." Selina soothed, torn by the need to comfort him, "they're making better and better aeroplanes all the time; when you're well again you'll somehow manage to get an even better machine . . ."

"Such a sport," Lin muttered. "Give me a kiss, Grannie."

When she saw him again, in another two days' time, he was more like himself, and he made her laugh unwillingly, until she was weak, at his exaggerated description of the angry, elder-brotherly telegram that Alan had sent him when he heard of the proposed flight.

"It must have cost two shillings at least . . . just think how angry Alan must have been to waste two shillings! It doesn't bear thinking of. And the language . . . it's a wonder the post office didn't refuse to accept it!"

After ten days Selina went home, comforted by the promise that Lin should be sent directly he was well enough to Pleasant Bay to spend his convalescence.

"It'll be a long business, Mrs. Stratton," the doctor warned her. "That smashed knee is going to give him a lot of trouble. A knee is a nasty thing . . ."

Selina was acute enough to read all kinds of possibilities into the doctor's tone, but she went home meekly enough, overcome suddenly with gratitude when she realised how good Marda and Alastair had been.

SELINA was at home at Pleasant Bay when the cataclysm of the Hawke's Bay earthquake struck New Zealand. At Tauranga it was a mere gentle swaying, a rattling of china and swinging of hanging lights. It was hours before the horror of the news began to filter in, and Selina sat white-faced and trembling by the wireless cabinet while the beautiful city of the bay burned to heaps of ash and stones, and the official list of the death-roll mounted slowly higher.

The catastrophe had struck Napier as a thunderbolt strikes. In the space of seconds the face of the bay was altered. The ground rose, and the ground fell, and the stone buildings of the streets dissolved in heaps of dust and steel and mortar. The landmark of the Bluff hurled itself upon the town. At the wharves the steel ships' cables snapped like cotton-wool, and the water rose in spouting fountains where dry land had been. A pall of crumbled dust hung over the levelled ruins of the city, and the fires burned wickedly, creeping and glowing and flaring.

The twin town of the plains, Hastings, was buried under heaps of ash and rubble where the rescue parties toiled doggedly. For a hundred miles of the peaceful, fertile countryside hills were hurled into valleys, and homes and roads buried and bridges see-sawed grotesquely in the air.

"Can we never, never hear?" Selina said on the second day.

"They had a wooden house," Rick said.

"And it was along the Marine Parade," Frances said for the twentieth time. "That's not like being quite in the town, where all the tall places were . . ."

In the afternoon they received the message quite plainly. "Mr. Alan Douglas and wife and four children are all safe."

Frances burst into tears of relief.

In a few days they received a letter from Hester, a little vague, not quite coherent. She was ill, she said, with the shock; they were staying with people in Masterton, at least she and the children were. Alan was still at Napier; he would probably be there a long time, he was head of one of the relief committees. He was wonderful, and he had worked wonderfully during the first few days of the rescue work, everybody said so. Once he had been almost killed by a fall of stone when they were dynamiting a building. She was writing to ask whether . . . if it wouldn't be too awful a trouble . . . whether the children could come up and stay a while at Pleasant Bay.

"Of course they must come," Selina said briskly. "It'll be fine to have children around Pleasant Bay again . . ."

Frances was quite excited and made huge bakings of little cakes and biscuits, and Rick went down with the buggy to meet the children at the station. They were all four handsome, finely-built, clear-eyed children, a boy and then a girl, and then a boy, and then a girl—Alan, Mary, John, and Barbara. "Alan arranged things nicely, as usual . . ." Lin had said once, discussing them.

Barbara was the prettiest and Alan the liveliest. Taking it all round, Selina thought more than once, for children brought up with as strict a father as Alan, they were all amazingly naughty. The old farm house simmered in a state of constant alarm.

Frances prophesied a dozen times a day that the children would be the death of grannie, but Selina flourished amazingly in the atmosphere of excitement, and took

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breakages, tumbles, more philosophically than either Rick or Frances.

. . . . .

Pleasant Bay was thrown in a tumult of excitement by the arrival of Lin. The children erected a crooked arch of greenery and rode down on horses, with Rick driving the buggy, to escort Lin home in triumph. Frances cooked two fat ducks with sage and onions and stuffing, and Selina, in her impatience, walked as far as the road gate, panting, to meet the buggy.

Lin was on crutches. He looked thin and a little worn, the definite cast of his features accentuated, his mouth set firmly, his eager eyes restless. He had fits of low spirits, but as a general thing he kept the whole household amused.

The children hung on his lightest wish, and attended him everywhere, at all hours of the day. He had taken to doing fine tapestry work; his strong sinewy fingers created delicate and vivid patterns and pictures.

Before they knew where they were summer had gone, and it was autumn, and they were beginning to prepare for Selina's birthday. Alan had promised to come up and bring Hester. Frances baked the cake and put it away in a tin to ripen. The days slipped past with amazing speed.

. . . . .

Frances had been anxious that they should have a photograph taken of the four generations to mark the occasion of Selina's birthday.

"Grannie and father and one of us and one of the children," she said complacently. "I think it would look sweet."

"Oh, yeah?" Rick said, with one of the rude colloquialisms borrowed from his grand-nephews. "If you think I'm going to dress up and look sweet as one of the generations, the idea's off!" and the children began immediately to quarrel violently as to which of them should represent the fourth generation.

Selina was thinking about it, smiling, as she awoke from her doze in her chair.

The great day had come at last; the house was swept and garnished; the cake was finished and the candles set on it . . . the task had taken Frances half an hour, and she had cried in the end because Lin had persisted that the circles were crooked. Everything was ready for the guests to arrive.

Marda had taken her car and dashed back to Tauranga to dress, and to get Alastair. Lin and Rick were out somewhere, and Frances was peeling potatoes in the porch. The old farm house was amazingly quiet.

It was a fine day, an autumn day that might have been midsummer, but kindlier, paler, with blue-satin sea and thin gold leaves tumbling steadily in the still air from the aspen trees down by the point. Under the open window the tumbled heaps of red and bronze chrysanthemums, untouched by frost, gave off a faint, good, spicy odor.

Selina wriggled her toes inside the fur-lined moccasin slippers that were Lin's birthday present. She surveyed herself complacently in the dim mirror of the window-pane. She had a new black dress for the occasion which Rick had given her, and Frances had given her the little real lace collar that lay snugly about her throat. The thin white strands of her hair were drawn neatly into a knot at the back of her head.

As Selina admired her reflection in the dim window-pane something strange happened. The old, old woman was gone, with her brown, wrinkled face and sunken mouth, her white thin hair, and her knotted veined hands folded tremulously in her black silk lap. By some trick she saw a girl instead, a girl with the wind in her pale gold hair, and her white apron and her dark print dress blowing, the girl who had ploughed the fields down by the sea so long ago, the girl who had walked with Kent Douglas in the summer night when the early roses were in blossom.

In an instant the old woman in the black dress was back again, but it frightened Selina, and she called for Frances.

"If you bring those potatoes in, Frances, I'll finish them, and you can go and get fixed yourself."

Frances brought in the potatoes and the bowl of water, and the big iron pot. She took off her apron and gave it to Selina.

"You'll be careful you don't spill the water on your dress," she said anxiously.

Selina peeled the potatoes meditatively.

There was a car coming, and the water in the potato bowl splashed perlously near Selina's dress. It could not be Alan, because there was no sound of children's voices. In an instant Marda burst in, like a small girl in her dark-blue dress and white ruffles, as eager as though Selina had not seen her barely two hours before.

"Many happy returns, grannie! Many happy returns!"

She kissed Selina over and over again, and then her voice dropped to a whisper.

"I've something to tell you, Grannie. Something we kept for a birthday present. Alastair and I went up to Auckland the day before yesterday, and we were married, really and properly married, at a registry office."

"What . . .?" Selina said, bewildered, in a whisper, staring at her.

Marda laughed and cried, kissing her again.

"Alastair's wife was killed in a motor accident in England three months ago. Doesn't it seem awful to be so glad about anything like that? She was out driving in a car and ran into a train at a crossing. We waited to get back confirmation of the news in the paper, and went straight up to Auckland, and got back yesterday morning."

She thrust her hand under Selina's blurred gaze, the third finger gripped by an old-fashioned heavy gold band in place of the smart platinum wedding-ring which had always sent a stab of queer half-ashamed pain to Selina's heart.

"It's Alastair's mother's ring . . ." Marda whispered softly. "See it's got the date of their wedding nearly fifty years ago . . . somehow we couldn't use it before . . ."

Selina had dropped a potato in the bowl, and the water had splashed over on her apron. Marda, laughing, rescued her, taking away the bowl and pot.

"This must be Alan. Hurry up, for pity's sake, and get that apron off, and look ladylike to welcome them . . ."

Selina's shaking fingers fumbled uselessly, and Marda had to untie the strings, and take off the apron, wipe away a splash of water, and wipe the tears from Selina's face.

Frances ran out, very smart in a new wine-colored silk dress and high-heeled shoes. The children were shouting and screaming outside. Selina paced in as dignified a fashion as she could command to the door, and Alan and Hester came in.

Alan was very handsome. He had grown a little heavier, it suited his commanding figure and his fine imperative features. His hair had silvered around the temples. He bent down and kissed Selina and she clung to his arm, tremulous in her pride of her fine, impressive grandson.

Hester was very much the Hester of ten or twelve years ago, with her hair straying out from under her hat and her coat buttons done up crookedly, the four children dragging on to her arms and around her neck.

Lin had hobbled in on his crutches, fine and dark and handsome in a blazer and white silk shirt and flannel trousers.

The turkey was beginning to smell marvellously as Marda and Frances laid him on his dish and made gravy. Rick came in with Mr. Whiteman, and Mr. Whiteman was introduced to such members of the family as were strange to him.

Dinner was a grand and mighty meal. Selina sat at the head of the table with her feet upon the children's present, which had to be dragged to light again for everyone to see. It was a floor stool, slightly crooked, brought into being by their united efforts, with a wobbling legend picked out in tin-tacks across its top . . . "Happy Birthday."

Hester was quite overcome with emotion.

"I have always thought that John would be clever at things like that," she said, gazing at her younger son fondly. "Perhaps an architect, like that man, what was his name? . . . some bird . . or perhaps a sculptor . . ."

"Hey, John didn't do it all . . . I did most of it!" young Alan shouted.

"Oh, story!" Mary cried loudly. "We all . . ."

"Be quiet!" Alan said, and the family ate the turkey course in peace.

Mr. Whiteman ventured into the silence with a remark about the earthquake, and Hester shivered a little, without affectation.

"I think nobody could be quite the same after an experience like that," Alan said abstractedly, as they talked. "It gave you a shake up in every way . . . business, well, what's the good of spending all your life making a business if next day there mayn't be a town to carry a business on in? . . . And what's the good of building the finest house or office in town if, in a few minutes, all houses fall down to the same height?"

"But they'll build the town again," Alastair said.

"Oh, yes!" Alan said quickly. "We'll build again . . . and without all the drawbacks of the old town. We're panning a perfect city, and we'll build it up . . . it'll be the newest city in the world, isn't that odd? The newest city in the world . . ."

"Come on, we'll drink to the newest city in the world!" Lin cried, his eyes shining suddenly, with something of their old restless light. "To the city that'll arise out of the ashes of the old . . . like that classical bird, what's his name? . . . Phoenix . . . to the new Napier!"

Marda and Frances were clearing away the dishes. They brought jugs of lemonade and glasses, and Lin got up and shifted himself to the sideboard for matches to light the candles on the cake.

The great moment had arrived. Lin brought Selina Kent's hunting knife, cleaned and polished, from its place on the wall. The sight and touch of it brought a flood of memories crowding unbidden.

Out of them she sorted the remembrance of Kent Douglas, bare-footed and brown-faced and calmly possessive, coming across the ploughed field to the slender girl in the blue dress standing by her horses in the sunshine. When she thought of John Marchant she was walking with him along the sandy road past the camp . . . "Some of us plough a shallow furrow and some plough deep . . ."

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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